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A PROVINCIAL CAPITAL OF MEXICO.

THE first morning after our arrival at the picturesque old stone barrack called the Hotel Michoacan, we woke with the impression that it was a *fiesta* in the city. A confused jangle of innumerable church-bells, deep and near, far and faint, mingled with the alert sounds of drum-taps and bugle-calls, and the shuffle of leisurely footsteps along the sidewalks; the sunlight, streaming in between the heavy inside shutters, lay warm on the red-tiled floor. From the balcony, the city looked as mellow and rich in color as one's dreams of Italy; figures draped in *sarapes* leaned in the portals of courts, or against the stained stuccoed walls, and the smoke of the national cigarette went up like a matutinal invocation from every masculine lip. It was not a *fiesta*; in this way Morelia wakes every morning, the church-bells calling her to prayer, and the cavalry bugles appealing briskly to her military sentiment. It is chiefly the women who respond to the former. There are many of them abroad at this hour, gliding with soft steps, black-shawled, or folded in dark *rebozos*, through the streets, and climbing the steps of the clamorous churches. The men were not visibly responding to anything.

The domes and towers of the city are white—old white, with a great deal of color in it. The dense olive-green cypresses, which the wind scarcely stirs, have an ecclesiastical heaviness and dignity well suited to the character of the place. The *pasdo* and the Park of San Pedro, at the end of the *Calle Real*,—the principal street of the city,—show from a distance as a soft cloud of gray twigs tinged with the faint green of budding foliage. The mountains encircle the plain with a noble, quiet sweep of outline—the church spire rising just above it against the sky, whose impalpable

depth and breadth of color make the most perfect relief for their solid whiteness.

We looked out over the city that morning with an aroused, expectant sense of delight, as in the early stages of an acquaintance which promises rich and peculiar satisfaction. We felt that here we could turn back to the unread pages of those other alluring old cities we had left behind us on our diligence journey. Here were the narrow side-streets climbing and ending in the sky, shadow and sunlight sharply dividing them; here the soft-footed figures in unfamiliar draperies, gliding past high white walls—moving pictures out of another century; the silence of the streets, the air of suspended activity, the poverty and the state.

A few days after our arrival in Morelia, A— set out with a party of gentlemen to the mines he had come to visit, leaving me to the very kind and stately hospitality of the Casa G—.

The expedition took its departure from the court of a neighboring house of one of the principal families. It has a staircase of beautiful form turning at the juncture of an arch with the main wall, and following its curve upward to the corridor. The court looked, on the morning of the start, very like a cavalry head-quarters. Booted and spurred footsteps clanked up and down the stone staircase, past the dim picture of the Virgin on the landing; about twenty-five pack-mules and light saddle-horses were being made ready for the journey by the Mexican servants, with all the picturesque paraphernalia of the road. The baggage included a brass camp-bedstead, mattress, and pillows with embroidered covers, boxes of provisions, cases of old Spanish wines, and a variety of luxuries which a mining engineer is not in the habit of associating with

camp-life. A young son of the house escorted us through the confusion of the court to the corridor where the ladies were leaning over the railing, watching the preparations below. Don P—— wore the characteristic dress of a Mexican gentleman for a journey of this kind—a pair of dark goat-skin overalls, called *chapareras* (from *chaparral*, the low, thorny oak-scrub as a protection against which they are worn); a leather jacket, richly embroidered; huge Mexican spurs, not as cruel as they look, the blunt rowels inflicting a bruise instead of a stab (they are often decorated with little bells, whose jingle keeps the horse on the alert, and saves him from a more severe reminder); a wide-brimmed light felt hat, heavy with silver cord and braid and buttons; a sword and sash and a beautiful *sarape*, from the looms of Northern Mexico, worn as only a Mexican can wear this most graceful and dignified garment.

There were good-byes in English and Spanish in the corridor, a bustle of clattering hoofs in the court, as horses were wheeled round and *cinchas* tightened; cigarettes were lighted, Winchesters steadied at the saddletrees, and the queer little cavalcade, prepared alike for peace or war,—so romantic in appearance, so commonplace in reality,—rode

out through the shadow of the deep portal, which always gives an air of importance to the entrances and exits to a Mexican private house. From the balcony of the *sala* we watched them, a few minutes later, riding down the street, where they appeared to excite no particular interest—certainly no surprise. In a provincial New England town they would have rivaled a traveling circus, but the Morelianos abroad that morning saw nothing more exciting than one of their first citizens riding out to his *hacienda*, possibly, with his friends and servants, armed and equipped as befitted a journey of some thirty miles into the country. Letters from the City of Mexico, preceding us, had opened to us the hospitable doors of the Casa G——, one of the most distinguished houses in Morelia. Its cosmopolitan character made the life of a stranger within its gates much easier than it would have been in a local Mexican family. Our host, a Prussian gentleman's son, of liberal expectations, had married in Mexico a beautiful Spanish creole, of a family from the northern provinces of Spain, where the fair type is preserved. The life of the house kept the best traditions of both races; Spanish was its language, but French, German, and English were also spoken. It is with my host's



THE OVEN IN THE CASA G——.



MONUMENT TO MORELOS (MORELIA).

permission that I describe some of the domestic details.

The house had been originally built for an ecclesiastical college, and, as may be imagined, was a very easy fit for a family of three. There was an agreeable sense of unexplored space in the vistas of high, airy rooms opening one into another, and all opening on the corridors which surround the front and rear courts. The house might have served for a municipal palace without overtaxing its capabilities. The great and lesser drawing-rooms had rows of French windows, with stone balconies commanding a view of the principal plaza, the Cathedral, and the life of the *Calle Real*—not a very exciting panorama, but intensely characteristic and peculiar. I never tired of it: by morning sunlight, the budding ash-trees sifting their light shadows across the pavement; at noon, hot and silent, blotches of motionless shadow, sheltering figures as motionless; the monument to Morelos, on the corner of the plaza, embracing in the angles of its pedestal the perpetual group of loungers who contribute themselves to the artist's design as a gratuitous illustration of another phase of the national character—the men crowded together in the shadow, and generally a meek old woman, or a young one with a baby, sitting on the sunny side without question of prerogative. But by moonlight

the *Calle Real* is most beautiful. The lamps are not frequent enough to discolor the white light which lies on one side of the street, or penetrate the darkness which covers the other. The proportions of the city are fine, and at night its stateliness is more apparent than those subtle gradations of ruin which are stealing away its angles and dimming its colors. In a dream of its past, as one of the great cathedral cities of New Spain, with an almost more than royal dynasty of priests and prelates heaping up treasure on earth for the church, and, it is to be hoped, treasure in heaven for the people,—a dream of revolution, and pillage, and crime, and of bitter, sullen reactions after spasms of patriotic ecstasy,—the old city of Valladolid, which has taken the name of Morelos, one of the bravest of her children, for her own, awaits her latest epoch.

One afternoon, when we walked at sunset through a weedy, ruinous gate of the city to the hills beyond,—hills covered with short, dry, winter pasture, and traversed by many diverging trails,—we met a barefooted Indian lad carrying the red signal-flag of the railroad engineers, and over the crest of the hill we saw a little troop of horsemen riding in—a detachment of the advance of the nineteenth century. It will be curious to see how the importunate guest will be received by the



CORRIDOR OF THE CASA G—

priests, by the passive poor, by the stately *familias principales* of the city, who have all that "sluggish, suicidal pride" of the creole and a shrewd eye for the practical advantages of modern civilization besides. One shudders to think of street-cars in the *Calle Real*, of sharp American voices among the sunset shadows of the *pasé*, of American boot-heels on the sandal-worn pavement, of American Spanish!

Morelia, from the point of view of the Casa G—, is a very different experience from the same place viewed from the Hotel Michoacan. Instead of the bedside tray of coffee and rusks served by the waiter with the impenetrable head of hair, who never knocked at the door, one awakened to the luxury of a bath, a daintily served cup of chocolate or a bumper of hot milk, fresh eggs, fresh fruit, in the flower-scented dining-room, at whatever hour one chose to ask for it. The air of early morning was indescribably pure and cool,—cool enough to suggest an open fire to an English or American constitution,—but the sunny side of the corridor was a very good substitute. The flowers were freshly watered and fragrant. All the galleries in Mexico surrounding the inner courts are lined with flowers. It is one of the prettiest features of their domestic architecture. The vines fes-

tooned along the arches stirred a little in the breeze which lifted and let fall the heavy leaves of the banana-tree near the dining-room door. Clear shadows slanted across the pale-tinted stone façade of the cloistered gallery. There was a hammock of Panama grass, swinging empty, or cradling the little daughter of the house, always attended by a fluffy white poodle, whom she addressed as "*Enrique! mi Alma!*" (My Soul!)

A man-servant, of the shade of complexion called *moreño*,—chocolate with a little milk in it,—and eyes of chocolate, unmixed; in a white linen blouse, with a red sash girding the waist, shuffled listlessly about the gallery at this hour, watering the plants or sweeping the red-tiled pavement with a broom made of palm splints. There was a parrot, like a great jewel, on his perch in the sun. The gray turtle-doves are regarded by the Mexican servants as harbingers of evil to the house where their soft guttural note is heard, but the Casa G— rejected this superstition of the country, and gave shelter to the doves. The noises of the house were very pleasant; loud, harsh voices or footsteps were unheard; no bell ever rang. If the young mistress had need of a servant, she stepped into the corridor and clapped her hands. The signal was answered by Leonarda, or Rita, or Michaela, or

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the disconsolate Ascension, who did everything with a fine gloomy air, even to the carrying about on his shoulders of the little José, the child of Leonarda, the Camarista. Their mediæval associations reconciled one to the only loud noises of the house—the deep, echoing bay of the two gaunt young bloodhounds chained to the wall of the court below, and the stamping of the horses' feet on the pavement of their stalls under the arches. The rear court was called the corral. It was here the steeds—two saddle-horses, and a pair of very large and solemn white mules, who drew the family carriage to the *paséo* every afternoon—were watered, at the stone tank built against the high wall and overshadowed

most beautiful and valiant of the game-cocks were translated to the corridor above the corral—a kind of Walhalla, where, from the solitude of a hero's seat, they looked down on the domestic cares and small, bustling lives of their kindred below. The days began with much life and cheerfulness—the dogs baying in the court, excited by the coming and going of their master's footsteps; loud discussions among the hens in the corral; the cocks calling to each other in the corridor; the porters washing down the pavement of the courts. There was practicing in the *sala*, or recitations, audible through the open doors of the school-room, presided over by the German governess; my hostess in the "dispensary,"



TANK IN THE REAR COURT OF CASA G—

by a bamboo thicket—all smooth brown stems, leaning in graceful curves, supporting or letting fall a shimmer of pale green leaves over the brown water. Ysabel, the coachman, with his *sarape* over his shoulder, sitting on the edge of the tank while the white mules drank, suited well this corner of the court, rich in color and shadow. A little community of fowls inhabit a part of the corral, and the care of them was one of my host's pastimes. There was not a plebeian among them; almost all were creoles of purest foreign blood; a few of foreign birth also, as the gallant English game-cock, the prince consort to a small clipper built Spanish hen of flawless extraction. The

giving out the household stores for the day to the women-servants, or inspecting the attractive basket Ysabel brings from the market—as picturesque as a fruit-and-game "piece" with its miscellaneous heaped contents, including fruits from the Tierra Caliente, brought on donkeys up the slopes of the Sierra Madre, strange herbs and vegetables, and always a mass of flowers for the table. The first ceremonious meal at which the family assembled was the midday breakfast, *almuerzo*. There was a succession of courses, chiefly meats, in surprising quantity and variety in a climate where a very little animal food is sufficient, ending with *dulces* and coffee. After the soup,

rice, cooked in the Mexican fashion, was invariably served and eaten with bananas. The game and poultry had the advantage of the most perfect cooking over a charcoal fire. A spit is used in roasting, and every Mexican kitchen is well provided with a multitude of pottery vessels, even to pottery griddles, light and clean, which seemed to me far preferable to our heavy, unappetizing metal ones.

From time to time a national dish appeared, rather to humor the guests' fancy for their novelty than for a preference for them on the part of the family. One called *turco*, I was told, is of Moorish origin. It is composed of chicken, cooked slowly in a paste made of the flour of a very small and delicate dried pea, and served with a sauce of complex flavor. Raisins and olives are an incidental feature of it, and the whole dish tastes of the Arabian Nights. The famous sweetmeat of Michoacan, *guaravate*, made from the fruit of the *guayaba*, but less cloying than guava jelly, was generally a part of the dessert. There were *meringues* called *suspiros de la monja* (nuns' sighs), and a very rich custard, "golden cup," made by vigorous beating of eggs, sugar, and flour of almonds, which was said to be a fleshly temptation to the *padres*, and sometimes, alas! offered as such, by naughty little lambs of their flock who wished to be let off easy at confession. We made the acquaintance of several strange tropical fruits: the *chirimoya*, a delicate custard, with black seeds inclosed in a rough green rind; the *granadita*, which is eaten like an egg out of its beautifully colored shell. The contents is slippery, seedy, sweet, with a faint aromatic sub-flavor. The *almuerzo* corresponds to our dinner in social significance. One is not asked to dine in Mexico, but literally to "take soup at this, your house" (*su casa de Vd.*), and you are told, with other complimentary phrases, that your host is your servant. The *siesta* follows the *almuerzo*. It was not the custom with the active ladies of the house, but my shaded bed-chamber opening on the corridor was very inviting, and the softness of the air, May following February, undermined the best resolutions in regard to letter-writing, sketching, and the study of Spanish. The light brass bedstead was exquisitely furnished with the finest of linen and the painful hand-embroidery of the country, taught originally by the nuns, and considered a necessary part of a Mexican lady's education. The long, narrow pillows were covered with "ticking" of crimson Chinese *crêpe*, which glowed through the sheer linen-lawn cases and the interstices of the embroidery and "drawn work" with which they were lavishly trimmed. The bed had a canopy of brass

bars, but it was uncurtained; in Mexico as few draperies as possible are used, because of the constant warfare housekeepers wage against fleas, moths, and insects of all kinds.

Opposite the bed, with its dainty feminine fittings, hung a complete fencing outfit, arranged on a green-baize-covered shield against the wall. It included both the light French foil and the heavy German-student sword. The door-way was flanked on one side by a tall case of weapons, containing some beautiful Toledo swords, an old blunderbuss with its bell-shaped barrel, all the modern rifles, elegant, wicked-looking dueling pistols; and among the mementoes of warlike passages in my host's varied life was a box containing seven bullets that had at different times been taken from his body. The book-case on the other side of the door was filled with well-selected books in German, French, and Spanish—the remains of his fine library, the most of which, while being moved in boxes during one of the political crises of the country, went to make part of a barricade. The ladies in Mexico who "dress" always dress for the *paséo*—the public promenade where the youth and romance of the old city enact the subtle dramas of a society where mediæval barriers still exist. It is by no means permitted that young men and women should meet freely before marriage: they may look at each other on the *paséo*, or from convenient balconies.

You observe a youth sitting for hours motionless on a stone bench in the *plaza*, or leaning in a door-way, his eyes fixed on an upper window or balcony of the opposite houses. The object of his gaze is probably not visible, unless the affair has prospered, and happiness already "blooms like a lusty flower in June's caress"; but, however coy the hidden eyes may be, they are doubtless cognizant of the patient figure of their adorer in the street below. This is Mexican courtship. The eyes of mamma and papa are also carefully cognizant, and this is Mexican marriage.

At five o'clock the carriage rolls out of the court, with Ysabel on the box in his best *sarape*, a gray, braided jacket, and a wide-brimmed gray felt hat, ornamented with silver cord and braid. Rubio, the ancient *portero*, shuts the carriage door, and Roberto at the gate rises and takes off his great hat.

Señor G——, who, after twenty years of the Mexican climate, keeps his Northern habits of exercise, generally walks to the *alameda*, and meets the carriage at the entrance, where the vista of black-ash trees, the rows of stone benches, and the broad paved walk begin. As the white mules pace sedately down the roughly paved streets, the ladies keep a hand ready to make the customary signal of greet-



FANNING THE FIRE.

ing from the carriage windows to their friends at the windows and balconies of the street. It is an indescribably fascinating gesture—so swift and subtle, almost like a fleeting expression across the face. It is made by a quick flutter of the second finger, the hand being raised, palm inward, to a level with the eyes. How much its charm is enhanced by the beauty of those dark Southern eyes it half conceals, it would take a very stolid observer to decide. It seemed to me excessively intimate; in Morelia I believe it is kept for one's friends only, but in the capital it is the usual greeting at a distance between acquaintances. I have seen nothing prettier in their social customs, except the way the ladies meet and lean their cheeks together, and pat each other softly on the back of the shoulder. The *paséo* bounds the *alameda* on either side, and joining beyond it, goes rambling through the wooded park of San Pedro, which gives it its

name. If you are driving, it is very pretty to look in across the high-backed stone benches at the little parade of wives and daughters under the ash-trees. All classes are there: the bare-footed Indian girls in *rebozos*, their long black hair smoothly braided or flowing loose over their shoulders, sit beside the ladies of the chief families in crisp silks and muslins. The classes are so distinct that there is no need to insist on the distinctions in public. The young girls walk two or three abreast, the light falling on their uncovered heads and shining, undulating braids. The women are sometimes dull-looking, and by no means always beautiful, but they have a quality which is exciting to the imagination. It may be presumed that it is not for the enjoyment of sylvan beauty alone that the young Morelianos who display their horsemanship on the *paséo* get themselves up magnificently in braided jackets and trowsers, tight as long hose, and buttoned

from hip to ankle with silver, and set off their dark glances with a halo of silver-braided hat-brim. One regrets to see that many of the most fashionable young gentlemen have abandoned the national dress, wear "chimney-pot" hats, and ride tall English horses, while French bonnets and elaborately trimmed walking-dresses are replacing the trailing skirt and the graceful feminine shawl. Powder is used without reserve or the slightest consideration for that subtle harmony which nature preserves between hair, eyes, and complexion. The effect is that of being surrounded by feminine masks, with beautiful human eyes looking out from them with an intensity of expression very startling in its contrast to the blank, soulless surface of faintly rouged white which the face presents.

At the end of the *alameda*, where the *paséo* turns into the lovely wild park of San Pedro, illumined with the low sunset light, and gorgeously dim as a painted window, stands one of the most perfect bits of church architecture we saw in Mexico—the Convent of San Diego. A screen of tall cypresses weave their long shadows across the green close before its low, arched entrance. A few lean wearily upon their comrades, but their general air is of guarded and somber dignity—a grave com-

pany of dark-robed priests silently pointing upward to the tall white bell-tower, and the Holy Family in pale blue stucco, raised in rich relief below the light arches of the bell-tower. It is so high up, this mass of figures in pale blue, that one cannot be quite sure of its significance beyond its nobly decorative character. Deep, narrow, barred windows make spots of shadow on the clear pale spaces of the front elevation, which is long and low rather than lofty. San Diego has been secularized, and is now rented in apartments to families; but one can only imagine sober, ecclesiastic figures in black and white walking under the cypresses or entering the low, deep portal. The colors of sunset begin to glow through the trees as we enter the woods by the *paséo*. We pass a circular fountain with a paved walk surrounding it, and stone benches facing the walk, inclosing the fountain in a greater circle. This ancient rendezvous is called the *Glorieta*: it keeps a pathetic suggestion of a social life in the city's past much more crowded and gay than anything San Pedro now exhibits. The roomy, colloquial benches are empty, and grass is growing in the chinks of the pavement. One may often see a group of Indian women filling their water-jars at the fountain, or following the winding footpaths through the wood, with a



THE LAUNDRY OF THE CASA G.—

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THE AQUEDUCT IN SAN PEDRO (MORELIA).

cántaros supported on one shoulder by a bare uplifted arm.

Wild roses are in blossom among the untrimmed and neglected hedges; the trees are leafing out; the wood-dove's *coo, coo, coo!* comes from one cannot see where—it pervades the wood, like the low sunset light. The *pasé* is enlivened only by a few private carriages rolling along at lonely intervals—there is a separate road for riders. We saw very few ladies riding—in fact, I remember but two, and both of them sat their horses very ineffectually, in a helpless sidelong fashion. Often we left the carriage, and walked with a wistful pleasure through those old trodden footpaths that lead away into the dim days before the Conquest, when San Pedro was the site of a populous Indian village, with a history of its own reaching back and losing itself in other dim days of traditional conquest before the advent of the Spaniards. The aqueduct crosses the *pasé* diagonally from the city; at the edge of the wood it bends and swings off across the green valley toward the hills that feed the city fountains. When the bells of the city strike the hour of *oracion*, we reënter the carriage and drive slowly homeward. By this time the *alameda* is nearly deserted, the brief Southern twilight has suddenly faded, and the lamps are beginning to

shine in the streets. The Indian women who sit in a row along the sidewalk opposite the entrance to the *alameda*, with bunches of lettuce, dressed with poppies, for sale, have rolled up their strips of matting and camped farther up the street, near the *plaza*. Their little fires, shining at intervals along the street, supplement the scattering lamps. They are cooking supper over a few coals of charcoal in a copper brazier; or they have kindled a lightwood torch to ward off the chill of night and advertise their heaps of *dulces*; or are boiling a kind of sweetmeat, made of molasses, in a shallow pottery dish; or, over the brazier of charcoal, are making and frying *tortillas*—the kind that are spread with meat and *chile* and rolled together like an omelet. All the bells of all the churches, from the great cathedral with its dome and triple towers to the little church with a single tower and a single cypress-tree beside it, rising together as if equally a part of the architect's design, are sounding at this hour. The bells of the cathedral strike the hours and quarter-hours of the day and night, and all the churches unite at the services of morning and evening. The cavalry regiment stationed in the town contributes its mysterious bugle-calls and drum-taps.

There are lonely cries of street-venders, the dull bumping of wooden cart-wheels,

drawn by oxen, and, at the hour of the *pasó*, a roll of carriage-wheels and a stirring clatter of hoofs along the streets; but all these sounds throb upon a stillness as deep and restful as the shadow of the cypress on the yellow gable of the little church. By the time we arrive at home the court is dimly lighted by the moon, and Rubio has placed a lamp in the sconce at the head of the staircase. He opens the carriage door, and shuffles slowly up the stairs behind us with the wraps. He always reminded me of that "ancient beadsman" in the "Eve of St. Agnes." We were very fortunate in regard to the moon. We had the last of the old moon on the steamer, the new moon tempered the darkness of our evening rides in the diligence, and its full splendor lent the last touch of enchantment to the corridor at night. The plants inclosing the black well of the court below were bathed in moonlight, the deep red blossoms of the *flor de noche buena* (flower of Christmas Eve) still held a suggestion of their vivid color, and the broad, drooping banana-leaves took a silvery gleam. The doves were asleep, the blood-hounds, roused by noises from the street, from time to time woke the echoes of the *patio* with their deep note. Two lamps high up on the wall of the corridor, augmented by spaces of lamp-light streaming across the tiles from open doors, still left long, dim promenades where restless feet might wander; but even the corridor, shadowy and spacious under its dome of sky, seemed a prison with the limitless beauty of the tropical night outside. I wearied myself with speculations about the faces we had seen on the *pasó*—women's faces with eyes that permitted you one moment to look into a heart as deeply dyed as the *flor de noche buena*, and then shut you out with a sweep of the long lashes, and left you gazing at a dull, pretty, expressionless, powdered face. Now, when the play is over and the masks are laid aside, and the little feet in their tight French shoes are prowling about the bare stone-floored rooms and moonlit galleries, what measure of content dwells with those cloistered lives, submitting to and helping suicidally to preserve the conventions of a society which holds toward all women a consistent attitude of suspicion. The habit of generations, and the inborn conservatism of a woman's nature, aided by the influence of religion, may make submission easy; but I used to wish with all my heart that it might be my privilege to transplant one or two of those unconsciously pathetic girls into a freer, happier society and a broader training. Such gayety as an American girl of the most reserved type enjoys, a Mexican girl could not

conceive of. Nor could an American girl understand how it is possible to be as bright and sweet-tempered and patient as many—almost all—young Mexican girls are upon such frugal spiritual and mental cheer.

Supper is served at eight o'clock—a heavy meal with courses of meat, but not so elaborate as the breakfast. There is very little evening afterward. We sat in the large, dimly lighted *sala*, or leaned over the balcony railings, and listened to the music which burst forth in an irrelevant way from the band of the regiment, like their unaccountable bugle-calls and drum-taps. One evening they gave an entertainment, to which all the first families of the city were invited—the only occasion of any public festivity which occurred while I was in Morelia, with the exception of the perennial bull-fights. The occasion of the entertainment was the distribution of prizes for scholarship among the privates of the regiment, many of whom, I was told, had been enlisted two years ago from the Indian villages by the persuasive means of a lasso (the Republic must have soldiers), and, to the credit of their officers, now exhibit a neat, cheerful, soldierly bearing, and the rudiments of a practical, if not a liberal, education. They were small, thick-set, dark, with the stolid movements and heavy features of the Indian,—the type of the mass of the insurgents who fought under Hidalgo and Morelos—the men who tried to stop the cannons' mouths with their straw hats. The pretty little unused theater of the city was ingeniously lighted with candelabras made of clusters of bayonets, supporting candles placed in their sockets. The chandelier suspended from the ceiling bristled with bayonet-points. I observed the people who sat beneath watched its descent rather uneasily while it was being lowered for the purpose of renewing the candles. The military music, orations, poems delivered by the soldier-students, and addresses by the officers, were received with enthusiasm by the audience. I found my entertainment chiefly in watching the latter—the dark, plebeian heads in the parquette, and the ladies of the first families in the boxes in full evening dress, looking impassively lovely behind their softly waving fans. Our experiment in Maravatio had satisfied me that the national amusement was "too strong" for me, as the Señorita Del M—, our fellow-traveler, had said. I did not attempt it in Morelia, though the Plaza de Toros was a much more imposing affair than that of Maravatio. Its two entrances bore the inscriptions, "*Entrada del Sol*," "*Entrada de la Sombra*." The seats in the shade were attainable at a price which only the comparatively rich could pay. The poor people sat unsheltered in the sun. Dur-

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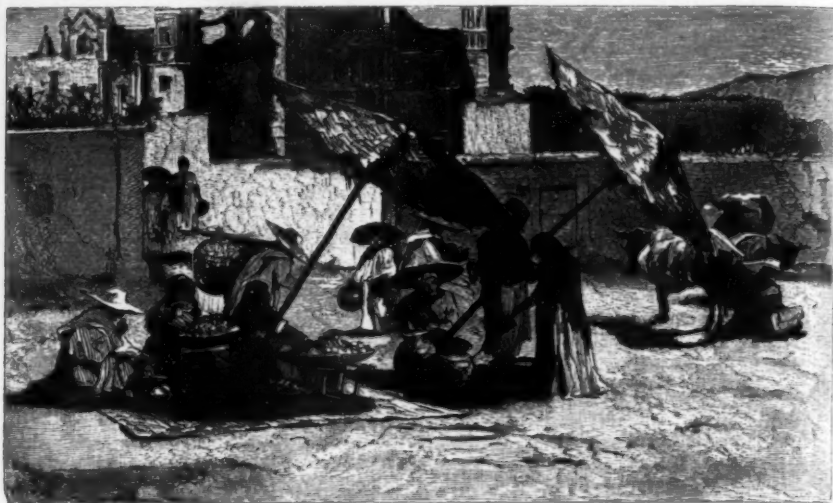


A MEXICAN BALCONY.

ing the Carnival, a burlesque of the bull-fight paraded the streets, and performed at intervals to promiscuous crowds gathered hastily in response to the music. It is a kind of Punch-and-Judy show on a large scale. The upper part of a bull is rather cleverly imitated in wood and rawhide, and plunges about supported on the head of a man, who is concealed by an exaggerated flounce of drapery depending from the body of the bull, rudely suggesting the housings of chivalry. This anomalous beast rushes around the ring formed by the spectators, in pursuit of the *torreadores* in costumes and masks. The music is a monotonous *tum-tum* of guitars, interrupted by much shouting and rude joking and hustling of the crowd, the bull charging upon them from time to time, his horns lowered, his petticoat wildly flapping. It is indeed very laughable if one is in the mood for the crudest and most extravagant burlesque.

My sketching expeditions involved so much

assistance from the family and servants,—the customs of society forbidding any independence on my part,—that I made few attempts to extend them beyond the limits of the house. One morning I made a sketch in San Pedro, looking through the arches of the aqueduct from the Glorieta. As the result of the combined efforts of Ysabel, the coach and the white mules, a maid-servant, and the two ladies of the family and the artist, it could not be regarded with triumphant satisfaction. On our way home past the *alameda*, deserted at this hour, but lovely with its checkered pavement of light and shadow, and glimpses of the shadowless sky of noon between the dark columnar tree-boles, we came unexpectedly upon a characteristic bit of sentiment—a young girl leaning from a balcony, talking with a young man, whose place was properly on one of the distant stone benches, out of reach of all communication except by the eyes. He was her *novio* (betrothed), the *señorita* told me; but what a scandal! They were actually



A BIT OF THE MORELIAN MARKET.

talking together—he close beneath the balcony, with his dark pale profile uplifted; she with her pretty arms crossed upon the iron railing, her face not six feet from his! From the expression of the young girl's lips and eyes, and the lowering black brows of the youth, it struck me that they had reached, without the medium of many words, an unpleasant juncture in their passionate pilgrimage.

One other morning, in the hope of finding a quiet bench in the *plaza* from which I might make a sketch of the market, we set out, the two ladies and myself, in the care of Ysabel; but arrived at the *plaza*, it was evidently a hopeless quest—blazing sunlight everywhere, and everywhere curious, stolid black eyes observing the *Americana*, the only one of her species in the city. The gentle *señorita*, seeing my despair, bethought her of the Casa Montana, on the corner of the market-place. The Casa Montana was the residence of the Señor Doctor of that name. We were cordially admitted by his wife, and conducted through a pretty little court one story in height, surrounded by a corridor painted in the Pompeian manner. A number of singing-birds in cages among the plants were in full chorus, and a hideous monkey from the Tierra Caliente, winding and unwinding his long arms about his body, gave the note of discord, without which this little place of bloom and sunshine would have been almost monotonously fair. From the brightness of the court we entered the cool, dim study, the win-

dows of which commanded an excellent view of the market-place and its curious encampment of Indians, who move in on market-days from the country with their families and merchandise, which are equally on exhibition, if not for sale, under their awnings and umbrellas of palm matting. The doctor's study was a very professional-looking room, with a skeleton in a tall case and other grimly impressive details. The light was much concentrated, falling from a high, deep window, into which I climbed by means of a series of steps sunk in the thick adobe wall, which served also as seats. Once seated aloft above the heads of the ladies, as in a private box, between the shaded room and the view of the lively drama in the sunlit *plaza*, I occupied a semi-detached position in the conversation highly favorable to work. We walked home through the market, and bought flowers and pottery—the rich reddish-brown pottery of Michoacan—not so beautiful as that of Guadalupe, but fine in color as a ripe horse-chestnut, and with traditional simplicity and beauty of form. Occasionally we took a walk under the *portales*,—the arcaded sidewalks surrounding the principal *plaza* of the city,—where many articles, chiefly of native manufacture, are offered for sale. It was here we bought the curious little offerings in hammered silver laid by the peasants on the altars of patron saints, to ward off the evils to which their lives are peculiarly exposed. A *ranchero* offers a silver horse. A man with a broken arm or leg offers the same, crudely imitated in silver.

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One with *dolor de la cabeza* offers a silver head. Here are the rosaries, the little guitars of cedar-wood, made by the Indians, and in skillful fingers giving forth a very sweet, thin tinkle; the toy *toros* of wood covered with calf's hide, with horns and tails of the most expressive fierceness—the arrogant arch of the shoulder decorated with *banderillas* of crimped tissue-paper. The multitude of rude but very effective toys, made by the Indians with the most pathetically poor materials, show the importance which the pleasures of the children have in their eyes; every pottery vessel or household utensil is imitated in miniature for the baby housekeepers. Here we found the palm-splint brushes, the fans for blowing up the charcoal fires in the chimneyless pottery stoves which are used in all Mexican kitchens. But all purchases from the main shops were made through the medium of the patient Rubio, who trotted back and forth between the street and the corridor with boxes and packages for inspection. If it was a question of a scarf or a mantle, the shops emptied their stocks of these articles into Rubio's hands; they were tried on at leisure, discussed before the mirrors, and if not approved, sent back without scruple. If the little daughter re-

quired a skein of wool for her knitting, Ascension must call Rubio, and Rubio must go into the street with a bit of red wool twisted about his dark finger to be matched. "*Encarnada, Rubio. No color de rosa!*" were her instructions to the old man. "*Si, si! Nina Encarnada,*" he repeated to himself on his way to the staircase. Life in the house was not gay, but serene as the sunny hours that wheeled their shadows around the corridors.

I had fallen easily into that helpless attitude toward the outer world which is like a spell over the lives of the women of the country. The return of the engineers, and the discussion of plans for our homeward journey on horseback, broke up the dream—one last drive in the *paséo* in the splendor of the low sunset light, then a bustle of packing, and talk of saddles and horses, servants for the road, and of steamer days and telegrams, last calls, and a sense of multiplied obligations which fate might never permit us fitly to recognize. When the railroad is completed, and the tides of travel ebb to and fro, if our friends of the Casa G—are among those northward bound, may they find as gracious and courteous a welcome as they gave the strangers within their gates.

THE REVIVAL OF BURANO LACE.

THE brevity of the guide-books admits of only a passing allusion to the outlying islands of Venice. Hence, many an enlightened and curious traveler sees nothing beyond the churches and palaces, the pictures and the mysterious water-streets of the most wonderful city of the world. True, this traveler has been made very happy, and, ignorant of what is left unseen, goes upon his way in a contented spirit, not knowing that he has lost some of

the best of Venice. For the initiated, however, these bits of dark green verdure scattered over the pale green lagoons have an indescribable charm. They seem to cluster around the old city like children about a mother. Some are so mature as to be graced by domes and spires. One, indeed, though long deserted, is truly older than the parent town, for who does not know that Torcello was the refuge of the people of the main-land from the



VIEW OF BURANO.



SAN FRANCESCO IN DESERTO.

conquering arms of the redoubtable Attila? The first place of Christian worship built by the refugees is still standing, a monument of early piety. Within the church is a great strange mosaic of the Last Judgment, which is said to have been an inspiration of the "Inferno" of Dante. San Francesco in Deserto is the lonely home of a few monks, who still remain in their silent retreat despite the stern decrees of United Italy. Murano is famous now, as it was three hundred years ago, for its glass factories, from the principal of which come the marvelous creations of taste and skill devised by Salviati, the world-renowned. The Lido is a long, narrow piece of land which forms a natural bulwark against the waves of the Adriatic, and preserves the city and lagoons from the shocks of stormy seas. On the island of San Lazzaro is the famous Arminian convent and school, whose printing-press sends forth to the world books in many languages, and where the relics and memory of Lord Byron are guarded even more jealously than in his own land. Santa Elena contains a deserted and partly ruined

Benedictine monastery. Among its bright flowers and beneath its tall, waving trees is the daily playground of the young heir to the throne of Italy, during the summer visits of his royal parents to Venice. Not far distant, looking westward, rise the high walls of the two islands of San Servolo and San Clemente, given up to those, the saddest of God's creatures, who yet must live, though bereft of all that makes life joyous; and farther on, a group of domes and spires, and lines of rose-colored wall, show the Venetian's final resting-place under the white crosses and dark cypress-trees of the island of San Michele.

Burano is one of the largest of these fairy islands that lift themselves, like those of a mirage, above the still lagoons. It lies about six miles from Venice. The inhabitants are fishermen and gardeners, who supply their excellent spoils and produce not only to the near city, but also to the markets of Trieste and distant Vienna: for the blue sea teems with fish, and the fair gardens are constantly enriched by the natural process that first formed them, and require none of those arti-



GONDOLA TO BURANO.

ficial aids which hasten the growth but impair the flavor of fruit and vegetables. That hardy race, the Buranelli, preserve more markedly than any other the customs and picturesque type of the ancient Venetian people. Here at least may be found a population of primitive ideas, with few requirements, patient and courageous under the heavy hardships of hunger and cold. Perhaps it were too much to say that "all the sons are brave and all the

turn should lead the workers into a more decorative class of productions.

No precise date can be assigned to the first appearance of lace, because the art of making lace, like all other arts, grew gradually until the latent skill given to men, like the statue within the marble block, became developed by that directing hand—the creative mind working in the creature—that is commonly known as time and circumstance.



THE WHARF AT BURANO.

daughters virtuous"; but it is certain that the men are stalwart and thrifty, and the women handsome and industrious. The occupation of many of the latter has again become, as it was in the old times, that of lace-making.

This might seem to be the natural bent of the women of a race of fishers. Lace is network on a finer scale, and we can easily conceive how the knitting of nets, first made strong, to assist in getting food, should teach them aptitude for intricate weaving, which in

Whether the love of ornament inherent in human nature excited first an imitation and then a rivalry of the embroideries in gold, silver, and colors brought to the shores of Italy by the Greeks, who took refuge there from the troubles of the Lower Empire, or whether lace is the direct descendant of gold and silver Saracenic ornament, may be left to the learned to decide. Of some facts we are sure: that the fabric we now call lace, fashioned laboriously by the needle, stitch by



WOMAN MAKING LACE. (DRAWN BY PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORENE.)

stitch, was first made in the fifteenth century; that even then there were varieties of stitches and methods, and that to Venice belongs the invention of the two most perfect productions of this kind of hand-work—the *point coupé* and the Venetian point in relief. The received Venetian legend of the origin of flat Venetian point is as follows: A sailor youth, returning from southern seas, brought to his betrothed a bit of the sea plant familiarly known as “mermaid’s lace,” and called by Linnæus the

Kalimedia opuntia. The fond maiden saw with grief that the love-gift of her affianced was destined to crumble and perish, and, in order to preserve at least a record, succeeded after many efforts in copying it skillfully with her needle and thread. This graceful imitation of the sea-weed produced the charming fabric that was destined later to be counted among the precious possessions of emperors and kings. And not only as the inventor of the masterpieces of lace, but also in all other branches of the art, Venice was supreme and first. In the fifteenth century, she had learned her lesson; in the sixteenth, she was the teacher of Europe. Her laces were the most esteemed, her pattern-books the most numerous, her designs the most varied and original. Some of these last may still be studied in a work by Cesare Vecellio, nephew of Titian, preserved in the archives of the Ducal Palace, which was published in 1591, and dedicated to the illustrious lady Viena Vendramin.* Pages might be filled with extracts from the various inventories of the German, French, and English courts describing Venetian lace, cited as royal gifts or purchases—from a wonderful cloak mentioned among the most precious possessions of Anne of France, in 1480, to a collar of unrivaled workmanship ordered for the coronation of the *grand monarque* during the minority of Louis XIV., that took two years to make, and was paid for with two hundred and fifty pieces of gold.

The art of lace-making probably attained its greatest perfection in Venice in the seventeenth century, and in 1664 we find the French ambassador to that republic reporting that the exports of the trade in lace amounted annually to 400,000 crowns, and that all the convents and the greater part of the poor families subsisted upon this work. Other countries then began to rival her excellence, and French workers, aided and directed by the genius of Colbert, made a successful struggle, first to imitate and then almost to equal the art of their unwilling instructor. After in vain endeavoring to exclude Venetian laces from France, Colbert adopted another expedient. By his order, a number of the most skillful work-women in lace were suborned from Venice, and distributed among the workshops already existing and in towns where he had established new ones. A correspondence of this sagacious minister, re-

* This valuable book, as well as sixteen others of various ancient authors, has been reproduced by one of the most patriotic of modern Venetians, the publisher F. Ongania, who has used the heliotype process to bring works hitherto unattainable within the reach of moderate means.



MARGARET OF SAVOY, QUEEN OF ITALY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH FROM
LIFE, BY FRATELLI VIANELLI, VENICE.)

cently published,* gives interesting details of the opposition he encountered in introducing the foreign methods, even though the companies he established were liberally subsidized by the state and patronized by the king. But the result was the beautiful French laces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and an industry that continues to the present time.

Among French laces, one of the most beautiful and, as all well-dressed women know,

be made during the Austrian occupation of Venice. Mrs. Bury Palliser, in her "History of Lace," tells us that in 1866 the natives of Burano appeared to retain no tradition of what was once their principal occupation. To-day, however, Burano lace and Venice point made by Venetian workwomen in Burano, equaling the ancient fabric in fineness and finish, can again be purchased, and it is to draw attention to the



CENCIA SCARPAOLLA. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE, BY ANT. FERINI, VENICE.)

perhaps the most desirable for adorning purposes, is the *point d'Alençon*. This is a direct imitation of Burano point, and has probably never quite equaled the original, as rare specimens of the old lace prove. Burano lace, once so sought after and celebrated, ceased to

revival of this beautiful industry that the present article is written.

This revival of the art, after a cessation of nearly a century, has been effected by the exertions of the Countess Adriana Marcello and the Princess Giovanelli Chigi. These two ladies, who to their other graces add the charm of far-seeing charity, opened a school for lace-making in 1872, under the

* Quoted in the 1876 edition of Mrs. Bury Palliser's work on "The History of Lace."



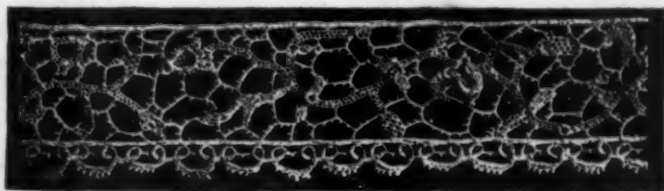
POINT D'ALENÇON, OR VIRGINAL BURANO POINT.

special protection of Queen Margaret, to whom they are ladies of honor. Several specimens of old Venetian lace were found in the possession of an aged woman of Burano named Cencia Scarpagliola, who had wrought them in her youth, and who "awoke one day to find herself famous." In spite of her great age, she was made directress of the work-room, being the only person competent for the office, and more than two hundred girls have been taught by her. The most important work they have yet completed is the reproduction of the laces of Pope Clement XIII Rezzonico, born in Venice in 1693. The originals are in the possession of the Queen, who, with the generosity that distinguishes her, lent them to be copied by the

school. Fifteen work-women accomplished the task in two years' time. One piece of lace, three meters long and fifty-five inches wide, valued at six thousand francs, was exhibited by the Burano school in Paris in 1876.

The Countess Marcello kindly answers, in the following letter, my request for some details of her personal knowledge of this interesting enterprise:

"It was during the winter of 1872 that the island of Burano, populated for the most part by wretched fishermen, found itself in such a state of misery that people died of hunger. Almost every year some families were reduced to extremity by the winter season, that prevents fishing, but the cold of the year 1872



ROSE POINT.

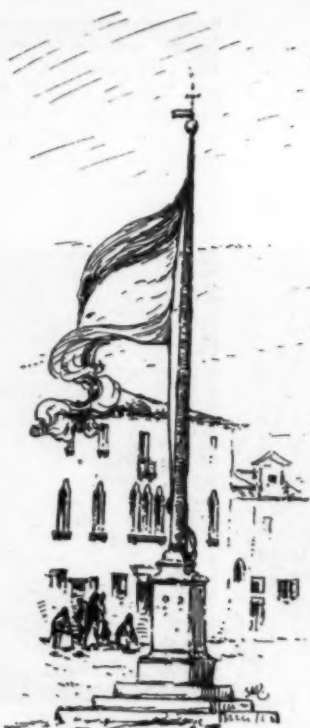
was more intense than usual, and the number of famine-stricken people was greatly increased. Recourse was had to the Holy Father, who sent a certain sum of money; His Majesty our King deigned to send help in the same way. The Venetians were also asked to aid, and some artists gave representations for the benefit of Burano. When all moneys received had been accounted for, it was found that, after relieving the most pressing necessities, there remained a surplus with which some work might be begun that would return a sure profit. The greater part of the surplus fund had been invested in a business that returned no profit—the business of making nets for the fishermen; but alas! it was useless to make goods for men who could not buy.

"Other persons, more far-seeing, among whom was Mr. Fambri, thought it was possible to revive the ancient industry of the Buranese women, who for centuries had worked as lace-makers, and produced the celebrated point-lace of Burano.

"It was then that the Princess Chigi Giovannelli and I were asked to become patronesses of this school, and it was afterward that our Queen did us the honor to become president of the institution. For my own part, I undertook to realize this project all the more willingly because my husband, when mayor of Venice, in 1858, had made several efforts



TWO LACE-MAKERS.



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

to revive this industry—efforts that had no results in consequence of the political events of 1859, which caused him to leave Venice for a time.

"When I began to work in the lace-school, I found there one Cencia Scarpagliola, an old woman, who alone had preserved the traditional science of lace-making, and, in spite of her seventy years, was able to work the celebrated Burano point-lace stitch. As Cencia did not understand the routine of teaching, Madame Anna Bellorio d'Este, an energetic and intelligent woman, mistress of the girls' schools of Burano, was joined with her, and was taught by Cencia in the intervals of lesson hours. She then transmitted the instruction thus received to eight pupils, who, being paid small wages by the day, were the first islanders who were induced to learn lace-making. I immediately arranged that Bellorio should be replaced in the elementary schools, and that she should devote herself entirely to teaching the lace-making, and since that time she has always admirably directed our work-women. Now the eight scholars paid by the day to induce them to accept instruction have

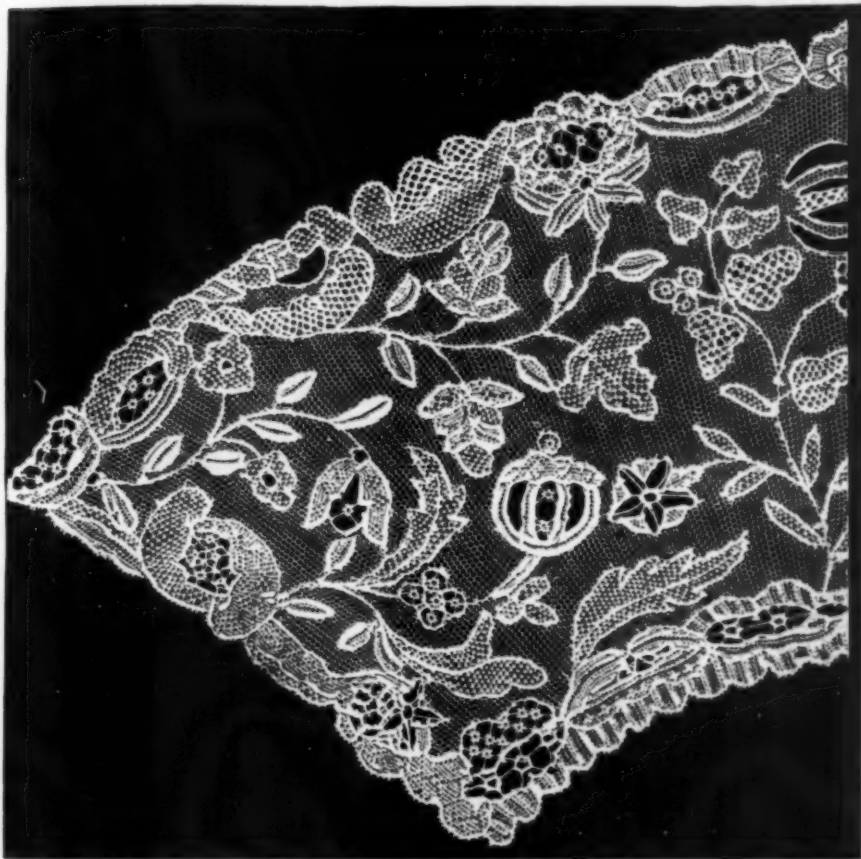
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increased to three hundred and twenty work-women, paid, not by the day, but according to the quantity of the work produced.

"Living is cheap in Burano; a small apartment, where a young family can be lodged, may be bought for six hundred francs (one hundred and twenty dollars) or one thousand francs (two hundred dollars), and cases are not rare when a young work-woman has left

children that, much to his regret, he had to register nearly every year, last year but two children were born out of wedlock.

"Our school is not confined to making Burano point-lace only; it now undertakes to make any design or any kind of the different laces known as Burano point-lace, *point d'Alençon* lace, old Brussels needle-point, *point d'Argentin*, Venice point-lace, raised



MODERN BURANO POINT—VENTAGLIO.

her wages for months untouched, until she has succeeded in accumulating the small sum necessary to purchase the modest dwelling that she takes as a dower to her husband. Almost all the young men of Burano seek our work-women as wives, and the *cure* of the parish told me, with great satisfaction, that last year the number of marriages was double what it had been for some time past, and that instead of the twenty-five illegitimate

point-lace—lower relief, raised point-lace—high relief, and English point-lace.

"In order to assist our scholars to understand thoroughly the different patterns of lace, I arranged that once a week a drawing-master should give them lessons in design.

"The three hundred and twenty work-women are divided into seven sections. Nothing is more useful than to insist that each girl should confine herself to one kind



ANCIENT BRUSSELS NEEDLE POINT.

of work, and be employed as much as possible on the same patterns; by following this plan each one attains perfection in her own especial department: she learns more quickly and earns more, and the school receives better work and more cheaply made, although the question of price is always relative.

"The first section employs fifty work-women, who trace out each pattern with a strong thread.

"The second section has sixty work-women, who make the foundation for the lace in point of Burano stitch.

"The third section has twenty-five work-women, who make the round-point stitch, the foundation of *point d'Alençon* lace.

"The fourth section has one hundred

work-women, who make simple guipure lace, or guipure lace ornamented with flowers.

"The fifth section employs eighty work-women, who make the open-work and the joinings of all the lace. A girl must have learned the whole art to be admitted to this section.

"The sixth section employs ten work-women, who remove the patterns when the lace is finished, mend it if necessary, and make it ready for sale.

"The seventh section. Here are gathered and counted all our work-women who are married and have families, as it is impossible to exact from them the same punctuality and number of working hours required of the unmarried women. The first and the fifth



RAISED LEAF POINT.



MIDWEST BURANO POINT.

sections are especially devoted to lessons in design."

These concise facts, from the pen of the amiable and philanthropic patroness, give a clear idea of how lace-work progresses in the present day on the once neglected little

island, and if any reader would see with her own eyes the perfection of the system and its products, she will pass a Venetian day most agreeably among the poor fishermen and their busy wives and daughters on the picturesque island of Burano.



ENGLISH POINT.

COQUETTE.

"COQUETTE," my love they sometimes call, 'Tis thus the world doth see the brook;
For she is light of lips and heart; But I have seen it otherwise,
What though she smile alike on all, When following it to some far nook
If in her smiles she knows no art? Where leafy shields shut out the skies.

Like some glad brook she seems to be, And there its waters rest, subdued,
That ripples o'er its pebbly bed, In shadowy pools, serene and shy,
And prattles to each flower or tree, Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood
Which stoops to kiss it, overhead. And tender dreams and longings lie.

Beneath the heavens' white and blue I love it when it laughs and leaps,
It purls and sings and laughs and leaps, But love it better when at rest—
The sunny meadows dancing through 'Tis only in its tranquil deeps
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeps. I see my image in its breast!

IN NOVEMBER.

HERE is the water-shed of all the year,
Where, by a thought's space, thoughts do start anear
That fare most widely forth: some to the mouth
Of Arctic rivers, some to the mellow South.

The gaunt and wrinkled orchard shivers 'neath
The blast, like Lear upon the English heath,
And mossy boughs blow wild that, undistressed,
Another spring, shall hide the cheerful nest.

All things are nearer from this chilly crown,—
The solitude, the white and huddling town;
And next the russet fields, of harvest shorn,
Shines the new wheat that freshens all the morn.

From out the bursting milkweed, dry and gray,
The silken argosies are launched away,
To mount the gust, or drift from hill to hill
And plant new colonies by road and rill.

Ah, wife of mine, whose clinging hand I hold,
Shrink you before the New, or at the Old?
And those far eyes that hold the silence fast—
Look they upon the Future, or the Past?

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Tredennis found himself standing out in the street, half an hour later, it was this picture which remained in his mind, and no other. If an effort had been required to retain the impression upon his mental retina, he would have made the effort with the deliberate intention of excluding all else, but no effort was needed.

"I suppose it is sentiment," he said, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and looking up at the starlit sky. "I have no doubt it is sentiment. A man who has lived mooning alone as long as I have, drifts in that direction naturally, I suppose. And I am a rigid, old-fashioned fellow. I don't fit in with the rest of it. But, with her child in her arms and her gewgaws laid on the table, I seemed to see something I knew. I'll think of that, and not of the other."

It was just at this moment that he caught sight of a figure approaching him from a distance of a few yards. It was the figure of a man, wrapped in a cloak and walking with bent head at a leisurely pace, which argued that he was deep in meditation. As it drew nearer, Tredennis recognized something familiar in its outlines, and before it had taken half a dozen steps forward, the head was raised suddenly, almost as if attracted by something in his gaze, and he recognized the professor, who, seeing him, came toward him at once, and laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"You are coming away from the house, are you?" he said. "I might have known I should have the chance of meeting you when I came out to take my ramble before going to bed. I do it every night. I find I sleep better for it. Perhaps Bertha told you."

"No," answered Tredennis; "I had not been told of it."

The professor gave him a little impetus forward with the hand he still kept on his shoulder.

"Walk on with me," he said. "What I like is the deserted look of things, and the silence. There is nothing more silent and deserted than such a street as this at night. There is a quiet and emptiness about it which impress themselves on you more than the stillness of a

desert. Perhaps it is the sleep around you in the houses,—the people who have lost their hold on the world and life for the time being. They are far enough away by this time, most of them, and we are no more certain where they are than we shall be after they have lain down for the last time. How did you find Bertha?"

His voice changed as he asked the question, dropping its key somewhat; and, quiet though its tone was, Tredennis thought he recognized a faint suggestion of consciousness in it.

"She looked very well," he answered. "And was very bright."

"She is generally that," said the professor. "Who was there?"

"A Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Arbuthnot! Yes; to be sure. He generally is there. He is a relative of Richard's. They are fond of him. I was to have been there myself, but I had a previous engagement. And I suppose they made light of each other, as usual?"

"You mean——" began Tredennis.

"Arbuthnot and Bertha. They always do it, and Richard looks on and enjoys it. He is a queer fellow."

"Mr. Amory?" Tredennis questioned, uncertainly.

"No, no; Arbuthnot. He is a queer fellow, Arbuthnot."

Tredennis laughed.

"That is what they said in the house," he responded.

"Well, it's true," said the professor, reflectively, "and there is no denying it."

"They said that, too," said Tredennis. "And Mrs. Amory added that it was a habit they had."

"I don't know," said the professor, still keeping his hand on Tredennis's shoulder, and seeming to study the pavement as he walked. "I don't know what the man has done with his past, and I don't know what he is going to do with his future. I don't think he knows about the future himself."

"It struck me," said Tredennis,—"I don't know why,—that he did not care."

"That's it," said the professor. "He doesn't care."

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They walked a few steps in silence, and then he went on:

"He never will care," he said, "unless something happens to rouse him."

"I am obliged to confess," said Tredennis, "that I am afraid I am prepared to underrate him. And it seemed to me that there wasn't much in him to rouse."

"Oh, you'll underrate him," returned the professor, "at first. And you may never get over it; but there are also ten chances to one that you do. I did."

"You began by underrating him?"

"I don't overrate him now," said the professor. "I don't know that I am particularly fond of him, though there have been moments—just moments—when I have been threatened with it. But I have come to the conclusion that there is something in him to rouse, and that it wouldn't be the wisest thing in the world to rouse it."

"Do you mean," said Tredennis, slowly, "that it would take a woman to rouse it?"

"Yes," answered the professor, just as slowly, "it would take a woman. And there are circumstances under which it would be better for the woman if she let what she might rouse lie and sleep."

"For instance?" said Tredennis, with a fierce leap of every pulse in his body.

"If," said the professor, deliberately, "if she were not free to give what his feeling for her demanded."

He paused to turn Tredennis round.

"Confound him," he said, with a curiously irritable seriousness. "If he once reached a white heat,—that fellow with his objectless follies, and his dress-coat, and his white necktie, and his opera hat under his arm,—if he once forgot them and himself, it would be her fate to remember him as long as her life should last."

"Her fate?" said Tredennis.

"I said it would have to be a woman," said the professor. "I should not like it to be a woman I felt an interest in. We have reached the end of the block. Let us walk back again."

When he spoke again, it was of Richard Amory, not of Arbuthnot.

"You went upstairs into the Museum, as Bertha calls it?" he said.

"Yes," answered Tredennis; "and into the work-room."

"And saw the models, and the collections, and the books?"

"Yes."

"He has a good many enthusiasms, Richard," said the professor. "They might form a collection of themselves. He won't tire of life easily. He is a fine contrast to—the other."

They were nearing the house again by this time, and he glanced up at its front.

"There is a light in the nursery window," he said. "It must be one of Janey's restless nights."

"Yes," said Tredennis. "Mrs. Amory was with her when we came down-stairs, and she told us that the child was nervous and needed her."

"She has wonderful patience with them," said the professor, "and a sort of genius for understanding their vague young needs and desires. She never does them an injustice for want of thought, and never fails them. I have seen her spend half an hour half-kneeling, half-sitting on the nursery floor, by one of them, with her arm round it, questioning it, and helping it to tell its own story, in a way that was very motherly. There is a great deal of the maternal instinct in her."

Tredennis made no reply, but there rose before his mental vision the picture before the nursery fire, and he saw again the soft, close clasp of the fair hand and arm.

"It's curious how seldom we speak of paternal instinct," the professor went on. "It is always maternal instinct. Well, it is a great thing. And it is a great safeguard where—where life is not satisfactory. And as one grows older, one sees a good deal of that. It is pitiful sometimes, when one finds it, as one so often does, in young things who haven't got over their desperate mental insistence on their right to be happy."

He checked himself, with a faint laugh.

"I'm prosing, my boy," he said. "I always do it when I take my saunter at night. It is a sort of safeguard against doing it in the day. And I find I am specially given to it when I talk of Bertha. It is the paternal instinct, if there is such a thing. You remember how we talked of her when she came home from school. Do you find her much changed?"

"She has changed from a girl—a child, almost—to a woman," said Tredennis.

"Yes," said the professor, "from a child to a woman. And yet, when you look back upon it, eight years is a very short time. Sometimes it seems only yesterday that she startled me at the dinner-table by saying that she expected me to classify and label her."

"There have been times," said Tredennis, "when it seemed only yesterday to me; but to-night it is something far away."

The professor looked up at him quickly.

"Is it?" he said. "Well, well," rather vaguely, "it is a habit they have fallen into—that of making light of things. It is a kind of fashion nowadays. She did not treat things lightly then, did she? How she believed all

that she believed—how frankly she impugned your veracity in argument, without being at all conscious of the incivility. How bright her eyes and lips were when she asked me if she could not have the label without the pin. I wish ——”

He stopped suddenly once more.

“We have reached the end of the block again, my boy,” he said, “and I have walked long enough, and talked long enough. We must say good-night to each other.”

They were standing beneath a street-lamp, and having looked up at Tredennis to say this, he drew back a pace to look again, in whimsically gentle admiration of his stalwart proportions.

“What a soldierly fellow you are,” he said; “and how you stand out among the rest of us.” And then, with an odd change of manner, he drew nearer, and laid his hand on his shoulder once more. “I’ll say again,” he said, “what I have said before. I wish you had been a son of mine, my boy.”

And, as he said it, there fell upon the quiet of the street the sound of approaching footsteps ringing on the pavement, and, turning instinctively toward them, each saw an easily recognized masculine figure, which, reaching the house in which the Amorys lived, paused for a moment beneath the lighted window, and flung forth to the night, airily and by no means unmusically, a few bars of one of the popular airs from a gay French opera, and then crossing the street, applied a latch-key to the door of the opposite house, and entering, closed it.

“The fellow has a pleasant voice,” said the professor. “It is a voice you like to hear. And that is one of his whims.”

“I thought I recognized the figure,” said Tredennis. “It is ——”

“Arbuthnot,” said the professor. “Arbuthnot.”

And then they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

TO TREDENNIS the next three months were full of event. It was mostly quiet event, and yet, as day followed day, he was conscious that, in each twenty-four hours, he lived through some new mental experience which left its mark upon him. The first two weeks seemed to make his old regular, routine-governed life a thing of the far past, from which he was entirely separated by a gulf which it would be impossible to recross. He awakened to a recognition of this at the end of the second week, and told himself that the feeling was due to the complete novelty of his surroundings and their natural influences upon

him. He found himself placed among people whose lives, ambitions, and interests were all new to him, and of a kind with which he had never before been thrown into close contact for a length of time sufficient to allow of analysis. In his first visit to Washington he had regarded its peculiarities merely as an amateur and a visitor; now he saw and studied them from a different stand-point. The public buildings were no longer mere edifices in his eyes, but developed into tremendous communities, regulated by a tremendous system for which there could be no medium or indefinite standing, but which must either be a tremendous credit or a tremendous discredit to itself and the power it represented. The human side of the place grew and impressed itself upon him. He began to feel the full significance of the stream of humanity which ebbed and flowed to and from these buildings at stated hours in the day. After a few afternoon walks on the Avenue, he could recognize many a face that passed him, and comprehend something of what it typified. He could single out the young woman who supported her family upon her salary, and the young woman who bought her ribbons with it; the widow whose pay fed half a dozen children, and the husband whose earnings were appropriated by a wife of fashionable aspirations; the man of broken career, whose wasted ambitions and frustrated purposes were buried in the monotonous routine of a Government clerkship, and who asked and hoped for no greater boon than to be permitted to hold his place through as much of the future as remained to him. It was an orderly and respectably dressed crowd, as a rule, but there was many a sad face to be seen in it, and many an anxious and disappointed one. It never failed to interest Tredennis, and he took his afternoon walk so often at the same hour that the passers-by began to know his tall, soldierly figure and sunbrowned face, and rather expected to encounter them; and when the newspapers had referred to him on a dozen occasions or so, there were not a few who recognized him, and pointed him out to each other as something of a celebrity and a hero, and so worth seeing.

This general knowledge which people seemed to have of one another was one thing which struck him as peculiarly local. It was the rule, and not the exception, that in walking out he met persons he knew or knew of, and he found it at no time difficult to discover the names and positions of those who attracted his attention. Almost all noticeable and numerous unnoticeable persons were to be distinguished in some way from their fel-

lows. The dark, sinewy man he observed standing on the steps of a certain family hotel, was a noted New England senator; his companion was the head of an important department; the man who stood near was the private secretary of the President, or the editor of one of the dailies, or a man with a much-discussed claim against the Government; the handsome woman whose carriage drew up before a fashionable millinery establishment was the wife of a foreign diplomat, or of a well-known politician, or of a member of the Cabinet; the woman who crossed her path as she got out was a celebrated female-suffragist, or female physician or lawyer, or perhaps that much talked of will-o'-the-wisp, a female lobbyist; and eight persons out of every ten passing them knew their names and not a little of their private history. So much was crowded within a comparatively limited radius that it was not easy for any person or thing worthy of note to be lost or hidden from the public eye.

By the most natural gradations, Tredennis found the whole tenor of his existence changed in this atmosphere. His fixed habits of life gave way before the influences surrounding him.

One of the most subtle of these influences was that of his intimacy with the members of the Amory household, which grew as he had not at all anticipated that it would. He had thought of the acquaintance in the first place as one not likely to ripen into anything beyond its rather conventional significance. Perhaps, on the whole, he had been content to let it rest as it was, feeling only half-consciously that he should be in a quieter frame of mind and less liable to vague pangs and disappointments.

"It is all different," he had said to himself. "And it is all over. It is better that it should remain as it is."

But after his first visit, Richard did not choose to lose sight of him. It was his fancy to seek him out and make much of and take possession of him, with an amiability and frank persistence in the chase which were at once complimentary and engaging.

"Look here!" he would say, having followed him up to reproach him. "You don't suppose we intend to be treated in this manner? We won't hear of it. We want you. Your stalwart solidity is what we have been needing to give us weight and balance. Only yesterday Bertha was holding you up to Arbuthnot as a model of steadfastness of purpose. We thought we were going to see you every other day, at least, and you have not been near us for a week. Bertha wonders what we have been guilty of."

And then he would be carried up to lunch or dinner, or to spend the evening; and each visit resulted in another and another, until it gradually became the most natural thing in the world that he should drop in at odd hours, because it seemed that he was always expected, and he appeared to have a place among them.

"Do you know what we shall do with you if you remain here a year?" Bertha had said to him at the outset. "We shall domesticate you. We not only domesticated Mr. Arbuthnot, but we appropriated him. We feel that we have invested largely in him, and that he ought to respect our rights and pay interest. Sometimes I wonder how he likes it, and just now it occurs to me to wonder how you would like it."

"The question is," Tredennis answered, "how *you* would like it."

He was always conscious of a silent distaste for being compared to Mr. Arbuthnot, and he was also always conscious of the youthful weakness of the feeling.

"It is the kind of thing which belongs to a younger man," he used to say to himself. "It is arrant folly, and yet I am not fond of the fellow."

But, as Bertha had predicted, he became in a manner domesticated in the household. Perhaps the truth was that his natural tendency was toward the comfort and easy communion of home life. He was a little surprised to find himself develop a strong fancy for children. He had never been averse to them, but he had known nothing of them, and had never suspected himself of any definite disposition to fondness for them. After he had watched Bertha's during a few visits, he began to like them, and to be oddly interested in their sayings and doings. He discovered Jack to be a decidedly sturdy and masculine little fellow, with rather more than his share of physical strength and beauty; and, making amicable advances toward him, was met half-way with a fearless readiness which was very attractive. Then he made friends with Janey, and found himself still more interested. Her childish femininity was even better worth studying than Jack's miniature manhood. She was a small, gentle creature, with clinging hands and much faith, but also with a delightful sense of infantile dignity, and the friendship which established itself between them was a very absorbing sentiment. It was not long before it became an understood thing among the juvenile portion of the establishment that Tredennis was to be counted among the spoils. His incoming was greeted with rapture, his outgoing was regarded as a species of calamity only to be borne because

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it was unavoidable. He could tell stories of Indians and bears, and on more than one occasion was decoyed into the nursery, and found to be not entirely without resources in the matter of building forts with blocks, and defending them against aboriginal warriors with tin soldiers. His own sense of enjoyment of the discovery of these accomplishments in himself filled him with a whimsical pleasure. He began to carry toys in his pockets, and became a connoisseur of such dainties as were considered harmless to the juvenile constitution; and after having been reproved by Janey, on two or three occasions, for the severity of his air, he began also to have a care that the expression of his countenance should be less serious and more likely to win the approval of innocent small creatures, who considered gravity uncalled-for and mysterious. At first he had seemed to learn but little of Bertha herself, notwithstanding that a day seldom passed without their meeting, and there were times when he fancied he had determined that there was but little to learn. The gayeties of the season over, she announced her intention of resting; and her manner of accomplishing this end was to inaugurate a series of small festivities, with a result of occupying each day until midnight. She gave small, informal dinners, suppers, and teas to the favored few who would be most likely to enjoy and find them exhilarating, and when she did not give a dinner or tea, her evenings were bestowed upon Arbuthnot and half a dozen of the inner circle, whose habit it was to drop in and talk politics, literature, or entertaining nonsense.

At such times it was not at all unusual for the professor to ramble in at about nine o'clock, and profess to partake of the cup of tea Bertha offered him, and which he invariably left more than half-full upon the small table by his chair. His old tender interest in her had not lessened in degree, Tredennis noticed, after seeing them together on two or three occasions, but it had altered in kind. Sometimes the look of curious speculation returned to his eyes, but oftener they expressed a patient, kindly watchfulness. It was not long before Tredennis began to observe that this quietly watchful look generally showed itself when Arbuthnot was present. The first time that he felt the full force of the truth of this was one evening when there had been only two or three callers, who had remained but a short time, going away early, and leaving no one in the parlors but himself, the professor, and Arbuthnot.

Arbuthnot had come in later than usual, and had appeared to be in an unusual mood. He was pale when he entered, and had no

jesting speech to make. He took his seat by Bertha, and replied to her remarks with but little of his customary animation, now and then lapsing into silence as if he had forgotten his surroundings. Bertha seemed inclined to let his humor pass without notice, as if it was not exactly a new experience, but Richard commented upon it.

"Something has gone wrong," he said. "What is it, Larry?"

"Nothing has gone wrong," Arbuthnot answered, with a short, cheerless laugh. "I have seen a ghost, that is all."

"A ghost!" said Bertha, in a low voice, and then sat silent, guarding her face from the fire with her favorite peacock-feather screen.

The professor began to stir his tea round and round, which exercise was his customary assistance to reflection or debate. He glanced at the peacock-feather screen, and then at Arbuthnot.

"A ghost is always an interesting scientific conundrum," he observed. "What form did it take?"

Arbuthnot laughed his short, cheerless laugh again.

"It took the form of a sanguine young man from the West," he said, "who has just come into a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship, and feels that unending vistas of fortune lie before him. He was in such good spirits about it that I rather lost my hold on myself, and said things I might as well have left unsaid."

"What did you say?" Richard asked.

"I told him that if he had money enough left to buy a return ticket home he had better buy one, and that if he had not I would lend it to him. I told him that at his age it wasn't a bad idea for a man to devote his time to establishing himself in some career he could depend on, and that, in default of having the energy to do that, he might reflect on the alternative of blowing his brains out as a preparation for a peaceful old age. And I told him that I had seen young fellows like himself before, and that the end had been for them what it would be for him."

"Well?" said Richard, as he had stopped.

"It wasn't any use," he answered. "I knew it would not be when I began. I simply made a spectacle of myself in a quiet way to no purpose, and as a result I am uncomfortable. It was all nonsense, but he reminded me —"

"Of what?" said Richard, since he had paused again.

A peculiar expression crossed his face. Tredennis saw him glance at the peacock-feather screen, and as quickly glance away.

"Of—a young fellow of his age I—used to know," he answered.

"What was *his* story?" inquired Richard, with his usual desire for information. "Where is he now?"

"Dead," said Arbuthnot; and, singularly enough, he half laughed again as he tossed his cigar into the grate and went to the piano.

He began to sing in a rather low voice, and while he sang the rest listened. When he referred to his musical efforts it was his habit to treat them as but trivial performances; but he allowed them to lose none of their effectiveness through lack of care and culture. He knew wherein his power lay, and used it well. To-night, for some reason, this power was at its strongest, and, as he sang song after song, even Tredennis was compelled to acknowledge that, if it was his object to produce an emotional effect, he was in a fair way to succeed.

Richard threw himself upon a sofa and gave himself up to him with characteristic readiness to be moved, the professor stirred his tea slowly and mechanically, and Bertha sat still in the shadow of her screen. But it was she who moved first. In the midst of one of the songs she left her seat, slowly crossed the room to the piano, and stood near it, leaning against the dark wall, her slight white figure thrown into strong relief, her hands—one of them still holding the peacock-feather screen—fallen at her sides, her eyes resting on Arbuthnot's averted face. It seemed to Tredennis that she had moved in obedience to some impulse of whose power she was scarcely conscious. He saw that she also was pale, and looked worn with fatigue, and he was filled, as he had been more than once before, with secret resentment of the fact that no one but himself appeared to notice that she had changed even within the last month.

Arbuthnot continued playing. It was evident that she had not intended to distract his attention when she approached him, and he did not look at or speak to her. As she stood listening, it seemed as if she had forgotten everything but the influence his voice exerted over her for the time being, and that she allowed it to carry her whither it would. Something in the soft, absorbed expression of her face reminded Tredennis vaguely of the look she had worn when she turned to brood over his words on the night when he had felt nearest to her. He was thinking this when a movement from the professor attracted his attention—a jingling of the teaspoon, a little crash, an exclamation of dismay and confusion, and the little stand had mysteriously been overturned, and the professor

was ruefully bending down to pick up the fragments of his small cup and saucer.

"My dear child!" he said to Bertha, who had started forward to his rescue, "what a stupid old Vandal I am, and what an insecure little table to betray me with—and in the midst of Schubert's 'Serenade,' too, which Mr. Arbuthnot was giving us in his most effective manner! Suppose you take me up into the nursery, as an example to the children, while you dry my coat."

He went out of the room with her, his hand upon her shoulder, and Arbuthnot left the piano, and returned to the fire. The spell had been broken with the cup and saucer, and the "Serenade" remained unfinished. He produced a fresh cigar—which luxury was one of many accorded him in the household—lighted it, and, rather to Tredennis's surprise, resumed his conversation as if there had been no pause in it.

"The fellow will be an annoyance to me every day of his life," he said, faint lines showing themselves upon his forehead in spite of the half-smile which was meant to deprive them of their significance. "I know that, confound him! He is in my room, and I shall have the benefit of every change in him, and it will be a grind—there's no denying that it will be a grind."

"I should like to know," said Tredennis, "what the changes will be."

"The changes will depend upon the kind of fellow he chances to be," said Arbuthnot. "There are two varieties. If there is a good deal in him, he will begin by being hopeful and working hard. He will think that he may make himself of value in his position and create a sort of career for himself. He will do more than is required of him, and neglect nothing. He will keep his eyes open and make friends of the men about him. He will do that for a few months, and then, suddenly, and for no fault whatever, one of these friends will be dropped out. Knowing the man to be as faithful as himself, it will be a shock to him, and he will get anxious, and worry over it. He will see him stranded without resources—struggling to regain his place or get another, treated with amiable tolerance when he is not buffeted, snubbed, and put off. He will see him hanging about day after day, growing shabbier, more care-worn, more desperate, until he disappears and is heard of no more, and everybody is rather relieved than not. He may have been a family man, with a wife and half a dozen children all living decently on his salary. Somebody else wanted his place and got it, not because of superior fitness for it, but because the opposing influence was stronger than his. The new man will go through

the same experience when his turn comes—that is all. Well, my friend will see this and be anxious, and ask questions and find out that his chances are just the same—no more and no less. He will try not to believe it, being young enough to be betrayed into the folly, and he will work harder than ever, and get over his blow a little until he sees the same thing happen again and again. Then he will begin to lose some of his good spirits; he will be a trifle irritable at times, and lines will show themselves on his face, and he won't be so young. When he writes to the girl he is in love with,—I saw a letter addressed to some young woman out West, lying on his desk to-day,—she will notice a change in him, and the change will reveal itself more in each letter; but he will hang on and grind away, and each election will be a nightmare to him. But he will grind away. And, then, at last —”

He stopped and made a light, rather graceful gesture with his fingers.

“What then?” demanded Tredennis, with manifest impatience.

“There will be a new administration, and if he struggles through, it will be worse for him than if he were dropped, as in that case he throws away another four years of his life and all the chances for a future they might hold if he were free to avail himself of them.”

Tredennis stood up, looking very large under the influence of the feeling which disturbed him. Arbuthnot himself was not entirely unimpressed by his quick movement and the energy it expressed.

“You treat the matter coolly,” he exclaimed, as he rose.

Arbuthnot turned his attention to his cigar.

“Yes,” he replied. “I treat it coolly. If I treated it warmly or hotly the effect produced would be about the same. My influence upon civil service is just what it might be expected to be—and no more. Its weight is easily carried.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Tredennis, feeling the justice and adroitness of the speech.

“Not at all,” Arbuthnot answered. “It is not necessary. It makes you lose your hold on yourself to be brought face to face with the thing. It is quite natural. It has had the same effect on me, and I am a cold-blooded fellow, and a frivolous fellow into the bargain.”

“I have never thought of the matter before,” said Tredennis, disturbedly. “I feel as if my indifference is something to be ashamed of.”

“If you give your attention as a duty to such subjects,” was Arbuthnot's response, “you will be kept actively employed. If you take my advice, you will let them alone.”

“The trouble is,” said Tredennis, “that every one seems to let them alone.”

Richard regarded him, from his place on the sofa-cushions, delightedly.

“Here's an example for you, Larry,” he said. “Profit by him. Everything is an object to him—everything is worth while. He is an example to us all. Let us all profit by him.”

“Oh, he began right,” laughed Arbuthnot.

“He began where you began,” returned Richard.

“I?” was the airy answer—“I never began at all. That is my little difficulty. I am the other one. I told you there was another one. I represent him.”

Tredennis regarded him steadily. For the first time in the course of their acquaintance, he began to suspect him. His manner was too light altogether, and the odd shade which had fallen upon his eyes before during the evening showed itself again.

“Let us hear about the other one,” he said.

“He is easily disposed of,” was the answer.

“There was nothing of him at the outset. He came to his place without an object. He liked the idea of living in Washington, and of spending his salary. We will say he was rather a well-looking young fellow, and could dance and sing a little, and talk decently well. He had no responsibilities, and never thought of the future. His salary clothed him, and allowed him little luxuries and ordinary pleasures. He spent it when he had it, and made debts when it was gone. Being presentable, he was invited out, and made himself useful and entertaining in a small way. When he thought of the possibilities of his career being brought suddenly to a close, he was uncomfortable, so he preferred not to think of it. It is not a pleasant thing to reflect that a man has about ten years in which to begin life, and that after that he is ending it; but it is true. What he does from twenty to thirty he will be likely to find he must abide by from thirty to seventy, if he lives that long. This man, like the better one, has thrown away the years in which he might have been preparing himself to end decently. When they are gone he has nothing to show for them, and less than nothing. He is the feather upon the current, and when all is over for him, he is whirled out of sight and forgotten with the rest. And, perhaps, if he had felt there was anything to be gained by his being a steady, respectable fellow, he might have settled down into one.”

He got up suddenly, with a gesture as if he would shake himself free of his mood.

“Here,” he said, “I'm going! It is quite time. It's all nonsense talking it over. It is the old story. I have made myself uncomfortable for nothing. Confound you, Dick,

why did you let me begin? Say good-night to the professor and Mrs. Amory for me."

"Come back!" called Richard. "Bertha will want to hear the rest of the 'Serenade' when she comes down."

"The 'Serenade'!" he said, derisively. "No, thank you. You have had enough of me, and I have had too much of myself."

He passed into the hall just as the professor descended from the nursery and through the open door. Tredennis heard what they said to each other.

"You did not finish the 'Serenade,'" said the professor.

"No," was the reply; "and I am afraid you were resigned to it, Professor."

"You were singing it very well, and with great effect," the professor responded, amicably.

"You are very kind to say so," Arbuthnot answered. "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," replied the professor, as he entered the parlor.

As he did so, Tredennis heard the sound of feet upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse of Bertha's white figure as she came down.

"You are not going?" he heard her say.

"Yes."

She had reached the last step by this time, and stood with her hand resting upon the balustrade, and she was paler than she had been before.

"I—" she began—"I wanted to talk to you. What is it, Larry?"

Tredennis had never heard her call him by his first name before, and he felt, with a keenness which startled him, the soft naturalness with which it fell from her lips.

Arbuthnot's voice itself had altered when he answered her.

"It is nothing," he said, "but that I am not exactly in a presentable humor, and I want to go and conceal myself. It is the best thing I can do. Good-night."

He held out his hand, touched hers lightly, and then turned away, and the door opened and closed after him, and Bertha came into the parlor, moving slowly, as if she felt tired.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Tredennis rose to take his leave, the professor rose also.

"I will go with you," he said. "And if you will, you shall give me a few minutes of your time before going home. I have some new books to show you."

They went out together, but, until they reached the other house and entered the library, very little was said. The catastrophe

of the broken tea-cup, or something of greater moment, seemed to occupy the professor's thoughts. By the time they took their accustomed chairs he appeared to have forgotten the new books. His thoughtful face wore so sadly perplexed a look that he even seemed older than usual.

Tredennis awaited his first words in silence. His quiet fondness for him had become a very warm and tender feeling during the past months. It had been his pleasure to try to be of use to him. He had studied his needs, and endeavored to supply them; he had managed to share hours with him which might otherwise have been lonely; he had brought to him the stir of the outside working world when he seemed to require its stimulant; he had placed his own vigor and endurance at his disposal without seeming to do so, and his efforts at making his rather lonely life a brighter and more attractive thing had not been in vain. It was to him the professor turned in his moments of fatigue and necessity, and it was to him he turned now.

"I am going to do a curious thing," he said,—"I am going to do a curious thing, but I think it is the best thing and the simplest."

"The simplest thing is always the best," said Tredennis, more because there was a pause than because he felt an answer was needed.

"Yes, yes," said the professor, seriously. "I think so. And it is easier to be simple with you, my boy, than with another man. It is your way to be direct and serious. You always had the habit. It never was your way to trifle. It is rather the fashion to trifle nowadays, you know, but you—I have always liked it in you that you were not a trifter."

"No," answered Tredennis, "I have not trifled much. It may have been against me. Sometimes I have thought it was. I cannot count it among my merits, at any rate. I am a grim fellow by nature."

"No," said the professor. "Not a grim fellow. A silent fellow, and rather unyielding with yourself, but —"

He stopped, and looked up at him with a simple affection which made the young man's heart beat as a woman's glance might have done.

"I think you know I love you," he said. "I have begun to depend on you and count you among my luxuries. I am an old man, and my luxuries are worth a great deal to me. No kindly, thoughtful act of yours has been unregarded, and I have liked your fancy for me almost as a girl likes the attentions of her first lover. Sometimes it has pleased me to be half sentimental over them, and half sentimental over you."

Tredennis flushed with pleasure and warm feeling. He rose impulsively and crossed the hearth.

"I never say things well," he said, "but I should like to try to put into words something of what I feel. You once said you wished I was your son, and I have been glad to remember it. I have no ties. Let your wish be a sort of tie between us. It is a tie I should be proud of, and glad to honor and make an object in my life. Give me what affection you can. I wish for it and need it. If I had been your son you would have counted on me: give me the pleasure and comfort of knowing you count on me now. It has somehow seemed my lot to have no place in the lives of others. Give me this, if I am worth it. I shall be better for it and happier."

The professor gave him a quiet, half-wistful glance.

"I gave it to you long ago," he said, at length. "The wish has been a tie between us from the first."

And he said it even with a touch of solemnity.

"If it had not been," he added, afterward, "I should not have come to you with my trouble to-night—feeling so sure that you would understand it."

He made a gesture with his hand.

"Go and walk up and down the room there, as I am used to seeing you," he said. "And I will tell you about it."

Tredennis did as he bade him—went to the other side of the room and began his measured march.

"We talked of Bertha in this very room years ago," he began. "It seems to be our lot to talk of Bertha. I am going to speak of her again."

Tredennis continued his measured tramp without speaking.

The professor rested his forehead upon his hand and sat so, looking downward. He went on in a quiet voice, and with a quiet, absorbed manner—the manner of a man who, having the habit of close and careful study, was giving his whole attention simply and carefully to his subject.

"I shall have to go back to that night and repeat something I said then," he went on. "It was that her only hope for happiness would lie in her marriage with a man she loved deeply."

"I remember it," Tredennis answered. "And I added that the chances were that, instead, she would marry the man who loved her."

"I remember that too."

The professor sighed heavily and wearily.

"The chances were too many," he said. "She married the man who loved her."

Tredennis had marched one length of the room before he continued:

"He did love her," he said, after his pause, "tempestuously—overwhelmingly. Overwhelmingly is a good word to use. He overwhelmed her in the end. At first she liked him, but when the nature of his feeling for her began to express itself, it is my impression that she felt a secret fear of and dislike to it. She tried to avoid him, but he absolutely refused to allow it. He followed her, and was picturesquely wretched before her eyes. There is no denying he was picturesque. That was his strong point. He was picturesque and pathetic—and poetic. She was only a girl, and she was tremendously at a disadvantage before him. When she treated him badly he bore it with tender patience, and he devoted himself to her with a faithfulness which might have touched a heart harder and more experienced than hers was, poor child! Of course his picturesque unhappiness and his poetic magnanimity told—I knew they would, and they did. Reaction set in, and she began to feel the fascination of making him happy."

He stopped, and suddenly lifted his head.

"My boy," he said, "one of the most damnable things in life is a fascination like that in the mind of a generous, ignorant creature!"

He dropped his head again.

"That is strong language," he said, "and I don't often use strong language. I—don't consider it gentlemanly, but I felt strongly at the moment, and the word is—expressive. Well, the time came when, in a moment when her mood being softer and more sympathetic than usual, and she herself, as a consequence, at a greater disadvantage than ever,—she committed herself; and then it was all over. The trouble is, that the experience of a woman of forty is what a girl needs when she chooses her husband at twenty, and, as the two things are incompatible, the chances are always against her. Bertha had the faults and follies that I told you go to make a martyr. When she had made her mistake, she was strong and weak enough to abide by it. It is mostly imagination in matters of this kind; it was imagination in hers. She was young enough to believe in everything. She believed that, if she broke her engagement, she would break Amory's heart and ruin his life for him. There was no danger of either catastrophe, but they were realities to her, and they terrified her. Then she had never been touched by any deeper feeling than the anxious tenderness he awakened in her. She had not been given to sentiments, and, I am afraid, had regarded them rather contempt-

uously in others. She had no conception of a feeling stronger than herself, and held curiously obstinate and lofty views of the conduct of women who did not hold their emotions neatly in check. Her girlish bigotry was touching to me sometimes, because it was so thorough, and revealed such ignorance. I wish—I wish I could hear something of it now!"

Tredennis had reached the end of the room. He turned sharply, but recovered himself and said nothing.

"Lately," the professor added slowly, "she has been more silent on such subjects than she used to be."

He lifted his head from his hand and looked at Tredennis again.

"Philip," he said, "I—I wish to heaven chance had sent you to us that year."

Tredennis stopped in his walk, a dark and rigid figure in the shadow.

"Had sent me?" he said, in a strained voice. "Me! What—could I have done?"

"I—I don't know," answered the professor, "but I solemnly believe, my boy, that if you had come, you would have averted an evil."

"Then," said Tredennis, "I wish to God I had!"

"I say it," said the professor, "with all the more certainty, remembering, as I do, one day when she wished for you herself."

"She!" said Tredennis. "Bertha! Bertha?"

"Yes, Bertha herself. It was a few weeks before her marriage, and she had not been exactly herself for a week and more. One evening, I came into the parlor and found the room full of the odor of flowers. Amory had been with her and had left her a bouquet of heliotrope. She had some on her knee as she sat on a low seat before the fire. When I seated myself near her, she looked up at me suddenly and said, in a rather unsteady voice: 'Papa, I have been thinking about Philip Tredennis. I have not thought of him for a long time. I should like to see him. I—wish he could come back.' She half laughed at herself as she said it, but her laugh was nervous, and when I said to her, 'Why? Were you great friends? I did not know that,' she tried to laugh again, and answered: 'Yes—no—not exactly. But it seems to me that he was a strong sort of person, and sensible, and—and you might rely on his decisions. It is only a fancy, I suppose—but it just came into my mind that I should like to see him again.' There is no doubt, in my mind, that she felt a need of your obstinate strength, which she did not comprehend wholly herself. I wish you had come—I wish from my soul you had!"

"I might have come if I had known," said Tredennis, in a low tone. "There was nothing—*nothing* to have stood in my way." And he turned and began his walk again.

The professor sighed, as he had sighed before—heavily and drearily.

"But you did not," he said. "And she married Amory."

"I should like to know," asked Tredennis, "if you think she is unhappy now. Do not tell me if you do not wish."

The professor's reply was very simple and direct.

"She has never been given to taking sentimental views of herself," he said, "and she is self-controlled and fond of her children, but she has never been happy for an hour since her marriage. I think the first year was very bitter to her. Amory has always been very fond of her; he is fond of her now, but her illusions concerning his passion for her soon died. She found out in two months that he would not have perished if she had discarded him. She had been his one object at first, but she was only one of a dozen others after they were married. He was amiable and delightful, but he was not always considerate. The picturesqueness of his attitude toward her was lost. He did not require her care and sympathy, and the sacrifices she made for him were very simple and natural matters in his eyes."

"In the beginning she was, perhaps, bewildered and desperate, but, girl as she was, she was too proud and just not to see that her youth and ignorance had led her into a folly, and that the result was its natural punishment. Once she said to me, 'The worst punishments in life are the punishments for ignorance—the worst, the worst!' And I knew what she meant, though she said no more. When her first child was born, she went down to the door of death, and her physicians said there seemed to be a lack of effort. And yet, I tell you she might have been the happiest young mother in the world. When she has been near happiness at all, it has been in her quiet moments with her children. If it had not been for her children, she might have been a harder and more heartless creature than she can ever be now. If she had been something less and slighter than fate made her, she might have been either a dull nurse and housekeeper or a vapid woman of society; in either case, she would have been happier than she is to-day. What a long story it is, and I did not think it would be so long when I began."

"I want to hear it all," broke in Tredennis,—"every word. I have not understood the changes I saw in her. I want to understand."

"That brings me to the point of it all," was the reply. "If she had been a laborer's wife, she might have been too hard-worked to be restless, but she has had leisure, and social duties, and she has set herself deliberately the desperate task of making them her pleasures. She has found an exhilaration in them which has given her no time for regrets. She is a woman, young, attractive, and spirited. She was too full of spirit to permit herself to be subdued by her disappointment. As she cannot retrieve her mistake, she will make the best of it. She has reasoned herself into a belief that she is satisfied with what fortune has given her, and so long as that belief remains unshaken, she will be as happy as nine women out of ten are. Women are not happy, as a rule, Philip; they are not happy. I have learned that."

"But so long as her belief remains unshaken —" said Tredennis.

The professor interrupted him, gravely, sadly.

"That is the point," he said. "My fear is that it is shaken now."

Tredennis stopped in the middle of the room—stood quite still.

"She has had friends and admirers," said the professor, "scores of them. Perhaps all the more because she has cared less for them than they for her. She has a pretty trick of making the best of people, and it wins the public heart. She has friends, acquaintances, and even harmless devotees; but among them all, there is only one man who gauges her, and that man is the one who very naturally presents himself to your mind as a fair dandy, with a ready tongue and good manners."

"Arbuthnot!" exclaimed Tredennis. "Arbuthnot."

The professor smiled faintly.

"What," he said, "you recognize him at once! Well, my one vanity is my pride in my private knowledge of the thought of others. I am very proud of it, in a senile way. I have been studying and classifying all my life, and now I sit and look on, and treat human beings as I have treated insects. If it had not been so, I should not have known so much of Bertha. Yes, Arbuthnot. Among all the men she knows and has known—diplomates, literati, politicians, honest men—I have found only one to disturb me, and that one Laurence Arbuthnot."

Tredennis stood still, looking down at the floor, with folded arms.

"I—" he began, "I have thought —"

The professor started.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You have thought? If you have thought—it must be plainer than I feared."

"No," said Tredennis, hurriedly. "Do not let that trouble you. What I have thought is so trivial and vague that it should not weigh at all. It has only been because I remembered her girlhood, and—and I thought her changed—and did not understand."

"Ah!" said the professor, letting his face fall upon both his hands. "That is not *his* trouble—he understands—and that is his strength. He has had his evil hour, that composed, well-dressed fellow, and he did not come out of it without scars. He covers them well, with his light overcoat and the rose in his button-hole, but they are there and they have made him wise. He has been silent, but he has looked on too—as I have—and he has seen what others were blind to. She has never suspected him, but his knowledge has given him power. When her *mauvais quart d'heure* has come upon her he has known what to say and what to avoid saying, and while she has not comprehended his motives, she has been grateful to him. She has liked his songs and his readiness, and his unsentimental air, and she has unconsciously learned to rely on him. Her first sincere liking for him arose from her discovery of his inconsistent and incongruous knack with the children. She had thought of him as a rather clever, selfish, well-mannered creature, and once in a juvenile crisis he surprised her by developing natural gifts—somewhat cold-blooded, but still amazingly effective. The children began to be fond of him, and his path was smoothed. She began to be fond of him herself, genuinely and simply, and if it had ended there she would have been safer than before. But it could not end there, I suppose. The cup and saucer were not broken too soon this evening—they were not broken soon enough."

"It was not an accident?" exclaimed Tredennis.

"No, it was not an accident. I have heard his 'Serenade' before. There is the danger. He means no harm, but his 'Serenade,' and the moments when what is past gets the better of him, and the little touches of passion his overcoat wont always cover, and the bits of sincerity he struggles against and she ponders over, are good for neither him nor her. I have heard his 'Serenade' before, but to-night, when she got up and followed him as if he had called her, and—and she had only half heard his voice and yet must obey it; and when she stood there against the wall, with her pale face, and her soft eyes fixed on him, it was time for some common thing to happen to bring her back to life—and the cup and saucer were offered as the sacrifice."

He said it whimsically, and yet sadly.

"Poor child!" he added. "Poor child! I dare say it was hard enough."

He paused a moment, and then rose, went to Tredennis's side, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"There—" he said,—“there is the confession, and I can make my appeal to you with fewer words.”

"Your appeal?" Tredennis repeated.

"I can ask you for your help."

"If there is any help I can give which is worth the asking and giving," said Tredennis, slowly, "you know it will be yours."

"Yes, I know it will be mine, and so I ask it easily. And what I ask is this. Let us walk slowly while we talk, and I will keep my hand on your shoulder—I like to feel your support. What I would say is this: if you had been my son, you would have watched over her and stood between her and any pain which could threaten her. You know that what I fear for her now is only the desperate, hopeless misery such an experience as this would be sure to bring her if it were allowed to ripen; for her, there is nothing else to fear. No, I know I need not have said that to you."

"No," answered Tredennis, "there was no need to say it."

"She does not know herself. I know her, and know what such an experience holds for her. Better that her life should be barren to the end than that she should bear what she must bear if her heart is once awakened."

"Better!" said Tredennis.

He felt the tremulous hand weigh heavily upon him.

"I am an old man," he was answered. "I have lived my life nearly to its close, and I say a *thousand* times better! I married a woman I did not love, and I loved a woman I could not marry."

"And you wished to ask me——" said Tredennis, breaking the short silence which followed.

"I ask you to defend her against this pain. If I were a younger and stronger man, I might do for her what I ask of you; but I cannot often be with her. You are with her day after day. She likes you."

"I have fancied," Tredennis said, "that she did *not* like me."

"It is only fancy. She sees in you the strength she vaguely longed for when she was at the turning-point of her life. Let her feel that it is always near her, and that she may rely upon it now. You are fond of her children,—talk to her of them. When you see her inclined to be silent and unlike herself, bring them to her mind; when that fellow is there, manage that she shall think of them. Her tenderness for them is your stronghold and mine. To-night, why did I take her to the nursery? Because they lay asleep there, and when she saw them she stopped to cover them more warmly, and touch them with her hand, and bend to kiss them, and forgot her 'Serenade.' She loves them better than she loves anything else on earth,—better than she could love anything else, perhaps. That's her woman's way. God made it so. That is the one help and safeguard he gave to women out of the whole bitter universe. Bring her back to her children at her saddest and weariest, and when the fight is hardest, and they will beat the rest back. It is Nature. You will do what I ask, I know."

"I shall be more at ease," he said next, "that I have asked this of you. When you are with her, I shall feel that she is safe. I trust her in your hands."

"I will try to be worthy of the trust."

"It is rather a strange one to repose in a man of your age, but I give it to you with the rest—it goes with the tie you wished for. It is a relief to me to share it with a strong fellow who can bear it well."

They talked a little longer, walking across the floor two or three times together, and then Tredennis went away. He was in a strange frame of mind. It was almost as if he had received a blow which had partially stunned him. When he reached the street, he stood for a moment looking up at the starlit sky.

"A strong fellow," he said. "Am I such a strong fellow? And I am to stand between you and your lover—! That is a strange thing, Bertha—a strange thing."

And, rousing himself suddenly, he strode down the street, and the professor, who had gone to his room, heard his military tread ringing steady and measured upon the pavement, and felt a vague comfort in the sound.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SONG-BIRDS.

THE charm of the songs of birds, like that of a nation's popular airs and hymns, is so little a question of intrinsic musical excellence and so largely a matter of association and suggestion, or of subjective coloring and reminiscence, that it is perhaps entirely natural for every people to think their own feathered songsters the best. What music would there not be to the homesick American, in Europe, in the simple and plaintive note of our bluebird, or the ditty of our song-sparrow, or the honest carol of our robin; and what to the European traveler in this country, in the burst of the blackcap, or the red-breast, or the whistle of the merlin! The relative merit of bird-songs can hardly be settled dogmatically; I suspect there is very little of what we call music, or of what could be noted on the musical scale, in even the best of them; they are parts of nature, and their power is in the degree in which they speak to our experience.

When the Duke of Argyll, who is a lover of the birds and a good ornithologist, was in this country, he got the impression that our song-birds were inferior to the British, and he refers to others of his countrymen as of like opinion. No wonder he thought our robin inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to the mavis, and in melody to the blackbird. Robin did not and could not sing to his ears the song he sings to ours. Then it is very likely true that his Grace did not hear the robin in the most opportune moment and season, or when the contrast of his song with the general silence and desolation of nature is the most striking and impressive. The nightingale needs to be heard at night, the lark at dawn rising to meet the sun; and robin, if you would know the magic of his voice, should be heard in early spring, when, as the sun is setting, he carols steadily for ten or fifteen minutes, from the top of some near tree. There is perhaps no other sound in nature; patches of snow linger here and there; the trees are naked and the earth is cold and dead, and this contented, hopeful, re-assuring, and withal musical strain, poured out so freely and deliberately, fills the void with the very breath and presence of the spring. It is a simple strain, well suited to the early season; there are no intricacies in it, but its honest cheer and directness, with its slight plaintive tinge, like that of the sun

gilding the tree-tops, go straight to the heart. The compass and variety of the robin's powers are not to be despised either. A German who has great skill in the musical education of birds told me what I was surprised to hear, namely, that our robin surpasses the European blackbird in capabilities of voice.

The Duke does not mention by name all the birds he heard while in this country. He was evidently influenced in his opinion of them by the fact that our common sandpiper (*Totanus macularius*) appeared to be a silent bird, whereas its British cousin, the sandpiper of the lakes and streams of the Scottish Highlands, is very loquacious, and the "male bird has a continuous and most lively song." Either the Duke must have seen our bird in one of its silent and meditative moods, or else in the wilds of Canada, where his Grace speaks of having seen it, the sandpiper is a more taciturn bird than it is in the States. True, its call-notes are not incessant, and it is not properly a song-bird any more than the British species is, but it has a very pretty and pleasing note as it flits up and down our summer streams, or runs along on their gray, pebbly, and bowlder-strewn shallows. I often hear its calling and piping at night during its spring migrations. Indeed, we have no silent bird that I am aware of, though our pretty cedar-bird has, perhaps, the least voice of all. A lady writes me that she has heard the humming-bird sing, and says she is not to be put down, even if I were to prove by the anatomy of the bird's vocal organs that a song was impossible to it.

Argyll says that though he was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, he heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap, and the garden warbler, and the white-throat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. There is no lack of a burst of song in this country (except in the remote forest solitudes) during the richest moment of the spring, say from the 1st to the 20th of May, and at times till near midsummer; moreover, more bird-voices join in it, as I shall point out, than in Britain; but it is probably more fitful and intermittent, more confined to certain hours of the day, and probably proceeds from throats less loud and vivacious than that with which our distinguished critic was familiar. The ear hears best and easiest what

it has heard before. Properly to apprehend and appreciate bird-songs, especially to disentangle them from the confused murmur of nature, requires more or less familiarity with them. If the Duke had passed a season with us in some *one* place in the country, in New York or New England, he would probably have modified his views about the silence of our birds.

One season, early in May, I discovered an English sky-lark in full song above a broad, low meadow in the midst of a landscape that possessed features attractive to a great variety of our birds. Every morning for many days I used to go and sit on the brow of a low hill that commanded the field, or else upon a gentle swell in the midst of the meadow itself, and listen to catch the song of the lark. The maze and tangle of bird-voices and bird-choruses through which my ear groped its way searching for the new song can be imagined when I say that within hearing there were from fifteen to twenty different kinds of songsters, all more or less in full tune. If their notes and calls could have been materialized and made as palpable to the eye as they were to the ear, I think they would have veiled the landscape and darkened the day. There were big songs and little songs, songs from the trees, the bushes, the ground, the air, warbles, trills, chants, musical calls and squeals, etc. Near by in the foreground were the cat-bird and the brown thrasher, the former in the bushes, the latter on the top of a hickory. These birds are related to the mocking-bird, and may be called performers; their songs are a series of vocal feats, like the exhibition of an acrobat; they throw musical somersaults and turn and twist and contort themselves in a very edifying manner, with now and then a ventriloquial touch. The cat-bird is the more shrill, supple, and feminine; the thrasher the louder, richer, and more audacious. The mate of the latter had a nest, which I found in a field under the spreading ground juniper. From several points along the course of a bushy little creek there came a song, or a melody of notes and calls, that also put me out—the tipsy, hodge-podge strain of the polyglot chat, a strong, olive-backed, yellow-breasted, black-billed bird, with a voice like that of a jay or a crow that had been to school to a robin or an oriole—a performer sure to arrest your ear and sure to elude your eye. There is no bird so afraid of being seen, or fonder of being heard.

The golden voice of the wood-thrush that came to me from the border of the woods on my right was no hindrance to the ear, it was so serene, liquid, and, as it were, transparent: the lark's song has nothing in common with

it. Neither were the songs of the many bobolinks in the meadow at all confusing—a brief tinkle of silver bells in the grass while I was listening for a sound like the sharp, continuous hum and rush of silver wheels upon pebbles and gravel. Certain notes of the red-shouldered starlings in the alders and swamp maples near by, the distant strong call of the great crested fly-catcher, the jingle of the kingbird, the shrill, metallic song of the savanna sparrow, and the piercing call of the meadow lark, all stood more or less in the way of the strain I was listening for, because every one had a touch of that burr or guttural hum of the lark's song. The ear had still other notes to contend with, as the strong, bright warble of the tanager, the richer and more melodious strain of the rose-breasted grosbeak, the distant brief and emphatic song of the chewink, the child-like contented warble of the red-eyed vireo, the animated strain of the goldfinch, the softly ringing notes of the bush-sparrow, the rapid, circling, vivacious strain of the purple finch, the gentle lullaby of the song-sparrow, the pleasing "wichery," "wichery" of the yellow-throat, the strong whistle of the oriole, the loud call of the high-hole, the squeak and chatter of swallows, etc. But when the lark did rise in full song, it was easy to hear him athwart all these various sounds, first, because of the sense of altitude his strain had,—its skyward character,—and then because of its loud, aspirated, penetrating, unceasing, jubilant quality. It cut its way to the ear like something exceeding swift, sharp, and copious. It overtook and outran every other sound; it had an under-tone like the humming of multitudinous wheels and spindles. Now and then some turn would start and set off a new combination of shriller or of graver notes, but all of the same precipitate, outrushing, and down-pouring character; not, on the whole, a sweet or melodious song, but a strong and blithe one.

The Duke is abundantly justified in saying that we have no bird in this country, at least east of the Mississippi, that can fill the place of the sky-lark. Our high, wide, bright skies seem his proper field, too. His song is a pure ecstasy, untouched by any plaintiveness, or pride, or mere hilarity—a well-spring of morning joy and blitheness set high above the fields and downs. Its effect is well suggested in this stanza of Wordsworth:

"Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing.
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!"

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haunts

But judging from Gilbert White's and Barrington's lists, I should say that our bird-choir was a larger one, and embraced more good songsters, than the British.

White names twenty-two species of birds that sing in England during the spring and summer, including the swallow in the list. A list of the spring and summer songsters, in New York and New England, without naming any that are, characteristically, wood birds, like the hermit thrush and veery, the two wagtails, the true warblers and the solitary vireo, or including any of the birds that have musical call-notes, and by some are denominated songsters, as the bluebird, the sandpiper, the swallow, the red-shouldered starling, the pewee, the high-hole, and others, would embrace more names, though, perhaps, no songsters equal to the lark and nightingale, to wit: the robin, the cat-bird, the oriole, the orchard starling, the song-sparrow, the wood-sparrow, the vesper sparrow, the social sparrow, the purple finch, the wood-thrush, the scarlet tanager, the indigo-bird, the goldfinch, the bobolink, the summer yellow-bird, the meadow lark, the house-wren, the brown thrasher, the chewink, the chat, the red-eyed vireo, the white-eyed vireo, the Maryland yellow-throat, and the rose-breasted grosbeak. Our bird-choir is far richer in sparrow voices than the British. There appear to be but two sparrows in that country that sing, the hedge-sparrow and reed-sparrow—both, according to Barrington, very inferior songsters; the latter without mellowness or plaintiveness, and with but little sprightliness, or compass, and the former evidently lower in the scale than either of our birds. What a ditty is that of our song-sparrow, rising from the garden-fence or the road-side so early in March, so prophetic and touching, with endless variations and pretty trilling effects; or the song of the vesper sparrow, full of the repose and the wild sweetness of the fields; or the strain of the little bush-sparrow, suddenly projected upon the silence of the fields, or of the evening twilight, and delighting the ear as a beautiful scroll delights the eye. The white-crowned, the white-throated, and the Canada sparrows sing transiently spring and fall, and I have heard the fox-sparrow in April when his song haunted my heart like some bright, sad, delicious memory of youth—the richest and most moving of all sparrow-songs. Our wren-music, too, is superior to anything of the kind in the Old World. Our house-wren is said to be a better songster than the British house-wren, while our winter wren, in sprightliness, mellowness, plaintiveness, and execution, is surpassed by but few songsters in the world. His summer haunts are our high, cool, northern woods,

where, for the most part, his music is lost on the primitive solitude.

The British fly-catcher, according to White, is a silent bird, while our species, as the phoebe-bird, the wood-pewee, the kingbird, the little green fly-catcher, and others, all have notes more or less lively and musical. The great crested fly-catcher has a harsh voice, but the pathetic and silvery note of the wood-pewee more than makes up for it. White says the golden-crowned wren (*Regulus cristatus*) is not a song-bird in Great Britain, but the corresponding species here (*R. satrapa*) has a rich, delicious, and prolonged warble. In the Northern States, its song is noticeable about the evergreens for a week or two in May, while the bird pauses to feed, on its way to Canada and beyond. In its breeding haunts the ruby-crowned kinglet, tiny as it is, fills the solitudes with music.

There are no vireos in Europe, nor birds that answer to them. With us, they contribute an important element to the music of our groves and woods. There are few birds I should miss more than the red-eyed vireo, with his cheerful musical soliloquy, all day and all summer, in the maples and locusts. It is he, or rather she, that builds the exquisite basket-nest on the ends of the low, leafy branches, suspending it between two twigs. The warbling vireo has a stronger, louder strain, often more continuous, but not quite so sweet. The solitary vireo is heard only in the deep woods, while the white-eyed is still more local or restricted in its range, being found only in wet, bushy places, whence its vehement, varied, and brilliant song is sure to catch the dullest ear.

The goldfinches of the two countries, though differing in plumage, are perhaps pretty evenly matched in song; while our purple finch, or linnet, I am persuaded, ranks far above the English linnet, or lintie, as the Scotch call it. In compass, in melody, in sprightliness, it is a remarkable songster. Indeed, take the finches as a family, they certainly furnish more good songsters in this country than in Great Britain. They furnish the staple of our bird-melody, including in the family the tanager and the grosbeaks, while in Europe the warblers lead. White names seven finches in his list, and Barrington includes eight, none of them very noted songsters, except the linnet. Our list would include the sparrows above named, and the indigo-bird, the goldfinch, the purple finch, the scarlet tanager, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the blue grosbeak, and the cardinal bird. Of these birds, all except the fox-sparrow and the blue grosbeak are familiar summer songsters throughout the Middle and Eastern States. The indigo-bird is a midsummer and an all-

summer songster of great brilliancy. So is the tanager. I judge there is no European thrush that, in the pure charm of melody and hymn-like serenity and spirituality, equals our wood and hermit thrushes, as there is no bird there that, in simple lingual excellence, approaches our bobolink.

The European cuckoo makes more music than ours, and their robin-redbreast is a better singer than the allied species, to wit, the blue-bird, with us. But it is mainly in the larks and warblers that the European birds are richer in songsters than are ours. We have an army of small wood-warblers,—no less than forty species,—but most of them have faint chattering or lisping songs that escape all but the most attentive ear, and these spend the summer far to the north. Our two wagtails are our most brilliant warblers, if we except the kinglets, which are northern birds in summer, and the Kentucky warbler, which is a southern bird; but they do not match the English blackcap, or white-throat, or garden warbler, to say nothing of the nightingale, though Audubon thought our large-billed water-thrush, or wagtail, equaled that famous bird. It is certainly a brilliant songster, but most provokingly brief; the ear is arrested by a sudden joyous burst of melody proceeding from the dim aisles along which some wild brook has its way, but just as you say "Listen!" it ceases. I hear and see the bird every season, along a rocky stream that flows through a deep chasm amid a wood of hemlock and pine. As I sit at the foot of some cascade, or on the brink of some little dark eddying pool above it, this bird darts by me up or down the stream, or alights near by upon a rock or stone at the edge of the water. Its speckled breast, its dark olive-colored back, its teetering, mincing gait, like that of a sandpiper, and its sharp *chit*, like the click of two pebbles under water, are characteristic features. Then its quick, ringing song, which you are sure presently to hear, suggests something so bright and silvery that it seems almost to light up, for a brief moment, the dim retreat. If this strain were only sustained and prolonged like the nightingale's, there would be good grounds for Audubon's comparison. Its cousin, the wood wagtail, or golden-crowned thrush of the older ornithologists, and golden-crowned accenter of the later,—a common bird in all our woods,—has a similar strain, which it delivers as it were surreptitiously, and in the most precipitate manner, while on the wing high above the tree-tops. It is a kind of wood-lark, practicing and rehearsing on the sly. When the modest songster is ready to come out and give all a chance to hear his full and completed strain, the European wood-lark

will need to look to his laurels. These two birds are our best warblers, and yet they are probably seldom heard, except by persons who know and admire them. If the two kinglets could also be included in our common New England summer residents, our warbler music would only pale before the song of Philomela herself. The English redstart evidently surpasses ours as a songster, and we have no bird to match the English wood-lark above referred to, which is said to be but little inferior to the sky-lark; but, on the other hand, besides the sparrows and vireos already mentioned, they have no songsters to match our oriole, our orchard starling, our cat-bird, our brown thrasher (only second to the mocking-bird), our che-wink, our snow-bird, our cow-bunting, our bobolink, and our yellow-breasted chat. As regards the swallows of the two countries, the advantage is rather on the side of the American. Our chimney-swallow, with his incessant, silvery, rattling chipper, evidently makes more music than the corresponding house-swallow of Europe; while our purple martin is not represented in the Old World avi-fauna at all. And yet it is probably true that a dweller in England hears more bird-music throughout the year than a dweller in this country, and that which, in some respects, is of a superior order.

In the first place, there is not so much of it lost "upon the desert air," upon the wild, unlistening solitudes. The English birds are more domestic and familiar than ours; more directly and intimately associated with man; not, as a class, so withdrawn and lost in the great void of the wild and the unreclaimed. England is like a continent concentrated—all the waste land, the barren stretches, the wildernesses left out. The birds are brought near together and near to man. Wood birds here are house and garden birds there. They find good pasturage and protection everywhere. A land of parks, and gardens, and hedge-rows, and game preserves, and a climate free from violent extremes—what a stage for the birds, and for enhancing the effect of their songs! How prolific they are, how abundant! If our songsters were hunted and trapped, by bird-fanciers and others, as the lark, and goldfinch, and mavis, etc., are in England, the race would soon become extinct. Then, as a rule, it is probably true that the British birds, as a class, have more voice than ours have, or certain qualities that make their songs more striking and conspicuous, such as greater vivacity and strength. They are less bright in plumage, but more animated in voice. They are not so recently out of the woods, and their strains have not that elusiveness and plaintiveness that ours have. They sing

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with more confidence and copiousness, and as if they, too, had been touched by civilization.

Then they sing more hours in the day, and more days in the year. This is owing to the milder and more equable climate. I heard the sky-lark singing above the South Downs in October, apparently with full spring fervor and delight. The wren, the robin, and the wood-lark sing throughout the winter, and in midsummer there are perhaps three times as many vocal throats as here. The heat and blaze of our midsummer sun silence most of our birds.

There are but four songsters that I hear with any regularity after the meridian of summer is past, namely, the indigo-bird, the wood or bush sparrow, the scarlet tanager, and the red-eyed vireo, while White names eight or nine August songsters, though he speaks of the yellow-hammer only as persistent. His dictum, that birds sing as long as nidification goes on, is as true here as in England. Hence our wood-thrush will continue in song over into August if, as frequently happens, its June nest has been broken up by the crows or squirrels.

The British songsters are more vocal at night than ours. White says the grasshopper lark chirps all night in the height of summer. The sedge-bird also sings the greater part of the night. A stone thrown into the bushes where it is roosting, after it has become silent, will set it going again. Other British birds, besides the nightingale, sing more or less at night.

In this country the mocking-bird is the only regular night-singer we have. Other songsters break out occasionally in the middle of the night, but so briefly that it gives one the impression that they sing in their sleep. Thus I have heard the hair-bird, or chippie, the kingbird, the oven-bird, and the cuckoo, fitfully in the dead of the night, like a school-boy laughing in his dreams.

On the other hand, there are certain aspects in which our songsters appear to advantage. That they surpass the European species in sweetness, tenderness, and melody I have no doubt, and that our mocking-bird, in his native haunts in the South, surpasses any bird in the world in compass, variety, and execution is highly probable. That the total effect

of his strain may be less winning and persuasive than the nocturne of the nightingale, is the only question in my mind about the relative merits of the two songsters. Bring our birds together as they are brought together in England, all our shy wood-birds—like the hermit thrush, the veery, the winter wren, the wood wagtail, the water wagtail, the many warblers, the greenlet, the solitary vireo, etc.—become birds of the groves and orchards, and there would be a burst of song indeed.

I append parallel lists of the better-known American and English song-birds, marking in each with an asterisk those that are probably the better songsters; followed by a list of other American songsters, some of which are not represented in the British avifauna:

Old England.

- * Wood-lark.
- Song-thrush.
- Wren.
- Willow wren.
- * Red-breast.
- * Redstart.
- Hedge sparrow.
- Yellow-hammer.
- * Sky-lark.
- Swallow.
- * Blackcap.
- Titlark.
- * Blackbird.
- White-throat.
- Goldfinch.
- Green finch.
- Reed-sparrow.
- Linnet.
- Chaffinch.
- * Nightingale.
- Missal thrush.
- Great titmouse.
- Bulfinch.

New England.

- Meadow-lark.
- * Wood-thrush.
- * House-wren.
- * Winter wren.
- Bluebird.
- Redstart.
- * Song-sparrow.
- * Fox-sparrow.
- Bobolink.
- Swallow.
- Wood wagtail.
- Titlark (spring and fall).
- Robin.
- * Maryland yellow-throat.
- Goldfinch.
- * Wood-sparrow.
- * Vesper sparrow.
- * Purple finch.
- * Indigo-bird.
- Water wagtail.
- * Hermit thrush.
- Savanna sparrow.
- Chickadee.

New England song-birds not included in the above:

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Red-eyed vireo. | Orchard oriole. |
| White-eyed vireo. | Cat-bird. |
| Brotherly love vireo. | Brown thrasher. |
| Solitary vireo. | Chewink. |
| Blue-headed vireo. | Rose-breasted grosbeak. |
| Scarlet tanager. | Purple martin. |
| Baltimore oriole. | Mocking-bird. |

—besides a dozen or more species of the *syntroglida*, or wood-warblers, some of which, like the black-throated green warbler, the speckled Canada warbler, the hooded warbler, and the mourning ground-warbler, and the yellow warbler, are fine songsters.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

V.

THE house seemed too little for Marcia's happiness, and after dinner she did not let Bartley forget his last night's engagement. She sent him off to get his horse at the hotel, and ran up to her room to put on her wraps for the drive. Her mother cleared away the dinner things; she pushed the table to the side of the room, and then sat down in her feather-cushioned chair and waited her husband's pleasure to speak. He ordinarily rose from the Sunday dinner and went back to his office; to-day he had taken a chair before the stove. But he had mechanically put his hat on, and he wore it pushed off his forehead as he tilted his chair back on its hind legs, and braced himself against the hearth of the stove with his feet.

A man is master in his own house generally through the exercise of a certain degree of brutality, but Squire Gaylord maintained his predominance by an enlightened absenteeism. No man living always at home was ever so little under his own roof. While he was in more active business life, he had kept an office in the heart of the village, where he spent all his days, and a great part of every night; but after he had become rich enough to risk whatever loss of business the change might involve, he bought this large old square house on the border of the village, and thenceforth made his home in the little detached office.

If Mrs. Gaylord had dimly imagined that she should see something more of him, having him so near at hand, she really saw less: there was no weather, by day or night, in which he could not go to his office, now. He went no more than his wife into the village society; she might have been glad now and then of a little glimpse of the world, but she never said so, and her social life had ceased like her religious life. Their house was richly furnished according to the local taste of the time; the parlor had a Brussels carpet, and heavy chairs of mahogany and hair-cloth; Marcia had a piano there, and since she had come home from school they had made company, as Mrs. Gaylord called it, two or three times for her; but they had held aloof from the festivity, the Squire in his office, and Mrs.

Gaylord in the family-room where they now sat in unwonted companionship.

"Well, Mr. Gaylord," said his wife, "I don't know as you can say but what *Marcia's* suited well enough."

This was the first allusion they had made to the subject, but she let it take the argumentative form of her cogitations.

"M-yes," sighed the Squire, in long, nasal assent, "most too well, if anything." He rasped first one unshaven cheek and then the other, with his thin, quivering hand.

"He's smart enough," said Mrs. Gaylord, as before.

"M-yes, most too smart," replied her husband, a little more quickly than before. "He's smart enough, even if she wasn't, to see from the start that she was crazy to have him, and that isn't the best way to begin life for a married couple, if I'm a judge."

"It would killed her if she hadn't got him. I could see 'twas wearin' on her every day, more and more. She used to fairly jump, every knock she'd hear at the door; and I know sometimes, when she was afraid he wasn't coming, she used to go out, in hopes 't she sh'd meet him: I don't suppose she allowed to herself that she did it for that—*Marcia's* proud."

"M-yes," said the Squire, "she's proud. And when a proud girl makes a fool of herself about a fellow, it's a matter of life and death with her. She can't help herself. She lets go everything."

"I declare," Mrs. Gaylord went on, "it worked me up considerable to have her come in some those times, and see by her face 't she'd seen him with some the other girls. She used to *look* so! And then I'd hear her up in her room, cryin' and cryin'. I shouldn't cared so much, if *Marcia'd* been like any other girl, kind of flirty, like, about it. But she wa'n't. She was just bowed down before her idol."

A final assent came from the Squire as if wrung out of his heart, and he rose from his chair, and then sat down again. Marcia was his child, and he loved her with his whole soul.

"M-well!" he deeply sighed, "all that part's over, anyway," but he tingled in an anguish of sympathy with what she had suffered. "You see, Miranda, how she looked

at me when she first came in with him—so proud and independent, poor girl! and yet as if she was afraid I *mightn't* like it?"

"Yes, I see it."

He pulled his hat far down over his cavernous eyes, and worked his thin, rusty old jaws. "I hope't she'll be able to school herself, so's t' not show out her feelings so much," said Mrs. Gaylord.

"I wish she could school herself so as to not have 'em so much; but I guess she'll have 'em, and I guess she'll show 'em out." They were both silent; after a while he added, throwing at the stove a minute fragment of the cane he had pulled off the seat of his chair: "Miranda, I've expected something of this sort a good while, and I've thought over what Bartley had better do."

Mrs. Gaylord stooped forward and picked up the bit of wood which her husband had thrown down; her vigilance was rewarded by finding a thread on the oil-cloth near where it lay; she whipped this round her finger, and her husband continued:

"He'd better give up his paper and go into the law. He's done well in the paper, and he's a smart writer; but editing a newspaper aint any work for a *man*. It's all well enough as long as he's single, but when he's got a wife to look after, he'd better get down to *work*. My business is in just such a shape now that I could hand it over to him in a lump; but come to wait a year or two longer, and this young man and that one 'll eat into it, and it wont be the same thing at all. I shall want Bartley to push right along, and get admitted at once. He can do it, fast enough. He's bright enough," added the old man, with a certain grin. "M-well!" he broke out, with a quick sigh, after a moment of musing. "It hasn't happened at any very bad time. I was just thinking, this morning, that I should like to have my whole time, pretty soon, to look after my property. I sha'n't want Bartley to do *that* for me. I'll give him a good start in money and in business; but I'll look after my property myself. I'll speak to him, the first chance I get."

A light step sounded on the stairs, and Marcia burst into the room, ready for her drive.

"I wanted to get a good warm before I started," she explained, stooping before the stove, and supporting herself with one hand on her father's knee. There had been no formal congratulations upon her engagement from either of her parents; but this was not requisite, and would have been a little affected: they were perhaps now ashamed to mention it outright before her alone. The Squire, however, went so far as to put his hand over the

hand she had laid upon his knee, and to smooth it twice or thrice.

"You going to ride after that sorrel colt of Bartley's?" he asked.

"Of course!" she answered, with playful pertness. "I guess Bartley can manage the sorrel colt! He's never had any trouble yet."

"He's always been able to give his whole mind to him before," said the Squire. He gave Marcia's hand a significant squeeze, and let it go.

She would not confess her consciousness of his meaning at once. She looked up at the clock, and then turned and pulled her father's watch out of his waistcoat pocket, and compared the time. "Why, you're both fast!"

"Perhaps Bartley's slow," said the Squire, and having gone as far as he intended in this direction, he permitted himself a low chuckle.

The sleigh-bells jingled without, and she sprang lightly to her feet. "I guess you don't think Bartley's slow," she exclaimed, and hung over her father long enough to rub her lips against his bristly cheek. "Bye, mother," she said, over her shoulder, and went out of the room. She let her muff hang as far down in front of her as her arms would reach, in a stylish way, and moved with a little rhythmical tilt, as if to some inner music. Even in her furs she was elegantly slender in shape.

The old people remained silent and motionless till the clash of the bells died away. Then the Squire rose, and went to the wood-shed beyond the kitchen, whence he re-appeared with an armful of wood. His wife started at the sight. "Mr. Gaylord, what *be* you doin'?"

"Oh, I'm going to make 'em up' a little fire in the parlor stove. I guess they wont want us round a great deal, when they come back."

"Well, I never did!" said Mrs. Gaylord. When her husband returned from the parlor, she added, "I suppose some folks'd say it was rather of a strange way of spendin' the Sabbath."

"It's a very good way of spending the Sabbath. You don't suppose that any of the people in church are half as happy, do you? Why, old Jonathan Edwards himself used to allow 'all proper opportunity' for the young fellows that came to see his girls, 'and a room and fire, if needed.' His 'Life' says so."

"I guess he didn't allow it on the Sabbath," retorted Mrs. Gaylord.

"Well, the 'Life' don't say," chuckled the Squire. "Why, Miranda, I do it for Marcia! There's never but one first day to an engagement. You know that as well as I do." In saying this, Squire Gaylord gave way to his repressed emotion in an extravagance. He

suddenly stooped over and kissed his wife; but he spared her confusion by going out to his office at once, where he staid the whole afternoon.

Bartley and Marcia took the "Long Drive," as it was called, at Equity. The road plunged into the darkly wooded gulch beyond the house, and then struck away eastward, crossing loop after loop of the river on the covered bridges, where the neighbors, who had broken it out with their ox-teams in the open, had thickly bedded it in snow. In the valleys and sheltered spots it remained free and so wide that encountering teams could easily pass each other, but where it climbed a hill, or crossed a treeless level, it was narrowed to a single track, with turn-outs at established points, where the drivers of the sleighs waited to be sure that the stretch beyond was clear before going forward. In the country, the winter which held the village in such close siege was an occupation under which Nature seemed to cower helpless, and men made a desperate and ineffectual struggle. The houses, banked up with snow almost to the sills of the windows that looked out, blind with frost, upon the lifeless world, were dwarfed in the drifts, and seemed to founder in a white sea blotched with strange bluish shadows under the slanting sun. Where they fronted close upon the road, it was evident that the fight with the snow was kept up unrelentingly; spaces were shoveled out, and paths were kept open to the middle of the highway, and to the barn; but where they were somewhat removed, there was no visible trace of the conflict, and no sign of life except the faint, wreathed lines of smoke wavering upward from the chimneys.

In the hollows through which the road passed, the lower boughs of the pines and hemlocks were weighed down with the snow-fall till they lay half-submerged in the drifts, but wherever the wind could strike them, they swung free of this load and met in low, flat arches above the track. The river betrayed itself only when the swift current of a ripple broke through the white surface in long, irregular, grayish blurs. It was all wild and lonesome, but to the girl alone in it with her lover, the solitude was sweet, and she did not wish to speak even to him. His hands were both busy with the reins, but it was agreed between them that she might lock hers through his arm. Cowering close to him under the robes, she laid her head on his shoulder and looked out over the flying landscape in measureless content, and smiled, with filling eyes, when he bent over, and warmed his cold red cheek on the top of her fur cap.

The moments of bliss that silence a woman rouse a man to make sure of his rapture.

"How do you like it, Marsh?" he asked, trying at one of these times to peer round into her face. "Are you afraid?"

"No—only of getting back too soon."

He made the shivering echoes answer with his delight in this, and chirruped to the colt, who pushed forward at a wilder speed, flinging his hoofs out before him with the straight thrust of the born trotter, and seeming to overtake them as they flew.

This set him off again. "I should like this ride to last forever!"

"Forever!" she repeated. "That would do for a beginning."

"Marsh! What a girl you are! I never supposed you would be so free to let a fellow know how much you cared for him."

"Neither did I," she answered, dreamily. "But now—now the only trouble is that I don't know *how* to let him know." She gave his arm to which she clung a little convulsive clutch, and pressed her head harder upon his shoulder.

"Well, that's pretty much my complaint, too," said Bartley, "though I couldn't have expressed it so well."

"Oh, *you* express!" she murmured, with the pride in him which implied that there were no thoughts worth expressing to which he could not give a monumental utterance. Her adoration flattered his self-love to the same passionate intensity, and to something like the generous complexion of her worship. "Marcia," he answered, "I am going to try to be all you expect of me. And I hope I shall never do anything unworthy of your ideal."

She could only press his arm again in speechless joy, but she said to herself that she should always remember these words.

The wind had been rising ever since they started, but they had not noticed it till now, when the woods began to thin away on either side, and he stopped before striking out over one of the naked stretches of the plain—a white waste swept by the blasts that sucked down through a gorge of the mountain, and flattened the snow-drifts as the tornado flattens the waves. Across this expanse ran the road, its stiff lines obliterated here and there, in the slight depressions, and showing dark along the rest of the track. It was a good half-mile to the next body of woods, and midway, there was one of those sidings where a sleigh approaching from the other quarter must turn out and yield the right of way. Bartley stopped his colt, and scanned the road.

"Anybody coming?" asked Marcia.

"No, I don't see any one. But if there's any one in the woods yonder, they'd better

wait till I get across. No horse in Equity can beat this colt to the turn-out."

"Oh, well, look carefully, Bartley. If we meet any one beyond the turn-out, I don't know what I should do," pleaded the girl.

"I don't know what *they* would do," said Bartley. "But it's their lookout, now, if they come. Wrap your face up well, or put your head under the robe. I've got to hold my breath the next half-mile." He loosed the reins, and sped the colt out of the shelter where he had halted. The wind struck them like an edge of steel, and catching the powdery snow that their horse's hoofs beat up, sent it spinning and swirling far along the glistening levels on their lee. They felt the thrill of the go as if they were in some light boat leaping over a swift current. Marcia disdained to cover her face, if he must confront the wind, but after a few gasps she was glad to bend forward, and bury it in the long hair of the bear-skin robe. When she lifted it, they were already past the siding, and she saw a cutter dashing toward them from the cover of the woods. "Bartley!" she screamed, "the sleigh!"

"Yes," he shouted. "Some fool! There's going to be trouble, here," he added, checking his horse as he could. "They don't seem to know how to manage— It's a couple of women! Hold on, hold on!" he called. "Don't try to turn out: I'll turn out!"

The women pulled their horse's head this way and that, in apparent confusion, and then began to turn out into the trackless snow at the road-side, in spite of Bartley's frantic efforts to arrest them. They sank deeper and deeper into the drift; their horse plunged and struggled, and then their cutter went over, amidst their shrieks and cries for help.

Bartley drove up abreast of the wreck, and saying, "Still, Jerry! Don't be afraid, Marcia," he put the reins into her hands, and sprang out to the rescue.

One of the women had been flung out free of the sleigh, and had already gathered herself up, and stood crying and wringing her hands: "Oh, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Hubbard! Help Sally! She's under there!"

"All right! Keep quiet, Mrs. Morrison! Take hold of your horse's head!" Bartley had first of all seized him by the bit, and pulled him to his feet; he was old and experienced in obedience, and he now stood waiting orders, patiently enough. Bartley seized the cutter, and by an effort of all his strength righted it. The colt started and trembled, but Marcia called to him in Bartley's tone, "Still, Jerry!" and he obeyed her.

The girl who had been caught under the overturned cutter, escaped like a wild thing

out of a trap, when it was lifted, and plunging some paces away, faced round upon her rescuer with the hood pulled straight and set comely to her face again, almost before he could ask: "Any bones broken, Sally?"

"No!" she shouted. "Mother! Mother! Stop crying! Don't you see I'm not dead?" She leaped about, catching up this wrap and that, shaking the dry snow out of them, and flinging them back into the cutter, while she laughed in the wild tumult of her spirits. Bartley helped her pick up the fragments of the wreck, and joined her in her making fun of the adventure. The wind hustled them, but they were warm in defiance of it with their jollity and their bustle.

"Why didn't you let me turn out?" demanded Bartley, as he and the girl stood on opposite sides of the cutter, re-arranging the robes in it.

"Oh, I thought I could turn out, well enough. You had a right to the road."

"Well, the next time you see any one past the turn-out, you better not start from the woods."

"Why, there's no more room in the woods to get past than there is here," cried the girl.

"There's more shelter."

"Oh, I'm not cold!" She flashed a look at him from her brilliant face, warm with all the glow of her young health, and laughed, and before she dropped her eyes, she included Marcia in her glance. They had already looked at each other without any sign of recognition. "Come, mother! All right, now!"

Her mother left the horse's head, and heavily plowing back to the cutter, tumbled herself in. The girl, from her side, began to climb in, but her weight made the sleigh careen, and she dropped down with a gay shriek.

Bartley came round to her, and lifted her in; the girl called to her horse, and drove up into the road and away.

Bartley looked after her a moment, and continued to glance in that direction when he stood stamping the snow off his feet, and brushing it from his legs and arms, before he remounted to Marcia's side. He was excited, and talked rapidly and loudly, as he took the reins from Marcia's passive hold, and let the colt out. "That girl is the pluckiest fool, yet! Wouldn't let me turn out because I had the right of way! And she wasn't going to let anybody else have a hand in getting that old ark of theirs afloat again. Good their horse wasn't anything like Jerry! How well Jerry behaved! Were you frightened, Marsh?" He bent over to see her face, but she had not her head on his shoulder, and she did not sit close to him, now. "Did you freeze?"

"Oh, no! I got along very well," she answered, drily, and edged away as far as the width of the seat would permit. "It would have been better for you to lead their horse up into the road, and then she could have got in without your help. Her mother got in alone."

He took the reins into his left hand, and passing his strong right arm around her, pulled her up to his side. She resisted, with diminishing force; at last she ceased to resist, and her head fell passively to its former place on his shoulder. He did not try to speak any word of comfort; he only held her close to him; when she looked up as they entered the village, she confronted him with a brilliant smile that ignored her tears.

But that night, when she followed him to the door, she looked him searchingly in the eyes. "I wonder if you really do despise me, Bartley?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered, with a jesting smile. "What for?"

"For showing out my feelings so. For not even trying to pretend not to care everything for you."

"It wouldn't be any use, your trying: I should know that you did, any way."

"Oh, don't laugh, Bartley, don't laugh! I don't believe that I ought to. I've heard that it makes people tired of you. But I can't help it—I can't help it. And if—if you think I'm always going to be so; and that I'm going to keep on getting worse and worse, and making you so unhappy, why you'd better break your engagement now—while you have a chance."

"What have you been making me unhappy about, I should like to know? I thought I'd been having a very good time."

She hid her face against his breast. "It almost killed me to see you there with her! I was so cold,—my hands were half-frozen, holding the reins,—and I was so afraid of the colt I didn't know what to do; and I had been keeping up my courage on your account; and you seemed so long about it all; and she could have got in perfectly well—as well as her mother did—without your help —" Her voice broke in a miserable sob, and she clutched herself tighter to him.

He smoothed down her hair with his hand. "Why, Marsh! Did you think that made me unhappy? I didn't mind it a bit. I knew what the trouble was, at the time; but I wasn't going to say anything. I knew you would be all right as soon as you could think it over. You don't suppose I care anything for that girl?"

"No," answered a rueful sob. "But I wish you didn't have anything to do with her. I know she'll make trouble for you, somehow."

"Well," said Bartley, "I can't very well turn her off as long as she does her work. But you needn't be worried about making me unhappy. If anything, I rather liked it. It showed me how much you *did* care for me." He bent down toward her with a look of bright railleury, and took her into his arms for the parting kiss. "Now then: once, twice, three times—and good-night it is!"

VI.

THE spectacle of a love-affair in which the woman gives more of her heart than the man gives of his is so pitiable that we are apt to attribute a kind of merit to her, as if it were a voluntary self-sacrifice for her to love more than her share. Not only other men, but other women look on with this canonizing compassion; for women have a lively power of imagining themselves in the place of any sister who suffers in matters of sentiment, and are eager to espouse the common cause in commiserating her. Each of them pictures herself similarly wronged or slighted by the man she likes best, and feels how cruel it would be if he were to care less for her than she for him; and for the time being, in order to realize the situation, she loads him with all the sins of omission proper to the culprit in the alien case. But possibly there is a compensation in merely loving, even where the love given is out of all proportion to the love received.

If Bartley Hubbard's sensations and impressions of the day had been at all reasoned, that night as he lay thinking it over, he could unquestionably have seen many advantages for Marcia in the affair—perhaps more than for himself. But to do him justice he did not formulate these now, or in anywise explicitly recognize the favors he was bestowing. At twenty-six one does not naturally compute them in musing upon the girl to whom one is just betrothed; and Bartley's mind was a confusion of pleasure. He liked so well to think how fond of him Marcia was, that it did not occur to him then to question whether he were as fond of her. It is possible that as he drowsed, at last, there floated airily through the consciousness which was melting and dispersing itself before the approach of sleep, an intimation from somewhere to some one that perhaps the affair need not be considered too seriously. But in that mysterious limbo, one cannot be sure of what is thought and what is dreamed; and Bartley always acquitted himself, and probably with justice, of any want of seriousness.

What he did make sure of when he woke was that he was still out of sorts, and that he

had again that dull headache; and his instant longing for sympathy did more than anything else to convince him that he really loved Marcia, and had never, in his obscurest or remotest feeling, swerved in his fealty to her. In the atmosphere of her devotion yesterday, he had so wholly forgotten his sufferings that he had imagined himself well; but now he found that he was not well, and he began to believe that he was going to have what the country people call a fit of sickness. He felt that he ought to be taken care of, that he was unfit to work; and in his vexation at not being able to go to Marcia for comfort—it really amounted to nothing less—he entered upon the day's affairs with fretful impatience.

The "Free Press" was published on Tuesdays, and Monday was always a busy time of preparation. The hands were apt also to feel the demoralization that follows a holiday even when it has been a holy day. The girls who set the type of the "Free Press" had by no means foregone the rights and privileges of their sex in espousing their art, and they had their beaux on Sunday night like other young ladies. It resulted that on Monday morning they were nervous and impatient, alternating between fits of giggling delight in the interchange of fond reminiscences and the crossness which is pretty sure to disfigure human behavior from want of sleep. But ordinarily Bartley got on very well with them. In spite of the assumption of equality between all classes in Equity, they stood in secret awe of his personal splendor, and the tradition of his achievements at college and in the great world, and a flattering joke or a sharp sarcasm from him went a great way with them. Besides he had an efficient lieutenant in Henry Bird, the young printer who had picked up his trade in the office, and who acted as Bartley's foreman, so far as the establishment had an organization. Bird had industry and discipline which were contagious and that love of his work which is said to be growing rare among artisans in the modern subdivision of trades. This boy—for he was only nineteen—worked at his craft early and late out of pleasure in it. He seemed one of those simple, subordinate natures which are happy in looking up to whatever assumes to be above them. He exulted to serve in a world where most people prefer to be served, and it is uncertain whether he liked his work better for its own sake, or Bartley's, for whom he did it. He was slight and rather delicate in health, and it came natural for Bartley to patronize him. He took him on the long walks of which he was fond and made him in some sort his humble confidant, talking to him of himself and his plans with large and braggart

vagueness. He depended upon Bird in a great many things, and Bird never failed him; for he had a basis of constancy that was immovable. "No," said a philosopher from a neighboring logging-camp, who used to hang about the printing-office a long time after he had got his paper, "there aint a great deal of natural push about Henry; but he stays put." In the confidences which Bartley used to make Bird, he promised that when he left the newspaper for the law, he would see that no one else succeeded him. The young fellow did not need this promise to make him Bartley's fast friend, but it colored his affection with ambitious enthusiasm; to edit and publish a newspaper—his dreams did not go beyond that: to devote it to Bartley's interest in the political life on which Bartley often hinted he might enter—that would be the sweetest privilege of realized success. Bird already wrote paragraphs for the "Free Press," and Bartley let him make up a column of news from the city exchanges, which was partly written and partly selected.

Bartley came to the office rather late on Monday morning, bringing with him the papers from Saturday night's mail, which had lain unopened over Sunday, and went directly into his own room, without looking into the printing-office. He felt feverish and irritable, and he resolved to fill up with selections and let his editorial paragraphing go, or get Bird to do it. He was tired of the work, and sick of Equity; Marcia's face seemed to look sadly in upon his angry discontent, and he no longer wished to go to her for sympathy. His door opened, and without glancing from the newspaper which he held up before him, he asked:

"What is it, Bird? Do you want copy?"

"Well, no, Mr. Hubbard," answered Bird, "we have copy enough for the force we've got this morning."

"Why, what's up?" demanded Bartley, dropping his paper.

"Lizzie Sawyer has sent word that she is sick, and we haven't heard or seen anything of Sally Morrison."

"Confound the girls!" said Bartley, "there's always something the matter with them." He rubbed his hand over his forehead, as if to rub out the dull pain there. "Well," he said, "I must go to work myself, then." He rose, and took hold of the lapels of his coat, to pull it off; but something in Bird's look arrested him. "What is it?" he asked.

"Old Morrison was here, just before you came in, and said he wanted to see you. I think he was drunk," said Bird, anxiously. "He said he was coming back again."

"All right; let him come," replied Bartley. "This is a free country—especially in Equity. I suppose he wants Sally's wages raised, as usual. How much are we behind on the paper, Henry?"

"We're not a great deal behind, Mr. Hubbard, if we were not so weak-handed."

"Perhaps we can get Sally back, during the forenoon. At any rate we can ask her honored parent, when he comes."

Where Morrison got his liquor was a question that agitated Equity from time to time, and baffled the officer of the law empowered to see that no strong drink came into the town. Under conditions which made it impossible even in the logging-camps, and rendered the sale of spirits too precarious for the apothecary, who might be supposed to deal in them medicinally, Morrison never failed of his spree when the mysterious mechanism of his appetite enforced it. Probably it was some form of bedevilled cider that supplied the material of his debauch; but even cider was not easily to be had.

Morrison's spree was a movable feast, and recurred at irregular intervals of two, or three, or even six weeks, but it recurred often enough to keep him poor, and his family in a social outlawry against which the kindly instincts of their neighbors struggled in vain. Mrs. Morrison was that pariah who in a village like Equity cuts herself off from hope by taking in washing; and it was a decided rise in the world for Sally, a wild girl at school, to get a place in the printing-office. Her father had applied for it humbly enough at the tremulous and penitent close of one of his long sprees, and was grateful to Bartley for taking the special interest in her which she reported at home.

But the independence of a drunken shoemaker is proverbial, and Morrison's meek spirit soared into lordly arrogance with his earliest cups. The first warning which the community had of his change of attitude was the conspicuous and even defiant closure of his shop, and the scornful rejection of custom, however urgent or necessitous. All Equity might go in broken shoes, for any patching or half-soling the people got from him. He went about collecting his small dues, and paying up his debts, as long as the money lasted, in token of his resolution not to take any favors from any man thereafter. Then he retired to his house on one of the by-streets, and by degrees drank himself past active offense. It was of course in his defiant humor that he came to visit Bartley, who had learned to expect him whenever Sally failed to appear promptly at her work. The affair was always easily arranged. Bartley instantly assented,

with whatever irony he liked, to Morrison's demands; he refused with overwhelming politeness even to permit him to give himself the trouble to support them by argument; he complimented Sally inordinately as one of the most gifted and accomplished ladies of his acquaintance, and inquired affectionately after the health of each member of the Morrison family. When Morrison rose to go he always said, in shaking hands: "Well, sir, if there was more like you in Equity a poor man could get along. You're a gentleman, sir." After getting some paces away from the street-door, he stumbled back up the stairs to repeat "You're a gentleman!" Sally came during the day, and the wages remained the same: neither of the contracting parties regarded the increase so elaborately agreed upon, and Morrison, on becoming sober, gratefully ignored the whole transaction, though by a curious juggle of his brain, he recurred to it in his next spree, and advanced in his new demand from the last rise: his daughter was now nominally in receipt of an income of forty dollars a week, but actually accepted four.

Bartley, on his part, enjoyed the business as an agreeable excitement and a welcome relief from the monotony of his office life. He never hurried Morrison's visits, but amused himself by treating him with the most flattering distinction, and baffling his arrogance by immediate concession. But this morning when Morrison came back, with a front of uncommon fierceness, he merely looked up from his newspapers, to which he had recurred, and said coolly, "Oh, Mr. Morrison! Good-morning. I suppose it's that little advance that you wish to see me about. Take a chair. What is the increase you ask this time? Of course I agree to anything."

He leaned forward, pencil in hand, to make a note of the figure Morrison should name, when the drunkard approached and struck the table in front of him with his fist, and blazed upon Bartley's face, suddenly uplifted, with his blue crazy eyes.

"No, sir! I won't take a seat, and I don't come on no such business! No, sir!" He struck the table again, and the violence of his blow upset the inkstand. Bartley saved himself by suddenly springing away.

"Hullo, here!" he shouted. "What do you mean by this infernal nonsense?"

"What do *you* mean," retorted the drunkard, "by makin' up to my girl?"

"You're a fool," cried Bartley, "and drunk!" "I'll show you whether I'm a fool, and I'll show you whether I'm drunk," said Morrison. He opened the door and beckoned to Bird with an air of mysterious authority. "Young man! Come here!"

Bird was used to the indulgence with which Bartley treated Morrison's tipsy freaks, and supposed that he had been called by his consent to witness another agreement to a rise in Sally's wages. He came quickly to help get Morrison out of the way the sooner, and he was astonished to be met by Bartley with:

"I don't want you, Bird."

"All right," answered the boy, and he turned to go out of the door. But Morrison had planted himself against it, and he waved Bird austere back.

"I want you," he said, with drunken impressiveness, "for a witness—wick—witness—while I ask Mr. Hubbard what he means by —."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Bartley. "Get out of this!" He advanced a pace, or two toward Morrison, who stood his ground without swerving.

"Now you—you keep quiet, Mr. Hubbard," said Morrison, with a swift drunken change of mood, by which he passed from arrogant denunciation to a smooth, patronizing mastery of the situation. "I wish this thing all settled amic—ic—amelcably."

Bartley broke into a helpless laugh at Morrison's final failure on a word difficult to sober tongues, and the latter went on: "No 'casion for bad feeling on either side. All I want know is, what you mean?"

"Well, go on!" cried Bartley, good-naturedly, and he sat down in his chair, which he tilted back, and clasping his hands behind his head, looked up into Morrison's face. "What do I mean by what?"

Probably Morrison had not expected to be categorical, or to bring anything like a bill of particulars against Bartley, and this demand gave him pause. "What you mean," he said, at last, "by always praising her up, so?"

"What I said. She's a very good girl, and a very bright one. You don't deny that?"

"No—no matter what I deny. What—what you lend her all them books for?"

"To improve her mind. You don't object to that? I thought you once thanked me for taking an interest in her."

"Don't you mind what I object to, and what I thank you for," said Morrison, with dignity. "I know what I'm about."

"I begin to doubt. But get on. I'm in a great hurry this morning," said Bartley.

Morrison seemed to be making a mental examination of his stock of charges, while the strain of keeping his upright position began to tell upon him, and he swayed to and fro against the door.

"What's that word you sent her by my boy, Sar'day night?"

"That she was a smart girl, and would be sure to get on if she was good—or words to that effect. I trust there was no offense in that, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison surrendered himself to another season of cogitation, in which he probably found his vagueness growing upon him. He ended by fumbling in all his pockets, and bringing up from the last a crumpled scrap of paper.

"What you—what you say to that?"

Bartley took the extended scrap with an easy air. "Miss Morrison's handwriting, I think." He held it up before him and read aloud, "'I love my love with an H because he is Handsome.' This appears to be a confidence of Miss Morrison to her Muse. Whom do you think she refers to, Mr. Morrison?"

"What's—what's the first letter your name?" demanded Morrison, with an effort to collect his dispersing severity.

"B," promptly replied Bartley. "Perhaps this concerns you, Henry. Your name begins with an H." He passed the paper up over his head to Bird, who took it silently. "You see," he continued, addressing Bird, but looking at Morrison, as he spoke, "Mr. Morrison wishes to convict me of an attempt upon Miss Sally's affections. Have you anything else to urge, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison slid at last from his difficult position into a convenient chair, and struggled to keep himself from doubling forward. "I want know what you mean," he said with dogged iteration.

"I'll show you what I mean," said Bartley with an ugly quiet, while his mustache began to twitch. He sprang to his feet and seized Morrison by the collar, pulling him up out of the chair till he held him clear of the floor, and opened the door with his other hand. "Don't show your face here again—you, or your girl either!" Still holding the man by the collar, he pushed him before him through the office, and gave him a final thrust out of the outer door.

Bartley returned to his room in a white heat: "Miserable tipsy rascal!" he panted. "I wonder who has set him on to this thing."

Bird stood pale and silent, still holding the crumpled scrap of paper in his hand.

"I shouldn't be surprised if that impudent little baggage herself had put him up to it. She's capable of it," said Bartley, fumbling aimlessly about on his table, in his wrath, without looking at Bird.

"It's a lie!" said Bird.

Bartley started as if the other had struck him, and as he glared at Bird, the anger went out of his face, for pure amazement. "Are you out of your mind, Henry?" he asked

calmly. "Perhaps you're drunk too, this morning? The devil seems to have got into pretty much everybody."

"It's a lie!" repeated the boy, while the tears sprang to his eyes. "She's as good a girl as Marcia Gaylord is, any day!"

"Better go away, Henry," said Bartley with a deadly sort of gentleness.

"I'm going away," answered the boy, his face twisted with weeping. "I've done my last day's work for you." He pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and buttoned them at the wrists, while the tears ran out over his face: helpless tears, the sign of his womanish tenderness, his womanish weakness.

Bartley continued to glare at him. "Why, I do believe you're in love with her yourself, you little fool!"

"Oh, I've been a fool!" cried Bird. "A fool to think as much of you as I always have—a fool to believe that you were a gentleman, and wouldn't take a mean advantage. I was a fool to suppose you wanted to do her any good, when you came praising and flattering her, and turning her head!"

"Well, then," said Bartley, with harsh insolence, "don't you be a fool any longer. If you're in love with her, you haven't any quarrel with me, my boy. She flies at higher game than humble newspaper editors. The head of Willett's lumbering gang is your man; and so you may go and tell that old sot, her father. Why, Henry! You don't mean to say you care anything for that girl?"

"And do you mean to say you haven't done everything you could, to turn her head, since she's been in this office? She used to like me well enough at school." All men are blind and jealous children alike, when it comes to question of a woman between them, and this poor boy's passion was turning him into a tiger. "Don't come to me with your lies, any more!" Here his rage culminated, and with a blind cry of "Ay!" he struck the paper, which he had kept in his hand, into Bartley's face.

The demons, whatever they were, of anger, shame, pride, were at work in Bartley's heart too, and he returned the blow as instantly as if Bird's touch had set the mechanism of his arm in motion. In contempt of the other's weakness he struck with the flat of his hand; but the blow was enough. Bird fell headlong, and the concussion of his head upon the floor did the rest. He lay senseless.

VII.

BARTLEY hung over the boy with such a terror in his soul as he had never had before.

He believed that he had killed him, and in this conviction came, with the simultaneity of events in dreams, the sense of all his blame, of which the blow given for a blow seemed the least part. He was not so wrong in that as he was wrong in all that led to it. He did not abhor in himself so much the wretch who had struck his brother down as the light and empty fool who had trifled with that silly hoyden. The follies that seemed so amusing and resultless in their time had ripened to this bitter effect, and he knew that he and not she was mainly culpable. Her self-betrayal, however it came about, was proof that they were more serious with her than with him, and he could not plead to himself even the poor excuse that his fancy had been caught. Amidst the anguish of his self-condemnation, the need to conceal what he had done occurred to him. He had been holding Bird's head in his arms, and imploring him, "Henry! Henry! Wake up!" in a low husky voice; but now he turned to the door and locked it, and the lie by which he should escape sprang to his tongue. "He died in a fit." He almost believed it, as it murmured itself from his lips. There was no mark, no bruise, nothing to show that he had touched the boy. Suddenly he felt the lie choke him. He pulled down the window to let in the fresh air, and this pure breath of heaven blew into his darkened spirit and lifted there a little the vapors which were thickening in it. The horror of having to tell that lie, even if he should escape by it, all his life long, till he was a gray old man, and to keep the truth forever from his lips, presented itself to him as intolerable slavery. "Oh, my God!" he spoke aloud, "how can I bear that?" And it was in self-pity that he revolted from it. Few men love the truth for its own sake, and Bartley was not one of these; but he practiced it because his experience had been that lies were difficult to manage, and that they were a burden on the mind. He was not candid; he did not shun concealments and evasions; but positive lies he had kept from, and now he could not trust one to save his life. He unlocked the door, and ran out to find help; he must do that at last; he must do it at any risk; no matter what he said afterward. When our deeds and motives come to be balanced at the last day, let us hope that mercy and not justice may prevail.

It must have been mercy that sent the doctor at that moment to the apothecary's, on the other side of the street, and enabled Bartley to get him up into his office, without publicity or explanation other than that Henry Bird seemed to be in a fit. The doc-

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tor lifted the boy's head, and explored his bosom with his hand.

"Is he—is he dead?" gasped Bartley, and the words came so mechanically from his tongue that he began to believe he had not spoken them, when the doctor answered.

"No! How did this happen? Tell me exactly."

"We had a quarrel. He struck me. I knocked him down."

Bartley delivered up the truth, as a prisoner of war—or a captive brigand, perhaps—parts with his weapons one by one.

"Very well," said the doctor. "Get some water?"

Bartley poured some out of the pitcher on his table, and the doctor, wetting his handkerchief, drew it again and again over Bird's forehead.

"I never meant to hurt him," said Bartley. "I didn't even intend to strike him when he hit me."

"Intentions have very little to do with physical effects," replied the doctor sharply. "Henry!"

The boy opened his eyes, and muttering feebly, "My head!" closed them again.

"There's a concussion here," said the doctor. "We had better get him home. Drive my sleigh over, will you, from Smith's."

Bartley went out into the glare of the sun, which beat upon him like the eye of the world. But the street was really empty, as it often was in the middle of the forenoon at Equity. The apothecary, who saw him untying the doctor's horse, came to his door, and said jocosely, "Hello, Doc! who's sick?"

"I am," said Bartley, solemnly, and the apothecary laughed at his readiness. Bartley drove round to the back of the printing-office, where the farmers delivered his wood. "I thought we could get him out better, that way," he explained, and the doctor, who had to befriend a great many concealments in his practice, silently spared Bartley's disingenuousness.

The rush of the cold air, as they drove rapidly down the street, with that limp shape between them, revived the boy, and he opened his eyes, and made an effort to hold himself erect, but he could not, and when they got him into the warm room at home, he fainted again. His mother had met them at the door of her poor little house, without any demonstration of grief or terror; she was far too well acquainted in her widowhood—bereft of all her children but this son—with sickness and death, to show even surprise, if she felt it. When Bartley broke out into his lamentable confession, "Oh, Mrs. Bird! This is *my* work!" she only wrung her hands and answered,

"Your work! Oh, Mr. Hubbard, he thought the world of *you*!" and did not ask him how or why he had done it. After they had got Henry on the bed, Bartley was no longer of use there; but they let him remain in the corner into which he had shrunk, and from which he watched all that went on, with a dry mouth and faltering breath. It began to appear to him that he was very young to be involved in a misfortune like this; he did not understand why it should have happened to him; but he promised himself that if Henry lived he would try to be a better man in every way.

After he had lost all hope, the time seemed so long, the boy on the bed opened his eyes, once more, and looked round, while Bartley still sat with his face in his hands. "Where—where is Mr. Hubbard?" he faintly asked, with a bewildered look at his mother and the doctor.

Bartley heard the weak voice, and staggered forward, and fell on his knees beside the bed. "Here, here! Here I am, Henry! Oh, Henry, I didn't intend——" He stopped at the word, and hid his face in the coverlet.

The boy lay as if trying to make out what had happened, and the doctor explained that he had fainted. After a time, he put out his hand and laid it on Bartley's head. "Yes; but I don't understand what makes him cry."

They looked at Bartley, who had lifted his head, and he went over the whole affair, except so far as it related to Sally Morrison; he did not spare himself; he had often found that strenuous self-condemnation moved others to compassion; and besides, it was his nature to seek the relief of full confession. But Henry heard him through with a blank countenance. "Don't you remember?" Bartley implored at last.

"No, I don't remember. I only remember that there seemed to be something the matter with my head, this morning."

"That was the trouble with me, too," said Bartley. "I must have been crazy—I must have been insane—when I struck you. I can't account for it."

"I don't remember it," answered the boy.

"That's all right," said the doctor. "Don't try. I guess you better let him alone, now," he added to Bartley, with such a significant look that the young man retired from the bedside, and stood awkwardly apart. "He'll get along. You needn't be anxious about leaving him. He'll be better alone."

There was no mistaking this hint. "Well, well!" said Bartley, humbly, "I'll go. But I'd rather stay and watch with him—I sha'n't eat or sleep till he's on foot again. And I can't leave till you tell me that you forgive

me, Mrs. Bird. I never dreamed—I didn't intend——" He could not go on.

"I don't suppose you meant to hurt Henry," said the mother. "You always pretended to be so fond of him, and he thought the world of you. But I don't see how you could do it. I presume it was all right."

"No, it was all wrong—or so nearly all wrong that I must ask your forgiveness on that ground. I loved him—I thought the world of him, too. I'd ten thousand times rather have hurt myself," pleaded Bartley. "Don't let me go till you say that you forgive me."

"I'll see how Henry gets along," said Mrs. Bird. "I don't know as I could rightly say I forgive you just yet."

Doubtless she was dealing conscientiously with herself and with him. "I like to be sure of a thing when I say it," she added.

The doctor followed him into the hall, and Bartley could not help turning to him for consolation. "I think Mrs. Bird is very unjust, Doctor. I've done everything I could, and said everything—to explain the matter; and I've blamed myself where I can't feel that I was to blame; and yet you see how she holds out against me."

"I dare say," answered the doctor, dryly, "she'll feel differently, as she says, if the boy gets well."

Bartley dropped his hat to the floor. "Get well! Why—why you think he'll get well, *now*, don't you, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes; I was merely using her words. He'll get well."

"And—and it won't affect his mind, will it? I thought it was very strange, his not remembering anything about it——"

"That's a very common phenomenon," said the doctor. "The patient usually forgets everything that occurred for some little time before the accident, in cases of concussion of the brain." Bartley shuddered at the phrase, but he could not ask anything further. "What I wanted to say to you," continued the doctor, "was that this may be a long thing, and there may have to be an inquiry into it. You're lawyer enough to understand what that means. I should have to testify to what I know, and I only know what you told me."

"Why, you don't doubt——"

"No, sir; I've no reason to suppose you haven't told me the truth, as far as it goes. If you have thought it advisable to keep anything back from me, you may wish to tell the whole story to an attorney."

"I haven't kept anything back, Doctor Wills," said Bartley. "I've told you everything—everything that concerned the quarrel. That drunken old scoundrel of a Morrison got us into it. He accused me of making up

to his daughter; and Henry was jealous—I never knew he cared anything for her. I hated to tell you this before his mother. But this is the whole truth, so help me God."

"I supposed it was something of the kind," replied the doctor. "I'm sorry for you. You can't keep it from having an ugly look if it gets out; and it may have to be made public. I advise you to go and see Squire Gaylord; he's always stood your friend."

"I—I was just going there," said Bartley; and this was true.

Through all, he had felt the need of some sort of retrieval; of reëstablishing himself in his own esteem, by some signal stroke; and he could think of but one thing. It was not his fault if he believed that this must combine self-sacrifice with safety, and the greatest degree of humiliation with the largest sum of consolation. He was none the less resolved not to spare himself at all in offering to release Marcia from her engagement. The fact that he must now also see her father upon the legal aspect of his case, certainly complicated the affair, and detracted from its heroic quality. He could not tell which to see first, for he naturally wished his action to look as well as possible; and if he went first to Marcia, and she condemned him, he did not know in what figure he should approach her father. If, on the other hand, he went first to Squire Gaylord, the old lawyer might insist that the engagement was already at an end by Bartley's violent act, and might well refuse to let a man in his position even see his daughter. He lagged heavy-heartedly up the middle of the street, and left the question to solve itself at the last moment. But when he reached Squire Gaylord's gate, it seemed to him that it would be easier to face the father first; and this would be the right way, too.

He turned aside to the little office, and opened the door without knocking, and as he stood with the knob in his hand, trying to habituate his eyes, full of the snow-glare, to the dimmer light within, he heard a rapturous cry of "Why, Bartley!" and he felt Marcia's arms flung around his neck. His burdened heart yearned upon her with a tenderness he had not known before; he realized the preciousness of an embrace that might be the last; but he dared not put down his lips to hers. She pushed back her head in a little wonder, and saw the haggardness of his face, while he discovered her father looking at them. How strong and pure the fire in her must be when her father's presence could not abash her from this betrayal of her love! Bartley sickened, and he felt her arms slip from his neck. "Why—why—what is the matter?"

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tention to begin at the beginning, and tell the whole affair just as it happened, Bartley found himself wishing to put the best face on it at first, and trust to chances to make it all appear well. He did not speak at once, and Marcia pressed him into a chair, and then like an eager child, who will not let its friend escape till it has been told what it wishes to know, she set herself on his knee, and put her hand on his shoulder. He looked at her father, not at her, while he spoke hoarsely: "I have had trouble with Henry Bird, Squire Gaylord, and I've come to tell you about it."

The old Squire did not speak, but Marcia repeated in amazement, "With Henry Bird?"

"He struck me ——"

"Henry Bird *struck* you!" cried the girl. "I should like to know why Henry Bird struck *you*, when you've made so much of him, and he's always pretended to be so grateful!"

Bartley still looked at her father. "And I knocked him down."

"You did perfectly right, Bartley," exclaimed Marcia, "and I should have despised you if you had let any one run over you. Struck you! I declare ——"

He did not heed her, but continued to look at her father. "I didn't intend to hurt him—I hit him with my open hand—but he fell and struck his head on the floor. I'm afraid it hurt him pretty badly." He felt the pang that thrilled through the girl at his words, and her hand trembled on his shoulder; but she did not take it away.

The old man came forward from the pile of books which he and Marcia had been dusting, and sat down in a chair on the other side of the stove. He pushed back his hat from his forehead, and asked dryly, "What commenced it?"

Bartley hesitated. It was this part of the affair which he would rather have imparted to Marcia after seeing it with her father's eyes, or possibly, if her father viewed it favorably, have had him tell her. The old man noticed his reluctance. "Haden't you better go into the house, Marsh?"

She merely gave him a look of utter astonishment for answer, and did not move. He laughed noiselessly, and said to Bartley: "Go on."

"It was that drunken old scoundrel of a Morrison, who began it!" cried Bartley, in angry desperation. Marcia dropped her hand from his shoulder, while her father worked his jaws upon the bit of stick he had picked up from the pile of wood, and put between his teeth. "You know that whenever he gets on a spree he comes to the office and wants Sally's wages raised."

Marcia sprang to her feet. "Oh, I knew it!

I knew it! I told you she would get you into trouble! I told you so!" She stood clinching her hands, and her father bent his keen scrutiny first upon her, and then upon the frowning face with which Bartley regarded her.

"Did he come to have her wages raised to-day?"

"No."

"What did he come for?" He involuntarily assumed the attitude of a lawyer cross-questioning a slippery witness.

"He came for— He came— He accused me of— He said I had— made love to his confounded girl."

Marcia gasped.

"What made him think you had?"

"It wasn't necessary for him to have any reason. He was drunk. I had been kind to the girl, and favored her all I could, because she seemed to be anxious to do her work well; and I praised her for trying."

"Um-umph," commented the Squire.

"And that made Henry Bird jealous?"

"It seems that he was fond of her. I never dreamed of such a thing, and when I put old Morrison out of the office, and came back, he called me a liar, and struck me in the face." He did not lift his eyes to the level of Marcia's, who in her gray dress stood there like a gray shadow, and did not stir or speak.

"And you never had made up to the girl at all?"

"No."

"Kissed her, I suppose, now and then?" suggested the Squire.

Bartley did not reply.

"Flattered her up, and told her how much you thought of her, occasionally?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Bartley with a sulky defiance.

"No, I suppose it's what you'd do with most any pretty girl," returned the Squire. He was silent awhile. "And so you knocked Henry down. What happened then?"

"I tried to bring him to, and then I went for the doctor. He revived, and we got him home to his mother's. The doctor says he will get well; but he advised me to come and see you."

"Any witnesses of the assault?"

"No; we were alone in my own room."

"Told any one else about it?"

"I told the doctor and Mrs. Bird. Henry couldn't remember it at all."

"Couldn't remember about Morrison, or what made him mad at you?"

"Nothing."

"And that's all about it?"

"Yes."

The two men had talked across the stove at each other, practically ignoring the girl, who

stood apart from them, gray in the face as her dress; and suppressing a passion which had turned her as rigid as stone.

"Now, Marcia," said her father, kindly, "better go into the house. That's all there is of it."

"No, that isn't all," she answered. "Give me my ring, Bartley. Here's yours." She slipped it off her finger, and put it into his mechanically extended hand.

"Marcia!" he implored, confronting her.

"Give me my ring, please."

He obeyed, and put it into her hand. She slipped it back on the finger from which she had so fondly suffered him to take it yesterday, and replace it with his own.

"I'll go into the house, now, father. Good-bye, Bartley." Her eyes were perfectly clear and dry, and her voice controlled; and as he stood passive before her, she took him round the neck, and pressed against his face, once, and twice, and thrice, her own gray face, in which all love and unrelenting and despair were painted. Once and again she held him, and looked him in the eyes, as if to be sure it was he. Then, with a last pressure of her face to his, she released him, and passed out of the door.

"She's been talking about you, here, all the morning," said the Squire, with a sort of quiet absence, as if nothing in particular had happened, and he were commenting on a little fact that might possibly interest Bartley. He ruminated upon the fragment of wood in his mouth awhile before he added: "I guess she won't want to talk about you any more. I drew you out a little on that Sally Morrison business, because I wanted her to understand just what kind of fellow you were. You see it isn't the trouble you've got into with Henry Bird that's killed her; it's the cause of the trouble. I guess if it had been anything else she'd have stood by you. But you see that's the one thing she couldn't bear, and I'm glad it's happened now instead of afterward: I guess you're one of that kind, Mr. Hubbard."

"Squire Gaylord!" cried Bartley, "upon my sacred word of honor, there isn't any more of this thing than I've told you. And I think it's pretty hard to be thrown over for —"

"Fooling with a pretty girl, when you get a chance, and the girl seems to like it? Yes, it is rather hard. And I suppose you haven't even seen her since you were engaged to Marcia?"

"Of course not! That is —"

"It's a kind of retroactive legislation on Marcia's part," said the Squire, rubbing his chin, "and that's against one of the first

principles of law. But women don't seem to be able to grasp that idea. They're queer about some things. They appear to think they marry a man's whole life—his past as well as his future, and that makes 'em particular. And they distinguish between different kinds of men. You'll find 'em pinning their faith to a fellow who's been through pretty much everything, and swearing by him from the word go; and another chap who's never *done* anything very bad, they won't trust half a minute out of their sight. Well, I guess Marcia is of rather a jealous disposition," he concluded, as if Bartley had urged this point.

"She's very unjust to me," Bartley began.

"Ah, yes—she's *unjust*," said her father.

"I don't deny that. But it wouldn't be any use talking to her. She'd probably turn round with some excuse about what she had suffered, and that would be the end of it. She would say that she couldn't go through it again. Well, it ought to be a comfort to you to think you don't care a great deal about it."

"But I *do* care!" exclaimed Bartley. "I care all the world for it. I —"

"Since when?" interrupted the Squire.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't know till you asked her yesterday that Marcia was in love with you?"

Bartley was silent.

"I guess you knew it as much as a year ago, didn't you? Everybody else did. But you'd just as soon it had been Sally Morrison, or any other pretty girl. *You* didn't care! But Marcia did, you see. She wasn't one of the kind that let any good-looking fellow make love to them. It was because it was *you*; and you knew it. We're plain men, Mr. Hubbard; and I guess you'll get over this, in time. I shouldn't wonder if you began to mend, right away."

Bartley found himself helpless in the face of this passionless sarcasm. He could have met stormy indignation or any sort of invective in kind; but the contemptuous irony with which his pretensions were treated, the cold scrutiny with which his motives were searched, was something he could not meet. He tried to pull himself together for some sort of protest, but he ended by hanging his head in silence. He always believed that Squire Gaylord had liked him, and here he was treating him like his bitterest enemy, and seeming to enjoy his misery. He could not understand it; he thought it extremely unjust, and past all the measure of his offense. This was true, perhaps; but it is doubtful if Bartley would have accepted any suffering, no matter how nicely proportioned, in pun-

ishment of his wrong-doing. He sat hanging his head, and taking his pain in rebellious silence, with a gathering hate in his heart for the old man.

"M-well!" said the Squire, at last, rising from his chair, "I guess I must be going."

Bartley sprang to his feet aghast. "You're not going to leave me in the lurch, are you? You're not——"

"Oh, I shall take care of you, young man—don't be afraid. I've stood your friend too long, and your name's been mixed up too much with my girl's, for me to let you come to shame openly, if I can help it. I'm going to see Dr. Wills, about you, and I'm going to see Mrs. Bird, and try to patch it up somehow."

"And—and—where shall I go?" gasped Bartley.

"You might go to the devil, for all I cared for you," said the old man, with the contempt which he no longer cared to make ironical.

(To be continued.)

"But I guess you better go back to your office, and go to work as if nothing had happened—till something does happen. I shall close the paper out as soon as I can. I was thinking of doing that just before you came in. I was thinking of taking you into the law business with me. Marcia and I were talking about it, here. But I guess you wouldn't like the idea, now."

He seemed to get a bitter satisfaction out of these mockeries, from which, indeed, he must have suffered quite as much as Bartley. But he ended, sadly and almost compassionately, with, "Come, come! You must start sometime." And Bartley dragged his leaden weight out of the door. The Squire closed it after him; but he did not accompany him down the street. It was plain he did not wish to be any longer alone with Bartley, and the young man suspected, with a sting of shame, that he scorned to be seen with him.

THE FARMER OF MARSHFIELD.

THAT large bucolic life,
How simply lived, and grandly—simply,
though
Report and rumor rife
And general gaze that could not gaze its
fill

Made it a spectacle and show,
Whereof men pleased themselves with fabling
still.

He could not stay or go,
Could not at will
Unbend in casual jest, in manly sport,
But some, for love or thrift, would spread a
wide report.

The sun cannot be hid
The heavens amid,
The sun is seen, because he shines,
And the sun shines, because he is the sun.
And, sun-like, Webster's lines
Out into all the earth afar were run.

Such was the man, and so
His private life was public; all he did,
Or said, or was, was known,
And nothing could be hid;
And nothing needed, for his ways were
good,
His most unguarded ways, and safely
shown.

His noble simple ways
Supplied the speech of men with daily food
For honest praise—
Not idle, since to praise the good and fair

Is to grow like through habit, unaware.
Men liked to hear and tell
How farmer's garb became the great
man well:
And everywhere the farmer felt more
space,
An ampler air, a franker grace,
Ennoble his vocation, with the thought,
He is a farmer, Webster so has wrought.
Somewhat more noble they already who
Learn to think nobly of the work they do.
So a diffusive lesson of far reach
Thy Webster taught, not studious to teach
(As too he pleased, not studious to please),
When but he slipped the customary weight
Of public duty, or the lawyer's toil,
For intervals of ease
Sought in returns to that estate
From which he sprang, swart worker in the
soil.

His way in farming all men knew;
Way wide, forecasting, free,
A liberal tilth that made the tiller poor,
That huge Websterian plow what furrows
drew!
Through fallows fattened from the barren
sea.
Yoked to that plow and matched for
mighty size,
What oxen moved!—in progress equal,
sure,
Unconscious of resistance, as of force

Not finite, elemental, like his own,
Taking its way with unimpeded course.
He loved to look into their meek brown
eyes,

That with a light of love half human
shone

Calmly on him from out the ample
front,

While, with a kind of mutual, wise,

Mute recognition of some kin,

Superior to surprise,

And schooled by immemorial wont,

They seemed to say, We let him in,

He is of us, he is, by natural dower,

One in our brotherhood of great and peace-
ful power.

So, when he came to die

At Marshfield by the sea,

And now the end is nigh,

Up from the pleasant lea *

Move his dumb friends in solemn, slow,

Funereal procession, and before

Their master's door

In melancholy file compassionately go;
He will be glad to see his trusty friends
once more.

Now let him look a look that shall suffice,

Lo, let the dying man

Take all the peace he can

From those large tranquil brows and deep
soft eyes.

Rest it will be to him,

Before his eyes grow dim,

To bathe his aged eyes in one deep gaze

Commingled with old days,

On faces of such friends sincere,

With fondness brought from boyhood, dear.

* Webster, in his last illness, had his oxen driven
up for him to view them from his window.

Farewell, a long look and the last,
And these have turned and passed.

Henceforth he will no more,

As was his wont before,

Step forth from yonder door

To taste the freshness of the early dawn,

The whiteness of the sky,

The whitening stars on high,

The dews yet white that lie

Far spread in pearl upon the glimmering
lawn;

Never at evening go,

Sole pacing to and fro,

With musing step and slow,

Beneath the cope of heaven set thick with
stars,

Considering by whose hand

Those works, in wisdom planned,

Were fashioned, and still stand

Serenely fast and fair above these earthly jars.

Never again. Forth he will soon be

brought

By neighbors that have loved him, having
known,

Plain farmers, with the farmer's natural
thought

And feeling, sympathetic to his own.

All in a temperate air, a golden light,

Rich with October, sad with afternoon,

Fitly let him be laid, with rustic rite,

To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.

He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,

And this shall lull him through his dream-
less sleep.

But those plain men will speak above his
head,

"This is a lonesome world, and Webster
dead!" *

* A farmer of the neighborhood leaned over the bier,
just before the body was lowered into the grave, with
this ejaculation.

A LISTENER BY THE SEA.

LAST night I lay beside the winter sea,
And, waking late, I heard the sound without
Of rain, and heard far off the wild sea shout
Beyond the town—a lonesome melody.
Heaving with ebb and flow, eternally
Along the rocky coast it pours its rout
Of waves, with constant roar, as of some stout,
Hoar monster, fierce with grief or savage glee.
Dark Afric hears, methought, that thunder-sound,
And Indian rivers; lone Pacific isles,
Trembling do hear it; from unnumbered miles
Arising, as the brown earth wheels its round,
It with vast whisper grieves the pale moon's height.
With how great songs, O God, Thou fill'st the night.

THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.



ON THE WAY TO THE CAVERNS.

THAT the underlying limestones of Page County, Virginia, were penetrated by crevices, horizontal cracks, and some caverns of respectable size, has long been known. The general valley of the Shenandoah is here badly broken up. At Riverton two streams unite to form the main river. Between them lies the Massanutten mountain—an isolated range parallel with the neighboring chain, and dividing their water-sheds. Inclosed by it and the Blue Ridge, and drained by the South Fork of the Shenandoah, lies the Page Valley, with the small village of Luray, as county seat, in the center.

Page Valley is here several miles wide, and the surface is diversified by an endless series of knolls, ridges, rocky outcroppings, and deeply imbedded streams. "The rocks throughout the whole of this region have been much displaced, having been flexed into great folds, the direction of which coincides with that of the Appalachian mountain-chain. In fact, these folds are a remnant of the results of that series of movements in which the whole system primarily originated." Hid-

den in the woods near the top of one of these hills, about a mile east of Luray, an old cave has always been known to exist. Connected with it are traditions which reach back to the Ruffners, the earliest settlers of the valley. Peter Ruffner the First was a Hanoverian, who married the daughter of a wealthy Pennsylvania farmer, and moved down into this wilderness, where he possessed himself of a large tract of land and raised fifteen children. His eldest son, Peter the Second, also got him a wife and fifteen children, so that the colonization of the valley proceeded with great rapidity. One of this first generation of Ruffners went out hunting one day, and did not come back. At the end of nearly a week's search, his gun and powder-horn were found at the mouth of this cave, within which the famished and nearly dead man was at last discovered. Of course nothing less could be done than to call it Ruffner's Cave, which is printed on all the maps in attestation of the truth of this history.

Knowing something of this cave, in the summer of 1878 Mr. B. P. Stebbins conceived



PORCH OF RUST HOUSE.

the project of a more complete exploration of it, with a view of making it an object of interest to tourists, and he invited the coöperation of the brothers Andrew and William E. Campbell. These gentlemen declined to go into the old cave, but were ready to engage in a search for a new one, and it was finally agreed to form a "company" for that purpose. Together they went ranging over the hills on both sides of the valley, across the fields and in and out of the abundant and tangled woods, examining every depression, peering into all the dark corners, stooping under rocky ledges from which the rattlesnake had first to be expelled, enlarging holes from which scared foxes darted in dismay or in which they drew their skins into a minimum of bulk, hiding their bushy tails and skulking in the uttermost end of their half-natural burrow. They parted thickets only to find that they did not hide the coveted prize, which, unlike most prizes, would have an increased value in proportion to its hollowness! Nearly four weeks spent in fruitless search had its only effect in exciting the astonishment and ridicule of their neigh-

bors, when, returning one August day from a long tramp, they approached home over the hill where Ruffner's Cave was. In the cleared land on the northern slope, a couple of hundred yards or so from the mouth of the old cave, was a sink-hole choked with weeds, bushes and an accumulation of rails and loose stones which, for generations back, farmers had been accustomed to toss in there out of the way. It occurred to them that this suspicious hollow was worth investigation. Clearing away some of the rubbish, they fancied they felt currents of cool air sifting up through. Laboriously tumbling out the bowlders, Mr. Andrew Campbell was finally able to descend by the aid of a rope into a black abyss, which was not bottomless, however, for he soon let go of the rope and left his companions on the surface to their conjectures. Becoming uneasy at his long absence, his brother also de-



COTTAGE AT ENTRANCE OF CAVE.

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BRODDUS'S LAKE.

scended, and together the men walked in a lofty passage for several rods, where their progress was stopped by water. Returning, they told Mr. Stebbins what they had seen, and all agreed upon a policy of silence until the property could be bought. Then they went home and dreamed of "millions in it." Such was the discovery of the Luray Cave.

Dreams are but a "baseless fabric." The property was bought of a bankrupted owner, at sheriff's sale, but upon an intimation of its under-ground value, one of the relatives of the original owner sued for recovery upon an irregularity in the sale, and after two years of tedious litigation, in which the case was carried to the highest court, he won his suit. Previously, a company of Northern gentlemen, most of them also interested in the local railway, formed a joint-stock company to purchase the property, and it passed into their hands in the spring of 1881. But during the two years, the original cost had swelled, and the early visions had dwindled, until they met at \$40,000. This is the history of the "wonder," and now we are ready to enter it.

The ground rises only a trifle from the level of the valley to the hill, and on the

open slope stands a house with porticoes all around, conspicuous in fresh paint, and having a public air about it. There is the ordinary appearance of public waiting-rooms about this house, but, unlike most houses, the great interest of it lies in its cellar. Registering your name, your guide gives you a tin frame much like a scoop-shovel, held upright by a handle at the back, which holds in front three lighted candles. He opens an inner door, and you follow him down a staircase of masonry, and before you grasp the idea that your adventures have begun, you find yourself in the large antechamber of the caverns. This unpremeditated, unintentional entrance is as though you had been dropped in the midst of it, or had waked from a sleep there, and is most effectual in putting the stranger *en rapport* with the spirit of astonishment which he must feign, if (by reason of any sad defect in his constitution) it is lacking, in order to maintain his reputation in this locality as a respectable person. At the same time the truth is pressed upon your mind, that this cavern is not in the side of a mountain, as your preconception of it would suggest, but underneath one of the low hills which

diversify the surface of the valley, and which remain from the hollowing out of all the valleys, and the production of the mountains four or five miles distant on either side; and the cave "has no obvious relation with them, except that its origin was partly coincident with their origin, and with the excavation of the valley by erosion."

When the Campbells first entered this antechamber, which is about as large as an ordinary barn, they were able to follow a narrowing extension of it only a little way, when, as I have said, they were stopped by water. Some weeks later, in order to make a second exploration, they took a small boat with them, but found that the water had nearly dried away. We can now walk across on a causeway of clay for twenty-five or thirty yards, past the Vegetable Garden, the Bear Scratches, the Theater, the Gallery, over Muddy Lake on a planking bridge, which is itself spanned by a stone arch; through the Fish Market and across the Elfin Ramble—a plateau in which the roof is generally within reach of the hand—and so come to Pluto's Chasm, an underground ravine roofed with the strata which support precisely similar gulches and chasms open to daylight, and owing their configuration to the same slow and subtle agencies. Most persons, trying with their gaze to fathom a depth which their candles' beams fail to penetrate, but which, by and by, their feet lead them to, are tempted to exclaim, "What mighty convulsions rent these walls asunder!" forgetting the unparted stratum of native rock overhead. But *cataclysm*, as the all-potent word to explain every hard conundrum of geology, is obsolete. As in the fable of the hare and the tortoise, an agency infinitely slower, a very type of gentleness, has done the same work while the convulsion slept.

Great caves can only occur in a limestone region, and they result from the chemical fact that the carbonates of lime and magnesia are soluble in water containing carbonic acid. "This acid abounds in atmospheric air, and is one of the products of the decomposition of animal and vegetable waters, so that rain-water which has percolated through the soil has usually been enriched with it from both sources. With carbonic acid, then, as the active agent, and water as the carrier, we are able to account for the disappearance of strata however thick, and whether above or below ground. Above ground the result is a lowering of the general level, the deposition of a residual stratum of clay (a constituent, in a finely divided condition, of the Valley limestones), and the formation of valleys where special causes have favored the disin-

tegration of the stone. 'Hard' water flows away, and a clay soil is left behind. Below ground, on the other hand, the result is a cave—if there be a fissure in the strata through which the acidified water may make its descent. In the course of time this fissure is worn larger, and the entering water dissolves and bears away with it bit by bit the stratum through which it passes, flowing out at some lower level with its burden of lime and magnesia, but leaving the clay behind to plague the adventurous cave-hunter."

Given the initiatory crack—common enough in limestones—and it only requires time and abundance of water to hollow out Pluto's and all the other chasms, halls, galleries, and avenues which make up this or a more extensive series of caverns; and when once this work has well begun, other natural agencies contribute their aid to the enlargement of the area and the adornment of its interior.

From the chasm, where there is a Bridge of Sighs, a Balcony, a Specter, and various other names and habitations, we recross the Elfin Ramble, walk, wherever dry, on mud or tufaceous floor or ringing rock (when honey-combed, sounding hollow beneath the tread), and in muddy or difficult places upon bridges of pine planking, which rots away and must be replaced every nine months. We pass successively Titania's Veil, Diana's Bath—the lady was not fastidious!—and come to a very satisfactory Saracen Tent.

Then we ascend stair-ways past the Empress Column,—easily empress of all, I think,—and proceed under the Fallen Column to the spacious nave of the Cathedral. We pause to note its lofty groined roof and gothic pillars,—surely, in some like scene to this, the first architect of that style met his inspiration!—its large, Michael-Angelesque Angel's Wing, and its Organ. Then we sit down and turn to the prostrate stalactite. It is as big as a steam-boat boiler, and bears an enormous pagoda of stalagmitic rock which has grown there since it fell. It thus forms a good text for a conversation.

Here Dr. C. A. White, of the Smithsonian Institution, stands as authority. The rock out of which Luray Cavern has been excavated is a compact, bluish limestone, not very evenly bedded, and weathering ruggedly on account of its heterogeneous texture, a fact to which the almost endless variety and irregularity to which it chiefly owes its charm is largely due. The few fossils discovered indicate that this limestone stratum is of lower silurian, probably belonging to the Trenton period.

The position of the cave in the middle of an open valley, distant from the mountains,

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BURNING MAGNESIUM TAPE BEFORE THE EMPRESS COLUMN.

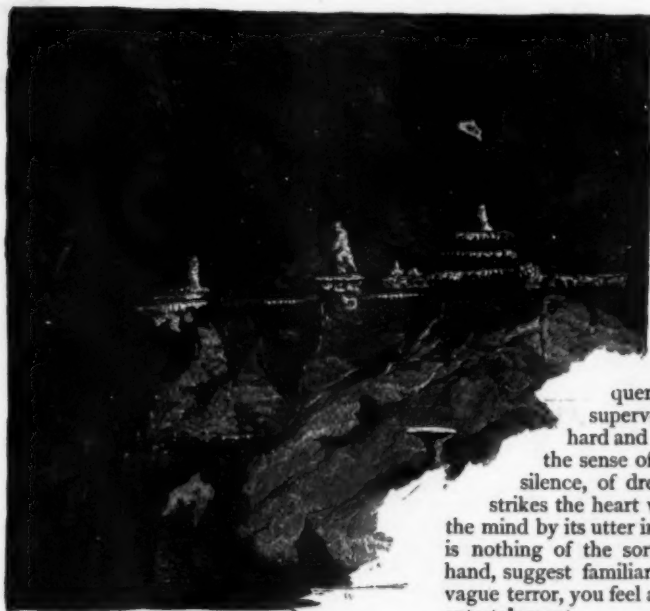
and so much below their crests, shows that it was hollowed out toward the close of the epoch within which the formation of the valley took place. The character of the erosion leads to the conviction that the excavation was effected subsequently to the formation of the great folds referred to at the beginning of this article, which plainly took place after the close of the carboniferous period, because strata of that period and those of later date are involved.

It is thus evident that the geological date of the origin of Luray Cave, although it is carved out of silurian limestone, is considerably later than the close of the carboniferous period. None of the facts yet ascertained warrant a more definite conclusion concerning the limits of its antiquity than to say that the most recent epoch at which it might have been formed is the tertiary. It is highly

probable that the date of its origin is not more ancient than that of the Mammoth Cave, or the Wyandotte in southern Indiana.*

Now, these geological statements tell one the relative position which the cave occupies in cosmic history, but they help the mind little in comprehending its antiquity measured in years or even by centuries, and serve chiefly to make our vamping on the subject seem of extremely small account. Nor can we get at a much better estimate by studying the present processes of change, for evidently these have not gone on uniformly since the beginning,—both erosion and new growth varying from year to year at every point, and proceeding in no two parts of the cave at exactly the same rate. The indications are, that in past ages the work went on with great

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April and October, 1880.



ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

rapidity, but that latterly change has been very slow, and at present has almost ceased.

Leaving the Cathedral, a narrow, jagged passage, where one must continually guard both his shins and his crown from painful bumps, we get an outlook down into a sort of devil's pantheon, full of grotesque shapes and colossal caricatures of things animate and inanimate, casting odd and suggestive shadows in whose gloom fancy may work marvels of unworldly effect, and leads you by a stair-way to a well-curtained room called the Bridal Chamber. With an access of that idiocy with which the strongest people, perhaps, are tinctured when about to enter matrimony, one or two couples have come to this damp hole to be married; so the place is put down in descriptions as "consecrated"! The back door of the Bridal Chamber admits to Giant's Hall, just beyond which is the Ball-room—both large and lofty apartments, constituting a separate portion of the cave, parallel with the length of Pluto's Chasm. In the Ball-room we have worked back opposite the entrance, having followed a course roughly outlined by the letter U.

I have thus run hastily over the greater part of the ground open to the public, in order to give an idea of its extent and nomenclature. To describe each figure and room separately is impossible. The best I can do is to try

to give some general notion of the character of the ornamental formations of crystalline rock which render this cave without a peer in the world, perhaps, for the startling beauty and astonishing variety of its interior. Some caves—the Mammoth is an example—are completed by the simple digging out of their vaults; no subse-

quent growth of new rock supervenes to decorate their hard and changeless walls. There the sense of vast vacancy, of awful silence, of dreadful, lonely darkness, strikes the heart with awe, and impresses the mind by its utter intangibility. Here there is nothing of the sort. Objects are near at hand, suggest familiar forms, and, instead of vague terror, you feel a comfortable and lively entertainment.

Where conditions of dryness and ventilation are favorable and the percolation of water is just right, stalactites and stalagmites will form as they have done here, though rarely in equal profusion and attractiveness. Their formation is simple. Whenever through some of the minute crevices in the limestone roof or wall a drop of water trickles, it is sure to be saturated with carbonic acid, and to bear along with it a solution of lime and magnesia. When, emerging from its rocky channel, it meets with a current of air, it will evaporate and leave behind it minute crystals of carbonate of lime deposited in the form of a ring, because, as the drop evaporated, the solid matter became more concentrated around its edges than in the pendent center. "This ring now becomes the support of the drop, and the process continues until a tube of the diameter of the drop, and from one to thirty-six inches in length, is formed. At this stage of its growth it begins to fill up, and the water now trickling exteriorly deposits its solid matter and enlarges it." This process forms a hanging appendage of stone exactly as icicles grow—large at the top because the larger part of the lime is deposited before the drop reaches the tip, which nevertheless prolongs itself downward with never-ceasing endeavor to touch bottom.

But, in the majority of cases, more water flows down a stalactite than can be evaporated, and drops to the floor, depositing, parti-

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cle by particle, its solid matter in the same spot, directly underneath the tip of the stalactite, until a column corresponding fairly to the size of the stalactite is built up; this is a stalagmite. In time, the upward reach of the one and the downward stretching of the other may join them into a single column, thick or slender, reaching from floor to ceiling. There are many such pillars, seeming to support the roof, in this cave—hundreds of them, from the size of a fishing-rod (and wonderfully resembling a bamboo stick, with every node perfect) to that great column in the center of Giant's Hall, which is fifteen or twenty feet in circumference and is ribbed like an ancient oak or redwood; pillars representing all sorts of architectural style in base and capital, for the sculpture-like growth and commingling of these stalactites and crystallizations lend themselves easily to every odd design and fantastic embellishment, which yet never seem inharmonious.

Though the simple stalactite will be circular and gradually decreasing in size, conically, from its attachment to its acuminate point, yet innumerable variations may occur, as the dripping or streaming water that feeds it is diverted from its direct and moderate flowing. Where it runs slowest, but copiously, or at least continuously, there most lime will be deposited, and the stony image will be built up to the prejudice of a less favored part. Thus it happens that stalactites often become expanded at their ends far beyond their size at the top, or take a slanting line; then the stalagmite underneath learns also to lean in the same direction, so that when they meet it will be at the intersection of two angular lines of growth. A notable example of this process is seen in the "Tara's Harp" and its snow-white feeder.

Chief of all the varieties, however, and the one that in lavish profusion is to be seen everywhere in these caverns, is that which, by growing on the edges only, produces not a round, icicle form, vertically pendent, but a wide and thin laminated or sheet form, which is best described by its semblance to heavy cloth hanging in pointed folds and wrinkles, as a table-cover arranges itself about a corner. This is most likely to happen where the water flows over the edge of a ledge or comes down through a crack, rather than by percolation through needle-point apertures, or where it oozes from the side-walls. Now the heterogeneous nature of this limestone, mixing masses of harder or more gritty substances with other fractions of a softer kind, caused it to be eroded unequally, and everywhere enormous angular masses, resting on a softer substratum, have been undermined

until they fell to the floor, stood out from the walls as protruding ledges, or were cut out from their connection with the wall-rock, and left standing as islands to be coated and reshaped and hidden away under the glittering panoply which the gnomes who did the work hastened to throw over every bit of common rock within their industrious reach. It is this channeling through soft rock and leaving hard limestone alone; this chipping away overhead and underneath a resisting stratum; this tumbling heedlessly down and sedulously piling up; this everlasting, tireless labor after grotesque change which is not yet, nor ever will be, content—these give to Luray its labyrinthine lack of shape, its chaotic multiplicity of things completed and things half-done and things not yet more than mere material, which mark it to the imagination as a workshop, or a last hasty refuge, or an unarranged store-house, of the art-workers of the under-world, who, surprised by the light of intruding day and the inquisitive, commonplace eyes of men, fled affrighted to some yet more profound habitation in the depths.

Fancy has taken the bit in her teeth, as she is most likely to do down here; but what I started out to show was, that where ledges and table-like surfaces were so abundant, there the drapery was sure to form. In the Market it crowds the terraced walls in short, thick, whitish fringes like so many fishes hung up by the gills—"rock-fish," the guide will tell you, as his little joke. The Saracen Tent is formed by these great, flat, sharply tipped and gently curving plates, rich brown in color, depending from a square canopy so that they reach the floor, save on one side, where you may enter as through conveniently parted canvas. The Bridal Chamber is curtained from curious gaze with their massive and carelessly graceful folds; the walls of



DOWN FROM THE CEILING.



A CORNER OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Pluto's Chasm are hung with them as in a mighty wardrobe; Diana's Bath is concealed under their protecting shelter; Titania's Veil is only a more delicate texture of the same; Cinderella Leaving the Ball becomes lost in their folds as she glides, lace-white, to her disrobing, and a Sleeping Beauty has wrapped these abundant blankets about her motionless form; while the Ball-room carries you back to the days of the Round Table, for the spacious walls are hung as with tapestries.

Do not disbelieve me when I speak of wealth of color. The range is small, to be sure, but the variation of tint and shade is infinite and never out of tune. A painter would, perhaps, express it intelligibly to his brethren by saying it was all a harmony in brown. The first crystals of these salts of lime are pure white and translucent. If you pick up a fallen fragment of a young stalactite, you

find it a white, delicate tube, glassy without, spongy within, alabaster-like, and almost transparent. Where water is continuously flowing, and crystallization at present is going on with some rapidity, as at the various "frozen fountains" and "cascades,"—which look precisely like the gleaming cataracts of sunlit ice which are to be seen on high mountains, or at Niagara in winter,—the surface is crystalline, perfectly white, like fresh marble, only more radiant and ethereal, and sparkling with a soft, snowy light. Such is the lofty and richly chased Empress Column, the Geyser, the odd little Comet, the Specter, that gleams fitfully from the Stygian gloom of a seemingly boundless abyss, a thousand alabaster pinnacles and pendants scattered here and there, and much silvery fretwork on wall and monument. But when the steady growth ceases, and fresh crystals no longer supersede with maiden purity the *débutantes* of yesterday, then

the carbonic moisture of the air eats away the glistening particles of lime, and leaves behind a discolored residuum of clay-dust and iron-oxides. If this has gone on very long, the object attached becomes almost completely decomposed; you may push your penknife to its hilt into the apparently adamantine substance of the Fallen Column. Thus it happens that, from the niveous purity or pearly surface of the new work, there runs a gentle gradation through every stage of yellowish and whitish brown to the dun of the long-abandoned and dirty stalagmite, the leaden gray of the native limestone, or the inky shadow that lurks behind. It is thus that the draped and folded tapestries in the Ball-room are variegated and resplendent in a thousand hues. Moreover, various tints are often combined in the same object, particularly in the way of stripes, more or less horizontal, due to the varying amount of iron, silica, or other foreign matter which the lime-water contained from time to time.

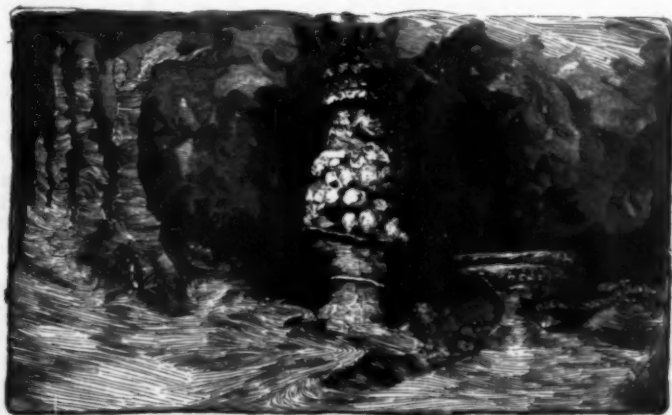
The best example of this, and, indeed, of the "drapery formation" generally, is to be found in the Wet Blanket,—a name given apparently to dampen your enthusiasm beforehand, so as to give the eye a fresh surprise. Suspended in a recess in the wall of a small sub-cavern is this curious stalactite, which perfectly simulates a blanket hung up after a wetting, every wrinkle natural to a dangling piece of heavy woolen cloth being represented, with the water yet draining out of it.

Down in Pluto's Chasm, also, is a notable group of stalactitic draperies. "They are sixteen alabaster scarfs," says a recent description, "of exquisite color and texture. Three are snow-white; thirteen like agate, are



THE DRAGON OF LURAY.

striated with rich bands of every imaginable shade of brown, and all are translucent. The shape of each is that of one wing of a narrow lambrequin, one edge being straight, the other meeting it by an undulating curve. The



UP FROM THE FLOOR.

stripes follow the curve in every detail. Down the edge of each piece of drapery trickles a tiny rill, glittering like silver in the lamp-light. This is the ever-plying shuttle that weaves the fairy fabric." A balcony has now been built right among them, overlooking the Chasm, and this point should by no means be missed. The burning of magnesium tape here brings out, with the suddenness and spectacular effect of the ballet-stage, a thousand grotesque shapes and fanciful outlines, leaving spaces of darkness between, where the eye nervously suspects that frightful creatures abide. "The devil!" exclaimed a startled guide, not long ago, as, halting for a moment, his lights were suddenly overturned by a gaunt form which shot by his feet; but it was only a hare. Wood-rats, mice, and bats are occasionally seen. There are no snakes, as one timid lady was afraid there might be, and the imagination is left to evolve the uncanny beasts out of the dens of darkness, which hold no life in reality beyond a few groping insects.

I have said that the edges of fallen rock-masses and ledges are clothed with the drapery-stalactites. This works curious results here and there in the cave, for two masses may be joined together, or, previously connected by an overlapping bridge-stone, may both be surrounded by stalactites which thus inclose an open center, and bear a forest of stalagmites on top. A large number of the pillars are probably hollow, and are formed by the crowding together of many drapery-stalactites, which finally have coalesced, leaving the pillar deeply fluted, or seamed up and down, with their disconnected edges. When you find one of these massive, ribbed, and rugged old pillars, lost above in a host of curved stalactites, their thin and wavy selvages guiding the eye to tips which seem to sway and quiver, it is hard to believe that this is not an aged willow turned to stone. Indeed, the whole scene, in many parts, is strongly suggestive of a forest with tangled undergrowths, thrifty saplings, fallen logs, and crowding ranks of sturdy trees, under whose bending limbs and drooping foliage one might wander for miles without catching the flicker of a leaf or hearing the stir of any breeze:

"The island valley . . .
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

In more than the general effect, indeed, the ornamental incrustations of this cave mimic the vegetable growths outside. Many of the stalactites are embroidered with small excrescences and complicated clusters of protruding and twisted points and flakes, much like

leaves, buds, and twigs. To these have been given the scientific name of helictites, and they are ascribed "to a slow crystallization taking place on a surface barely moist, from material conveyed to the point of growth by a capillary movement." The grottoes of Stebbins Avenue exhibit them to the best advantage.

Then there are the botryoids—round and oblong tubers covered with twigs and tubercles, such as that cauliflower-like group which gives the name to the Vegetable Garden; these grow where there is a continual spattering going on. A process of decomposition, dissolving out a part and leaving a spongy framework behind, furnishes to many other districts quantities of plant-semblances, that you may name and name in endless distinction. Then in the many little hollow basins, or "baths," and in the bottom of the gorges where still water lies, so crystal clear you cannot find its surface nor estimate its depth; where your blue magnesium-flame opens a wonderful new cave beneath your feet in the unrecognized reflection of the fretted roof; and where no ice is needed to cool, nor cordial competent to benefit, the taste of the beverage;—there the hard gray stone blossoms forth into multitudes of exquisite flowers of crystallization, with petals rosy, fawn-colored, and white, that apparently a breath would wilt. You have seen a group of sea-anemones in some tide-pool, with all their downy tentacles flung out? That is like these motionless corollas of calcite.

Another freak of crystallization is the making of "cave-pearls." They lie, three or four together, in little hollows in the floor, exactly like so many eggs in a sparrow's nest. Around a grain of sand or flint, as a nucleus, accumulates a concretion of lime. Every falling drop moves the grain and prevents its becoming attached or growing into any except a globular form; thus, under the proper circumstances, marbles or "pearls" are formed.

But I must cease this attempt at even a suggestion of the possible variety of size, and shape, and mimicry, and quaint device to be met with. That hard stone should lend itself to so many delicate, graceful, and airy shapes and attitudes, rivaling the flexible flower of the organic world, fills the mind with astonishment and bewilders the eye. And when you have struck the thin and pendent curtains, or the "pipes" of the Organ in the Cathedral,—for these are only a group of stalactites which have fallen and partly buried themselves upright in the mud,—and have found that each has a rich, deep, musical resonance of varying pitch, so that with a little study you could complete the octaves and thrum a melody whose tones would be more like the

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THE WET BLANKET.

breathings of an organ than the metallic quality of piano or xylophone—then your admiration is complete; the denizens of the cavern not only pose but speak. And how many, many centuries has this museum, or gallery of the “playfulness of God,” which the old geologists used to talk of, patiently been awaiting its disclosure! It is not a place for thousands of lights and the chattering merriment of excursionists, with their flirtations and junketing, but for silent and full-hearted delight.

The impressions which it all makes upon such visitors as are affected at all, beyond oh's and ah's, if written down, would make very curious reading. Of the hundreds that walk singly through these catacombs, or troop after the brass band of an excursion, few have left any record by tongue or pen; but the two best remembered by the managers about sum up the whole range of mental experience here. Both, curiously enough, were uttered the same day. The first visitor, after a long tramp, turned to Mr. Corson, and speaking slowly and impressively, said: “I feel as though I must kneel down

and render homage to my Creator for this exhibition of infinite power.” As the blue magnesium-light lifted the curtain of thick darkness in the Ball-room, and brought out in an instant the far-reaching, coruscant, theatrical sculpture of the lofty dome, the silence was broken by the exclamation of the second spectator: “It knocks thunder out of the Black Crook!”

The cave has not yet years enough to have gathered about itself much human interest; but, before leaving, we must not forget to follow down a long stair-way into a deep and narrow gulch, where the dampness and gloom is little relieved by anything to please the eye. At the foot of the staircase, the guide drops his lantern close to a trench-like depression, through which a filmy brooklet trickles noiselessly. No need of interrogation—there is no mistaking that slender, slightly curved, brown object, lying there half out, half imbedded in the rock, with its rounded and bi-lobed head, nor its grooved and broken companions. They are not fallen, small stalactites; they are human bones. Fit

for the mausoleum of emperors, what a vast vault to become the sarcophagus of one poor frame! But the cave has guarded its trust well, for, while Cæsar's bones have "turned to clay," these are durable as iron.

It is remembered in the valley that, half a century ago, a dwarf lived here, and one day disappeared from view. Six or seven years afterward, his gun, and shreds of his overcoat, were discovered in the woods near the entrance to the old cave, whereupon it was concluded that he had entered and lost himself. However, the fact that additional parts of the skeleton are still buried underneath the tufaceous floor seems to disprove the theory that these are the poor dwarf's bones, since more than half a century, or a whole one, would be needed to deposit stone enough to entomb the bones, unless we discredit the evidence of the present slow growth of lime-rock in the cavern. Perhaps the owner of the femur, etc., was some Indian youth, who, three or four hundred years ago, by accident or design, entered these catacombs, and falling over the high precipice and unable to move, starved to death.*

Out into the warm, sweet air again, all the world looks fairer for one's temporary occultation. Surely the Troglodytes had a hard lot. Even the Naiads under the water, and the Nereids, though indissoluble from the growing trees, were better off!

* Mr. S. Z. Ammen, in his excellent little guide-



LOOKING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE.

book, calls these "the bones of a man—unhappy not to have possessed a copy of this book when he entered upon his explorations." My unhappiness, on the contrary, arose from the fact that I *did* possess it; for I found it had preempted all my adjectives, particularly that widely serviceable term, "weird."

THE FLOWER OF FLAME.

At Lyndhurst of the tall white towers
Was built a Palace of the Flowers,

That in the time of frost and snow
The children of the sun might blow.

And there, upon a winter's night,
A strange plant blossomed into light.

An elfin flower it was, in truth,—
No human eye had watched its growth.

When all the world was still as death,
It burst its bonds and broke its sheath,

And climbed upon the crystal tower,
Unfolding in a gorgeous flower

A running rose with burning briars,
And leaflets tipped with its own fires.

A living light shone from it, far
More bright than beam of moon or star.

On naked hill and barren dell
And leafless wood its glory fell,

And on the kingly Hudson's flood,
Red with a redness like to blood.

But soon this wonder, that had made
The stars grow pale, began to fade.

Its crimson petals fell as fast
As leaves before an autumn blast.

Thus, ere the dawning of the day,
It sprang to life and passed away,

And still we know not whence it came,
Or whither went the Flower of Flame.

ORIENTAL AND EARLY GREEK SCULPTURE.

THE fascination which Greek art has for the civilized world appears in the repeated revivals of its influence, molding the taste and artistic productions of modern times. From that early day when mediæval Italians first caught glimpses of the wonder-land of antique forms, it has ever been disclosing fresh beauties to charm mankind. Pisano and, later, Alberti, Ghiberti, and many others were deeply imbued with its spirit. Squarcione cruised among the Greek islands, and explored Greece itself for remains, and brought to his home in Padua drawings and ancient sculptures for the use of his scholars, among whom was the great Mantegna. No less did the forms of classic art hold sway over the genius of a Raphael, who studied fading frescoes in Roman baths. Michael Angelo in his boyhood copied a satyr, and sought comfort in sightless old age by running his fingers over the Belvedere Torso. At a later date, this enthusiasm received fresh impulse from the labors of Winckelmann and others, whose efforts were most signally favored by the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In our own times, the names of Olympia, Tanagra, Athens, and Pergamus are synonymous with the triumphs which the knights of modern research have won in disenchanting fair forms of the past from gloomy imprisonment.

No wonder that such a world of beauty should blind us to the less attractive but vigorous and intensely national art-growths of the Orient, and to the humble beginnings of sculpture in Greece itself. To enjoy this obscure twilight of art we must veil our eyes to its noonday glory. The Nile and the Tigris do not, indeed, wash the base of ruined Doric temples; from the parched plains of Mesopotamia and the sands of Egypt the excavator's spade does not unearth the perfect forms of an Apollo or a Zeus; and yet the venerable empires of the Orient have produced sculptures which are not merely a heterogeneous jumble of winged bulls, lion-headed monsters, stern colossi, and uncouth forms. Their monumental remains will be found, instead, to obey laws which group them harmoniously according to time, material, climate, religion, and race, for to such influences art, the mirror of human culture, must ever be susceptible.

First to command attention among these hoar and time-honored remains are the enduring monuments of the Nile valley, which itself gives the key to their interpretation.

Our nineteenth-century civilization, with its rapidly crumbling monuments, stands aghast at empires that were ancient even in the Homeric age, and whose sculptures could tell a story of thousands of years. The Sphinx at Gizeh reaches back into an age more distant even than that of the Great Pyramid, whose builder, Cheops, caused the restoration of statues akin in workmanship to those that have come down to us.

From this remote and mysterious past, the *Œdipus* of modern research has wrung many truths of deep import to the student of art. The papyrus roll revealing the medical lore of ancient Egypt, even to an infallible panacea for baldness, or giving directions for life in the future world; the inscription recounting victory or repeating the prayer of the pious, have yielded to the Egyptologist. Not the least interesting of the results is the light thrown on the spirit and motive of sculptures heretofore enigmatical.

As the traveler on the banks of the Nile gazes at the majestic ruins of Thebes, the prostrate temple columns, the propylæ rent asunder, the shattered colossi seem once more to stand up and speak of the glories of that age when Egypt was the conqueror of the world; when, beneath the magic wand of those arbiters of its destinies, the Thothmes and the Ramses, these wonders of architecture and sculpture sprang into existence. If we could, in imagination, build up these countless and vast structures, people them with their statues, line them throughout with reliefs, and then, with the painter's brush, charm back their former brilliancy of color; if we could see the obelisk shining with gold, the broad avenues of silent sphinxes through which passed the stately procession, the priests performing their gorgeous rites before the sacred images; and if we could picture the fertile Nile valley, with its overhanging canopy of blue and the unbroken sweep of distant mountains, we should then be able to gain an impression of the part that sculpture played there, its impressive forms harmonizing with the grand repose of the landscape and its colossal proportions witnessing to the ambition of mighty Pharaohs.

In all this, from the tiny scarabs and statuettes found with the mummy to the majestic figures at temple gates, there is a distinctly religious character. And yet, though texts, reliefs, and inscribed statues abound in the



FAÇADE OF GREAT ROCK-TEMPLE, ABOU-SYMBUL, NUBIA. (NEW EMPIRE.)

Pharaonic temples, their central religious thought is obscure. The numerous gods have but a shadowy individuality, and are strongly intermingled—their symbolical forms, medleys of human bodies and animal heads, only adding to the confusion. In the small temple at Karnak, five hundred and seventy-two black granite statues of the lion-headed goddess lined the courts in double rows, but whether purely decorative, or like the obelisk objects of sacred rites, is uncertain. Even royal statues were frequently worshiped, and, oddly enough, Ramses is seen, in one instance, worshiping himself in his own statue. Standing around the courts at regular intervals, like constituents of the architecture, are frequently mummified forms of the god Osiris, wearing the portrait-head of the Pharaoh. They never support the roof, however, but simply adhere to a pilaster which does this service. The colossal monarch, in even numbers, is likewise repeated, sitting on either side of the entrance, and frequently accompanied by diminutive members of the royal family, the heir-apparent peering out from betwixt the gigantic knees—"the law-giver between his feet." Such are the colossi of Thothmes III. before the pylons of Karnak; such the so-called speaking statue of Memnon, with its

twin brother, sixty feet high, portraits of Amenophis III. Often these figures were monoliths, dragged from the quarries by thousands of impressed serfs and captives. Again, the Pharaoh adorns the façade of rock-temples, as at Abou-Symbul, where, hewn from the mountain-side, appear figures of Ramses the Great, each sixty-six feet high, and having forefingers three feet in length. Two of these statues, which are all alike, sit on either side of the entrance, and a cornice of twenty-two sacred dog-headed apes, each six feet high, surmounts the temple-front. The sand is rapidly shrouding the grand and thoroughly Egyptian features of the monarch, who looks calmly down on the great river flowing at his feet. The mild dignity of these faces, expressed in such immense proportions, makes them unequalled for beauty among Egyptian colossi. The structure of the body, however, is rigid and conventional, typical of that vast number of statues which form the stern concomitant of the architecture in the Nile valley. Their royal character is especially marked by that colossal size never given to statues of the gods.

Representations of private persons likewise found their way into the temples, usually by favor of the monarch. The dis-

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covery of such in the temple at Karnak enables us to understand the place which statues of this kind held in the building. Fourteen figures were there found in a row, on a long, breast-high pedestal. One kneels on one knee; one sits *à la Turc*, holding a papyrus roll; another with his knees drawn up to his chin—a common attitude among modern Egyptians while at rest. One of these was repeated three times, in different poses, and, if it was an exact portrait, the original must have been decidedly a *bon vivant*. Another, besides the usual dedicatory inscription to the gods, tells us that he was a distinguished man of letters, and had erected a statue to the king, taking care to inform us that it was of "hard stone." Judging from the variety of pose and size, this assemblage represents a row of worshipers within the temple building quietly awaiting the blessing they desire.

But, besides its population of statues, figures in low relief covered the surface of the sacred structure. That marvelous "Hall of the Columns" at Karnak, with an area of one hundred and twenty square meters, having a roofing of stone resting on one hundred and thirty-four gigantic columns, is written all over with pictures in stone, furnishing an opportunity for the expression of varied and vivacious motion not met with in the statues. The pylons, those fortress-like structures which guarded the entrance to each court, were, likewise, covered with reliefs in which the colossal Pharaoh performs feats of valor worthy of a Samson, to the admiration of his pigmy followers. Where preserved, the top of the edifice is crowned by a compact row of apes, forming a cornice.

But our conception of the sculptural decoration of the Egyptian temple would be incomplete without calling to mind the dignified sphinxes reposing before the building, and varying in size with the pylon to which they lead. A regal avenue of such sphinxes stretches for over a mile across the plain from Karnak to Luxor. Within the courts other shorter avenues are frequently found, apparently inclosed by subsequent additions to the temple, which was the accretion of ages.

Turning from the Nile, how great the contrast in the sculptures of that neighboring empire on the plains of the Tigris. While the monuments of Egypt have a history embracing well nigh five thousand years, the bulk of Assyrian remains, excepting stray fragments, may be included within the space of three centuries (900 B. C. to about 600 B. C.). Egypt had conquered the world and her armies had invaded Mesopotamia long

before the excavated palaces of Nimroud, Nineveh, and Khorsabad were built. Yet the Greek Xenophon, passing over their wasted sites, makes no mention of these structures. Stern, shapeless mounds, rising like hills from the scorched plain, now mark the desolation of centuries, and the scene around is worthy of the ruins the traveler contemplates.

Several of these ancient seats of Assyrian empire have been excavated, but none more satisfactorily for the knowledge of Assyrian art than Sargon's palace and city at Khorsabad, within a mile of hilly summits and on a plain stretching away to the Tigris. Here human hands have piled up in an artificial hill one million three hundred and fifty thousand cubic meters of clay, kneaded like that so vividly described by the prophet Nahum. Spread out on its summit were found apartments of state, secluded quarters for the women, kitchens, stables, and store-houses becoming the dwelling of a powerful monarch, but all of clay, with ponderous walls varying from two to five meters in thickness. At the foot of this palace M. Place discovered Sargon's city, surrounded by walls, also of solid clay. These had towered up twenty-three meters, a height greater than that of houses facing most modern city avenues, and were wider than the avenues themselves (twenty-four meters). Piercing these walls were gateways, so spacious and complex as to call to mind the importance of the city gate in the life of Abraham, and in the story of Boaz and Ruth. But as clay walls crumble easily, and are besides uncomely, they were lined by



GATE-WAY IN SARGON'S CITY WALLS, KHORSABAD.
(ABOUT 701 B. C.)



LION FROM GATE-WAY AT NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

more enduring and attractive material, which in three of these gates took the form of Sargon-headed bulls. These, like sentinels, faced the stranger approaching the city. Within the passage, winged genii adorned either side, apparently supporting the roofing, which was happily found intact, and throws a flood of light upon Assyrian sculpture in its relation to architecture. Here the arch seems to spring from the mitered heads of the bulls, and the vault to ride on their outstretched wings. Brilliantly enameled bricks, in which gold and blue predominatè, face this arch and represent winged beings alternating with rosettes. The huge city-guardians, man, lion, bird, and bull combined, were found without a feather broken; color still shone freshly on their eyes and eyebrows, which were penciled with black, and gave a calm and impressive expression of life. The carefully scrolled mustache and ringlets, the painfully symmetrical feathers, the amusingly regular veins and muscles of these dandy bulls, witness to the ruling passion of the Assyrian sculptor to reduce everything to ornament, however incongruous. While many of the door-ways were lined simply with flat slabs, Khorsabad yielded twenty-six pairs of these monotonously prim portal-guardians. Such figures, in great variety, have likewise been found in other Assyrian ruins. At one gate-way in Nimroud they were pure lions. Again, the lion element was

combined with man and bird. Sometimes the strange monsters have arms and carry an animal, sometimes they regard each other from across the passage. In sculptures of an earlier date they walk on five legs, and later they have only four.

The walls of the rooms were also subject to decay, and needed protection. In the women's quarters and other less important parts, a coating of plain or painted stucco, still used in the Orient, sufficed, while the courts and parlors of state, which daily witnessed royal pomp and magnificence, required and received more durable decoration. Here alabaster slabs of uniform height, about three meters, formed below a shield of stone to the rude clay, while above, painted stucco and enameled brick lined the walls and vaulted ceiling. These slabs, so soft as to be easily whittled, offered tempting fields to the chisel of the sculptor, who traced upon them the facts of contemporary national history, in which the monarch always appears as the prominent actor.

In long and solemn procession, colossal gorgeously clothed figures of attendants and conquered peoples, bearing gifts, move around the sides of the spacious courts toward the king, distinguished by his pointed tiara, and his excess of jewels and embroidery. In the small chambers the scene is different. Here the actors, proportionately small, engage in fierce

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PORTAL FIGURE FROM NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

combat, the king joins battle with strange peoples—always, however, to be victorious. So anxious is the sculptor to impress us with the invincible prowess of the Assyrians, that he never allows us the fascination of uncertainty in watching a deadly conflict, or gives us a gleam of hope for the enemy. Spreading out before us their inhuman tortures, now he impales them before our eyes, now holds up their ghastly heads, or gives their bodies as carrion to the vultures. All this is done, however, with such guileless ignorance of perspective and such gross faults in drawing and com-

position that what was intended to be horrible becomes rather amusing. The same desire to make every detail clearly comprehensible controls the sculptor's chisel in royal hunting-scenes, where fierce and devastating beasts inevitably succumb to the "mighty hunter" in his rich robes and faultless toilet.

Although the Assyrian's gods were so numerous that he seems to have found his resources too limited to name them all, and took refuge in numbers, yet artistic representations of them are comparatively few. The main interest of Assyrian relief centers in the

doings of a powerful, brutal people, whose ponderous physiques are represented in the reliefs. And the size and weight of the iron instruments discovered at Khorsabad, which are too heavy for the modern natives to wield, bear witness to their great strength.

Of Assyrian statues but few have been found. The eight at Khorsabad seem to have taken the place of bulls in the women's apartments. But the artist shows a want of vigorous sense for this important branch of sculpture, the composition and workmanship of his statues being inferior to his combinations of high and low relief, as seen in the bulls.

But at least prolific industry and passion for symmetry cannot be denied to the Assyrian sculptor. Six thousand square meters of relief lined the state apartments of Sargon's palace alone, a part of which now adorns the galleries of the Louvre, and much of which has long since dissolved in the Tigris, where it sank in a storm, during removal. All this magnificence was the work of less than six years, for Sargon commenced building his city 711 B. C., and died 705 B. C. His son Sennacherib not occupying the palace, the neglected building must soon have crumbled.

Protected by the masses of falling clay, many of the sculptures have been well pre-

served, but as Assyrian alabaster rapidly deliquesces, they have otherwise dissolved: relics submerged but three days in the Tigris were found hopelessly obliterated.

The question may be asked: Why did the Assyrians, with an abundance of stone at hand for building, pile up these vast structures of clay? Following down the Tigris to the plains of Chaldea, we shall find an answer, for the Assyrian was an offshoot of the much older civilization developed on those flat plains of Babylon, where clay alone is found. There, to make habitations secure against frequent inundations, this material was piled up into mounds, and clay cities built upon them. Like true orientals, the Assyrians followed in the exact footsteps of their forefathers, and continued, although under altered circumstances, to build in clay—a custom still tenaciously preserved in that country.

How different these ephemeral remains from the granite and porphyry monuments of Egypt, results of long and arduous labor, and likely to be as enduring as time, even though not favored by a cloudless sky. The Egyptian, in inscriptions, delights to remind the gods of the "hard stones," the "eternal images" he has dedicated, to be imperishable witnesses to his piety—the emphasis he gives to



PORTAL FIGURE FROM KIMRUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

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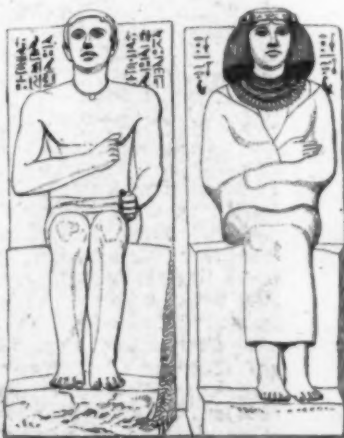
AN ASSYRIAN GODDESS BEFORE THE SACRED TREE, NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 825 B. C.)

temple and tomb making this spirit more striking still. With the Assyrian, the idea of living royalty was the absorbing theme. Remains in Assyria, conjectured to be temples, seem mere appendages of the palace. Of tombs there are no traces. Hence the presumption that, like the modern Persians, the Assyrians buried their dead in a far-off holy land. Such to them was their parent land, Chaldea, where immense fields of the dead, still unexplored, stretch far out into the desert.

In Egypt, from the very earliest time, the tomb was of the greatest significance for sculpture. Of temple ruins on the Nile, from that hoariest past between the First and Eleventh Dynasties, there is scarcely a trace. How vivid the witness borne to the sepulchral art on the plains of Memphis, the capital of oldest Egypt! Along the margin of the desert stretches the vast Necropolis, with a hidden population of statues, sentinelled by those stupendous royal tombs, the Pyramids. Where else have such preparations been made for the final rest of the dead as in this great *campo santo* of the ancient empire?

Though mingled with much that was naïve and material, how vivid were the conceptions of that ancient people concerning the future world! They believed this life but an episode in an eternal existence. Death to them was the real life, only evil spirits being spoken of as dead. The coffin was called the "chest of

the living." But to the ancient Egyptian the immortal part, even after death, was in some mysterious way dependent for its contented existence upon the preservation of the body; hence the importance of embalming, the care taken to keep the body as life-like as possible and secure from harm during the long period of the soul's probation. The "eternal dwellings," hewn in the solid rock, high above the floods, were in strong contrast to the abodes of the living, built within reach



PORTRAIT STATUES OF RA-HOTEP AND NEFERT-T. BOULAC MUSEUM, CAIRO. (ANCIENT EMPIRE.) ABOUT 4450 B. C.



PROFILE OF RA-HOTEP.

of the swelling Nile, and of which scarcely a vestige remains.

The massive chamber of this tomb where lies the mummy is pictureless, and its entrance is closed by solid masonry. From it a shaft leads up, which was at many places thirty meters deep, and was filled with a dense mass of earth and stone, making more inviolate the mummy's rest. Over the concealed entrance of this shaft there rises that other essential part of the tomb, the sacred chapel (*mastaba*), of equally solid construction.



FACE OF NEFERTI.

In a dark recess (*sordab*), aside from this chapel, are found many statues walled up. These are usually twenty or more in number, and represent the deceased with great diversity. To what purpose are they here? Singular beliefs, prevalent among the Egyptians and read from the hieroglyphics by Maspero, furnish us the key to this problem.

An immortal second-self, *ka*, somewhat resembling the "eidolon" of the Greeks and the shade of the Romans, was believed to spring into being with every mortal, grow with his growth, and accompany him after death. So close was the relationship of this strange double *ka* to man's proper being, that it was of the greatest importance to provide it with a material and imperishable body which it should occupy after death, sharing with the mummy the security of the "eternal



BOY KHEADING. BOULAQ MUSEUM, CAIRO. (ANCIENT EMPIRE.)

dwelling." It was believed that the shade *ka* could come out of this statue and perambulate among men in true ghostly fashion, returning to it at will. This stony body for the dead man's *ka* was naturally made in his exact likeness, and also bore an inscription stating his name and qualities. But a single statue might perish, and future happiness be thus forfeited. Hence that most unique feature of Egyptian statuary, the multiplication of the portraits of the deceased in his tomb.

To such naïve faiths and aspirations we owe the number and life-likeness of those most ancient statues which enrich the Boulaq Museum at Cairo, and are scattered through European collections. Of these the eminent Fergusson writes: "Nothing more wonderfully truthful and realistic has been done till the invention of photography, and even that can hardly represent a man with such unflat-

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SHEIK-EL-BELLED. WOODEN STATUE, BOULAQ MUSEUM, CAIRO.
(ABOUT 3950 B. C.)*

tering truthfulness as these old portraits of the rich, sleek men of the Pyramid period." Their vigor and life-likeness is well illustrated in the figures at Boulag, somewhat less than life-size, of Ra-hotep and his sister or wife, dating, according to Mariette, from the Third Dynasty. They were found, as in the engraving, seated side by side in a tomb at Mejdoum, near Memphis. Ra-hotep is a "prince of the blood" and "general of infantry." Hands and feet, the stumbling-block of Egyptian sculptors, are sadly defective, but the closely shorn head and animated face, with its intent upward gaze, have a forcible naturalness, carried out also in the strong frame and distended muscles of the arm, raised as if gesturing. The profile of this ancient soldier, whose military glory dates from so

* Wooden statue of Sheik-el-belled, the only restoration in the Museum of Boulag, published in the museum's catalogue with this apology: "No. 492. In order to enable the statue to stand upright, we have permitted ourselves to add feet, which we have left the color of the new wood."

many thousands of years ago, awakens much respect for his character, and more for the artist who has caught and rendered it so well. The lady Nefer-t is simply called a "relative of the king." Although she sits silent, her arms folded across her chest, still, on gazing into her eyes of crystal and watching her speaking lips, we seem to know her very thoughts. Her bunchy coiffure reminds one that it was usual in those ancient days to wear a wig instead of the modern turban as protection against the scorching sun. A closely fitting white garment suggests a form in keeping with Nefer-t's rich, voluptuous face. A necklace and band about her hair are all the ornaments she wears, the grace of her appearance being due to the charms the sculptor has evidently caught from life.

Such were the statues inclosed in the *sor-dabs* of that remote empire, three or four thousand years before the explored Assyrian palaces were built, or the Homeric lays were sung. These works, unlike those of later ages in Egypt, are of great variety in posture, and are instinct with free life. Note the youth on his knees, kneading bread, perhaps for his master interred in the tomb. His limbs are well rounded, his pose natural,



BRITISH MUSEUM. (MIDDLE EMPIRE. ABOUT 3000 B. C.)



WOODEN INNER DOORS OF TOMB OF HESI. BOULAQ MUSEUM. (ANCIENT EMPIRE. BEFORE 3300 B. C.)

while his form and face are those of the un-
gainly dwellers on the Nile. A nude youth,
carrying a bag on his shoulders, upsets the
theory that Egyptians never represented the
nude form.

How admirably those ancient sculptors
performed the task—confessedly one of un-
usual difficulty—of portraying character in
life-size forms, appears in a head of calca-
reous stone, now in the British Museum. A
certain kindliness of expression, combined
with the flaccidity of age in the skin, suggest
the work of some Egyptian Holbein in this
magnificent fragment. The large, wavy wig,
the fresh naturalness in treatment, as well as
the site of discovery, Memphis, mark this
nobleman as a representative of the Pyra-
mid period. This and other works prove
that, in statues of that early time, the eyes
were not elongated by strips extending to
the ears, nor the eyebrows expressed by ele-
vated bands. The rare rendering of the skin
here is never met with in late Egyptian
works, seldom even in Græco-Roman art, but
constitutes one of the regal peculiarities of
Greek art in its prime.

These life-like realistic statues, however,
will enkindle little of that enthusiasm pro-
duced by works in which poetic grace and

masterly composition combine to charm the
eye. But, to do justice to those old carvers,
let us bear in mind the limits placed upon
art by the spirit of the practical and prosaic
people of the Nile, who required faithful por-
traits of themselves for their tombs. The
physique and physiognomy of the race were,
therefore, of untold influence upon the scul-
ptor, and we are not surprised to find that his
statues, when brought to light, are greeted
as familiar forms by the Egyptian fellah of
to-day. When the famous wooden statue of
Boulaq was disinterred, so impressed were
the villagers by its likeness to their actual
chief that they at once called it "Sheik-el-
belled" (village chief). So national, indeed,
is this ancient art, and its forms so like the
type of the modern Egyptian peasant, that
the work of his forefathers finds more favor
in his eyes than that of European artists.
Granted, moreover, that the ancient sculptor
had been capable of so doing, he would
have had little encouragement to represent
heroic action and create artistic works,
knowing that they were to be forever buried
in the tomb.

Leaving the statues in the dark *sordid*,
let us regard the tomb-chapel itself, varying
in size and appointments with the age and

wealth of the dead, who, while living, devoted much of his time and substance to the preparation of his sepulcher. In this chapel, open to the passer-by, prayers were offered and banquets were held by friends in honor of the dead.

The Egyptian, like other men, dreaded the solitude of the grave, the more so that he attached such reality to it. Servants and family who had attended him in life he would need quite as much in the hereafter. But, as far back as we can trace him, the Egyptian was too advanced to secure society for his dead by the bloody immolations practiced by African tribes of to-day. Art had been called to his aid, depicting in brilliant relief on the chapel walls servants and trades-people in the routine and ardor of work. In the tomb of Ti, some are clearly portraits, as the cripple leading pick-eared hounds. In the midst of his family, engaged in pleasant games, or diverted by the graceful dance, the all-important dead person continually re-appears,

towering in colossal proportions above his pigmy attendants. Thus, sculptured company for the *ka* was provided by these groups on the walls of the tomb-chapel, and the comforting assurance no doubt attended the ancient Egyptian through life that, at death, his needs and social welfare would be properly cared for.

A lively communication between this busy spirit world and living men frequently furnishes amusing touches of nature. To the wooden statue of an Egyptian lady was found attached an importunate papyrus letter from her living husband, who evidently expected his better-half, though in the grave, to get the full force of his message. In this we are reminded of a curious custom existing in the church of the Jesuit College at Rome, where St. Aloysius Gonzaga is buried. On his festival it is usual for the college students to write letters to him, which are placed on his altar and afterward burned unopened.

In the wall separating *sordâb* from chapel



SCULPTOR'S MODELS. BOULAQ MUSEUM. (SAFTIC PERIOD, AFTER 665 B. C.)



BULL FOR SCULPTOR'S MODEL, BOULAQ MUSEUM. (SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 399.)

a crack hardly wide enough to admit a hand is sometimes found, serving as a channel of communication with the statues, and in the tomb of Ti, friends are represented at the opening, wafting incense to reach the stony nostrils within.

As John Chinaman, with due regard for his departed ancestors, provides for them in a very substantial manner by placing savory viands on the grave, so the Egyptian looked well to the creature comfort of his dead by the provision of actual food. Remains of quarters of beef have been found upon the mummy's sarcophagus. Such offerings were also carved on the tombstone (*stèle*) within the chapel;



RAM FOR SCULPTOR'S MODEL. (SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 399.)

set apart lands and goods, the revenues of which should supply banquets to be held, at stated intervals, in their tomb-chapels for ages to come, and stipulated with priests, by

contracts still extant, for an abundance and variety.

Among these tombstone reliefs, perhaps the most striking, as works of art, are those of Hosi, now in Boulaq. Unlike the usual stone lining of the chapels, they are of wood, and were found in the niches of a brick tomb—facts which indicate their very great age, although Hosi's form surpasses those of later reliefs. Seated or standing, he is taller and more slender than the usual representation of the people of the ancient empire. His finely formed head, aquiline nose, strongly marked jaw-bone, and arching instep have nothing in common with their round noses, smiling lips, stocky forms, and flat feet. The detailed anatomy about Hosi's collar-bones and chest is well-nigh unique in Egyptian relief, and shows a truly artistic hand. And yet these excellences are united with strange defects. The head in profile rests on shoulders in full-front view, while loins and legs are twisted back into profile. These faults, so prevalent in all Egyptian relief, may perhaps be explained when it is remembered that the human figure formed a part of the writing, as seen among the hieroglyphics on Hosi's tombstone. The human form thus made to stand for individual ideas, and having been fixed during the infancy of art in faulty outlines, could not, we imagine, be changed without causing confusion in the meaning. It would, therefore, naturally become in the course of time inviolate. Repeated attempts to introduce a truer profile are seen in reliefs of different ages, but the innovations

of random artists were not accepted, and it may be said that, in relief at least, "writing killed art."

But, leaving the companionship of the august Egyptians for the society of the brute creation, we shall find that the ancient artist well appreciated the beauty of a flock of geese, the imprudent kick of a tethered calf, and the dignity of the king of beasts, in all of which he was fully equaled by his brother craftsman in Assyria.

The conscientiousness of the Egyptian in his reproduction of animal forms finds a lively witness in models discovered on most sites. In those from Tanis, now in Boulaq,

while the Assyrian lion, with gaping jaws and threatening teeth, expresses fierce rage and tremendous force—as the sculptor doubtless saw him, goaded by the torments of the cruel hunter. The lion has well been called the hero in Assyrian art. All the details of the hunt were faithfully delineated; but especially on Assur-bani-abi's (Sardanapalus) palace walls, at Nineveh, we follow the scene, from letting the beasts out of their cages into vast parks, to where we see them hunted by the monarch, single-handed or from his chariot, and we watch their dying agonies, or see their powerful dead forms borne away. On one of these slabs, in the British Museum, the



WOUNDED LIONESS, FROM ASSUR-BANI-ABI'S PALACE, KONYUK. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 625 B.C.)

and doubtless intended for study, perhaps by the pupils in some ancient academy of design, the ram's head and neck, and the lion's bold but stealthy step, are worthy of study to-day.

Animals, in Egyptian architecture, never bear anything, but recline, like the sphinxes, or squat, like the sacred apes. In Assyria, on the other hand, the winged bull and yawning lion carry an arch, although represented as vigorously walking out from under it. Even the sacred sphinx, when transplanted to the Tigris, is burdened with a pillar. In Egyptian statuary the lion, like the famous beasts of the British Museum, is conventional—rendered by bold, strong surfaces, which emphasize the grand repose of this king of beasts,

king pours out a libation over his prey. The grandeur of the lion's heads, here arranged in perspective at the feet of the monarch, may challenge the world in vividness of artistic power. Nothing could be more astonishing than the contrast between these majestic brute forms and the figure of the king, in which the sculptor's power is exhausted in the elaboration of superfluous ornament and embroidery.

The representation, in Assyria, of the more terrible wild beasts, as the snorting war-horse, fierce dog, wild ass, bull, and lion, is in keeping with the character of a people whose art never seems to rise above the expression of brute force. A group from Nineveh, in the British Museum, taken from Sar-



HUNTING SCENE, FROM ASSUR-BANI-ABELA'S PALACE, KOYUNJIK. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 695 B. C.)

danapalus's hunting series, shows with what power the sculptor gave the canine form. The keeper can hardly hold these fierce brutes, whose well-shaped heads and strong forms are strained in the effort to make a vehement plunge. That dogs of such huge dimensions actually wandered about Assyrian palaces appears from the impress of a paw, as large as a man's hand, found in the clay at Khorsabad.

In the Assyrian reliefs in the New York Historical Society rooms, it will be seen that the form of the monarch and his attendants have not a startling discrepancy in size as in Egyptian relief, where the huge chief, Gulliver-like, overshadows his Lilliputian followers, and renders artistic harmony in composition impossible. There is, also, in these Assyrian alabaster slabs, a truer profile of the chest, shoulders, and eye—the deeply cut inner corner of the latter, with the more natural outline of the upper lid, forming a pleasing

contrast to the flat, almond-shaped eye of Egyptian relief.

In addition, Assyrian sculptures show continual progress, and had not the empire vanished with the fall of Nineveh (about 600 B. C.), we might expect to find works of still greater freedom. Not so in Egypt. After those realistic portraits, so full of promise of the ancient empire, a sudden night falls upon the sculptor's activity with the close of the Sixth Dynasty. On awaking again, his art forms are rigid, and gradually petrify into fixed types, to which not even the brilliant epoch of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, or the reviving energies of the Twenty-sixth, could give the freedom and truthfulness of the older time.

In the oldest existing Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures there is scarcely a sign of inexperienced beginnings, when the *a, b, c* of technique was being learned. To men who

could create the majestic Sphinx, or the speaking faces of Ra-hotep and Nefer-t; to the sculptor who, several thousand years before Christ, could skillfully carve the feminine forms of the nude Babylonian goddess, found in Koayunjik, the practice of art was no *terra incognita*. Oriental sculptors appear, from the first, as easily subjecting soft alabaster and limestone, obdurate basalt or porphyry, to the rules of their art.

In Greece, it is far otherwise. There the course of sculpture may be traced back to feeble struggling with the material. For ages before the sculptor's art asserted itself, it seems to have slumbered, long after Greek song had sounded truly Hellenic lays.

Certain forms of artistic activity manifested themselves on Greek soil even in those remote days. Glimpses of primitively wrought gold, crudely decorated vases, fragments of ivory and gems graven with uncouth designs, a few sculptured relics in coarse stone, rudest miniature forms of man and beast in terra cotta and bronze, from tombs or from the ashes of sacred altars, reveal to us the early artist's capabilities. Sometimes, he decorates his work with lozenges, squares, detached meander introducing equally square human and animal forms, domestic beasts and birds and those he hunted, all rendered as if in imitation of woven tissues (see Curium vase, Metropolitan Museum, New York). He does not attempt to model the horse, but covers his flat side with imperti-

nent zig-zags; the bird's body he turns into a triangle spread over with a net-work of lines. The origin of these geometric decorations, whether developed by each barbarous tribe independently, as among savages of to-day, or imported from abroad, is as yet unknown. Patterns resembling straggling sea-weed, sprawling polyps, and cuttle-fish which might have originated among people acquainted with the sea, are found on other crude pottery, discovered at Mycenæ, in the Troad, and on some of the islands. These are well illustrated by the vases from Ialysus, Rhodes, presented to the British Museum by Professor Ruskin.

Still another class of designs is found on Greek soil, consisting of fierce lions and bulls, fabulous monsters such as griffins, sphinxes, human-headed birds, mermen and satyr forms, besides palm-leaves, lotus-buds, and rosettes. All these find their prototypes on Eastern cylinders and bowls, and on reliefs which clearly betray an oriental origin. How fascinating it would be to trace in detail the genealogy of those crude monsters on Greek soil back to their ancestors in the far East! Thus, on very ancient Babylonian cylinders in the British Museum, the sage of the Chaldean epic Hea-bani, who aids Izdhubar in his search for Noah, appears in satyr form; thus the spirit Oannes, who came up out of the Persian Gulf to teach the primitive Chaldeans, is portrayed on early Assyrian reliefs in semi-fish, semi-human form, which re-ap-



ASSUR-BANI-ABLA POURING OUT A LIBATION ON SLAIN LIONS. KOYUNJIK. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 600 B.C.)

pears, little altered, on early Greek gems and sculptures. On an Assyrian slab at Dartmouth College, the elegant robes of Assurnazir-pal, who lived 885 B. C.,—hard on to the Homeric age,—are rich in devices seen in modified form on early Greek vases. So, also, the Phœnician silver bowls represented in the Metropolitan Museum are interesting, as suggesting the ornamental motives of classic art.

But how came these oriental designs on Greek soil? Recent excavations aid in answering this query, indicating the course of their wanderings and stages of development between the remote East and Greece. One of these stages was Asia Minor. The nameless ruined cities of Cappadocia and Phrygia have the same extensive palace architecture and the same ornamental style in sculpture found in Assyria. The crude rock-hewn figures in procession at Boghaz-Keui in Cappadocia, the single warriors found near Smyrna, clad in turned-up shoes such as are still worn by the Turks, and the fierce lions and bulls represented in other places and pictured in Perrot's "*Expédition Archéologique de Galatie*," are a reflex of Assyrian sculpture. But, while borrowing much from Mesopotamia, there are independent traits in this ancient Asia Minor art. It seeks expression, not in perishable clay and alabaster, but in the rock which there abounds. The working in this hard material must have developed the spirit of patient application inherited by the Greeks. The extensive sculptures there carved in the native rock of the mountain-side doubtless encouraged that feeling for solidity and fondness for the monumental in art which is lacking in the flimsy work of Assyria but which re-appears in that of Greece.

Some attribute this ancient Asia Minor art to the Hittites, a nation of great conquests, whose capital, Carchemish, was the center of a trade the stations of which may, perhaps, be traced along the great modern routes of caravan travel—on the north, through Sardis to the Mediterranean coasts; and on the south, to the opulent cities of ancient Mesopotamia. However this may be, Asia Minor was certainly early overspread by Asiatic influence, and was brought into lively intercourse with the neighboring islands and Greece itself through migration, war, and trade. This is poetically hinted at in Greek song and myth, and proved by the family resemblance between the early remains of these different places.

But oriental influences streamed in through other channels. Phœnician traders, plowing the blue Mediterranean, brought treasures from the south eagerly desired by the natives

of the islands and shores of Greece; establishing colonies for the furtherance of trade, they introduced their myths, idols, and art-forms, which they had appropriated freely from Assyria and Egypt. Their designs must have seemed surpassingly beautiful to the primitive artist of ancient Greece, as they did to Homer, and we find that they were adopted in very early vases and gems.

But a weightier acquisition for the future of Greek sculpture seems to have been made in learning the manipulation of metal. The Asiatic artist, with a fondness for gorgeous display peculiar to the oriental of to-day, hid cheaper material with costly incrustation. In Solomon's temple the Phœnician Hiram, after carving upon the wooden doors cherubim and palm-trees, "covered them with gold." An Assyrian throne, discovered at Nimroud, dating from about 885 B. C., actually shows this incrusting. Bronze plates recently discovered at Olympia were evidently intended for external application, and early Greek stone reliefs show by their style and choice of subjects the influence of this *technique*.

Great significance attaches to oriental incrustation, from the fact that the Greeks should clothe their loftiest ideal conceptions in this garb. Phidias's Olympic Zeus and Athene's Parthenos were of wood, covered with gold and ivory. The old Asiatic idols which were denounced by the prophet Isaiah lent their *technique* to a more gifted race, to be transfigured in their masterpiece.

This early semi-oriental, semi-Greek art was, according to tradition, mainly industrial, busying itself with decorating armor, caldrons, tripods, vases, and gems, for use, sacred or profane. Remains confirm these shadowy records, and show us, in addition, crude idols—symbols, rather than representations, of the gods. In the oldest strata of ashes about the Olympian altars were found tiny, uncouth figures, representing the worshiper himself, frequently as charioteer or rider, and also exceedingly crude horses and oxen. Thus in Olympia, at least, the early suppliant did not offer an image of a god, or of the animal sacred to deity, but his own image and those of the animals necessary to his daily comfort. He thus followed out a custom traceable to the East, and which long flourished prosaically in Cyprus in statues proven by M. Renan to represent private devotees. There are many of these in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

We have seen that the early people of Greece borrowed largely from the East, but oriental designs, in being thus transplanted, lost much of their original symbolic meaning.

Around these imported forms the inventive fancy of the Greeks wove the web of myth, and, stimulated by inborn genius, recast them into higher, nobler shapes. The sphinx of Egyptian relief representing a Pharaoh trampling an enemy to death under his lion's paws came to the Greeks a mystery, and was woven into tragic Theban myth, as the possessor of a dark enigma who brought destruction upon those who failed to solve its riddle. This male monster of foreign origin was made to assume bewitching female form and character—a transformation common to most oriental monsters when they pass under the wand of Greek fancy. The prosaic designs of the Phœnicians become idealized, almost independent, creations. The griffin's closed beak was fiercely opened, his bald head crowned with large ears, and his tame wings, before an exact copy of Nature, now curl boldly upward, as seen in Greek objects from Olympia.

When and how vase-painter, jeweler, and bronze artificer commenced in their humble way these transformations, we know not. Poetry has blinded history, gathering up in one man, Dædalus, great advances. The name of this mythical artist, in person serving the Homeric gods, furnishes weighty and indisputable evidence for the existence of Hellenic creative genius, but no clew as to the time when such power first dawned. Long and arduous must have been the process, however, before it came to full expression, and the Greek artisan appears still holding to his oriental models as late as 600 B. C., long after the plain white light of Eastern myth had been broken into rainbow hues by Greek fancy, and poets had enchanted into perfect human forms the monotonous, monstrous gods of their neighbors.

We know not how the primitive symbol, wooden log, or shapeless stone passed up to the god in human form, but, looking back to those olden days, we see the worshiper washing his crude wooden idol, painting, clothing, frizzing it, adorning it with wreaths, diadems, and necklaces. These hoary customs were kept up till late times, most frequently in the worship of goddesses, who were supposed, no doubt, to be by nature subject to woman's frailty, fondness for fine raiment.

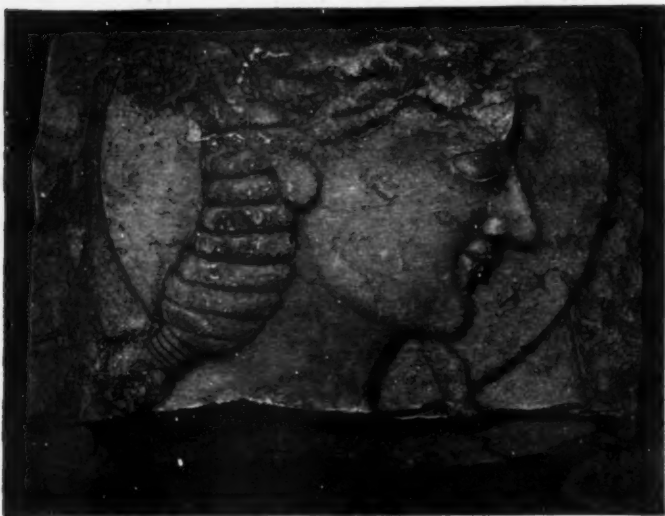
At first the worship of the gods, we are told, centered simply about an open-air altar and its sacrifices. From this humble altar how sublime the course of Greek genius up to the stern beauty of the temple, as a sheltering roof for the sacred image and made worthy of the god!

But this height was only attained when a strongly Greek civilization had been devel-

oped, and could clasp hands with material prosperity. Such a union there was in the seventh century, B. C. A thrifty commerce opened up new resources, colonies scattered from Greece to far-off shores, growth in state and the development of Hellenic ideas showed themselves, while the ruins of large temples, built about 600 B. C., testify to that grand morning of national artistic life. Clay had, by this time, gained greater significance in art, metal was also more skillfully used, and marble was coming to enjoy its place as a medium of artistic expression. With all these changes appeared that vigorous activity in monumental sculpture which, in a hundred and fifty years, was to carry the statue of the god up to its Phidian glory, and give a higher significance to the industrial art of old, bidding it contribute elaborate throne and costly utensil to the direct service of deity. The Samians, Rhœcus and Theodorus, the Cretans, Dipoinis and Scyllis, with many others, stepped upon the stage. Their statues have perished, but ruins from that early time show that, in Asia Minor, temple architecture had well-nigh transformed the motives borrowed from the East, although sculpture still maintained a slightly oriental coloring. In remote Sicily, however, temple sculpture seems to show scarcely a trace of oriental influence, a powerful native genius apparently asserting itself in its own crude way.

These varied relics open up a vast field for study. Precious fragments are scattered through our museums, or still haunt their old retreats. Every new piece discovered, although uncouth, is greeted with the heartiest welcome, as it may aid to unlock the tantalizing secrets about the origin and growth of Greek sculpture.

And yet, although so varied and to us so confusing, we may be sure that these fragments all found their appropriate niche in the art-world of the ancient Greeks. Reliefs decorated the temple structure and funeral monument; they lent a charm to altar, tripod, and throne; on votive tablet they pictured prayer and thanksgiving to the deity; like vignettes they headed decrees of state, perpetuated in marble and set up in public. Statues, however, it is more difficult to place. Some were the great temple deities, like the ancient Hera, found at Olympia; others, more numerous, were votive figures of the gods, guests of the temple deity in his sacred house, expressions of public or private devotion. Other statues represented the athlete, or the worshiper who consecrated his own image to the deity—the latter found rarely, however, among pure Greeks. The deceased was also, even in those old days, sometimes honored with a statue



TOMBSTONE OF DISK-THROWER, ATHENS. (PROBABLY BETWEEN 550 B. C. AND 500 B. C.)

on his tomb, as is proven by remains found at Athens.

The artistic character of all these works varies with age and place, while in all a stiffness is observable, amounting in the older even to clumsiness; yet the student will mark growth in different specimens from the same place—a continual feeling after something better, indicated in the striving to render more truthfully the difficult parts. He will notice a searching for the ideal and beautiful, never wholly found, and deep interest will be enlisted for these ancient sculptors, although admiration be denied their work.

But growth was not equally vigorous and healthy in all parts of the Greek world. Like the orange-tree, art bore ripe and sour fruit at the same time. The purer the Hellenic element and the more gifted the local family, the more vigorously did sculpture develop. Thus in old-fashioned, strongly Phœnician Cyprus it never comes to rich maturity; in Hellenic Rhodes it enjoys a summer life, while in Greece itself, Athens in Attica, and Argos, Sicyon, and Ægina in the Peloponnesus, far out-rival their sister cities.

Even in these purely Greek art-centers there is diversity. The schools of the Peloponnesus are stern, seeking law of form, while a keen sense of vitality and delight in easy flow of lines marks the Attic school. Yet both idealize on a groundwork of sound naturalism. The human form, conceived as nature's noblest work, is far different from the decorative conceptions of the Assyrian and

Phœnician on the one hand, and, on the other, shows a spirit entirely foreign to the photographic realism of early Egypt, as well as to the impassive or lifeless works of later Egyptian art. That monstrous symbolism of the East which put the head of beast on human shoulders to express deity, where it has been adopted in Greece, dies out. Against the black, horse-headed Demeter of Phigaleia the artist of Ægina rebels, and when called upon to replace it, has a convenient dream bidding him change the image. Animals sacred to the gods now simply accompany them, sometimes on the hand, as the deer held by Kanachus's Apollo, sometimes decorating the apparel, as the owls and pegasai on Athene's helmet, and the snakes on her ægis.

While the ancient sculptor's imagination was thus gradually unfolding, and his hand was gaining in skill to wring submission from his material, he was, no doubt, greatly influenced by the sight of the people about him, decked out in oriental taste, as well as by the rude puppet images of his gods, hung with precise drapery and overladen with jewels. The Samians early wore an excess of jewelry, following the oriental taste of their neighbors the Lydians, while in Sparta, Lycurgus made it law that men should wear long hair. In later times, Doric warriors paid great attention to dressing their flowing locks, while the old mode of dressing hair in Attica struck later generations as stiff, so that under the lead of Alcibiades it was discarded, a more

graceful fashion taking its place. When, then, we see just such primness in the old sculptures, we must think that the customs of the people were mirrored by the artist. As in time the people developed a better taste and truer sense of grace and beauty, renouncing their overlaid magnificence, and wore their hair and garments in a manner better suited to reflect the beauty of the Greek form, then the work of art felt the change. The simplicity of natural grace overcame the fussy attire and whimsical *friseur* of archaic works. Thus the intricate and artificial costume of ladies on the early reliefs disappears before the chaste simplicity of the Attic maidens of the Parthenon frieze.

Of still greater importance to the sculptor must have been the impulse he received from sacred competitive games, held, not only in Olympia, but in every Greek town. Here his eye was made familiar with the most perfect forms, engaged in all the graceful activity of athletic sports, and motives were naturally suggested for his chisel. At Olympia, 537 B. C., these games began to be a source of perennial occupation to the sculptor. The victor was allowed to place his statue in the sacred grove near the temple of the gods, but only to him who had been thrice victorious was granted the distinction of a portrait-statue. How numerous and important these figures of victors were is shown by the long chapters devoted to them by that ancient tourist, Pausanias, who is usually tantalizingly brief in his account of the sights he saw. Among the earliest that he noticed was a wooden figure of a boxer, one

Arrachion, standing in the market-place of Phigaleia, with feet close together and arms hanging at the sides in the stiff pose of existing archaic statues.

On a very old bronze relief, recently discovered at Olympia, two boxers in combat wear long hair hanging down the shoulders, like the statue above referred to. The victors were frequently, after death, adored as minor gods who bestowed physical strength. As their statues were thought to work miracles and cure diseases, they were repeated in many parts of Greece, thus opening up new horizons for the sculptor's activity.

Glancing around among the monuments, let us pause before the tombstone of an athlete (page 406), in Athens, which hints to us the humble beginnings of Attic art. It has, also, a special interest as confirming the historical incident recorded by Thucydides that, when the Athenians built the wall about their threatened city, as a defense against the Persian invaders, so great was their haste that even ancient tombstones from the neighborhood were torn down, and used like common stone. In the ruins of that wall, erected under Themistocles's supervision, this quaint relief was recently discovered. Having done its noble part against the barbarian invaders, it is now rescued from oblivion, and receives due honor by a place in the gallery. Its limits call to mind Solon's wise sumptuary law, which restricted the dimensions of tombstones to so unpretentious a size that ten men should execute a single one in three days. This slab shows us a beardless youth holding



TOMBSTONE FROM PHARSALOS, THESSALY. LOUVRE. (PROBABLY BETWEEN 500 B. C. AND 450 B. C.)

with his hand a disk behind his head. Besides adapting itself to the prescribed limits of the law, this relief shows obedience to that artistic feeling which characterized the Greek sculptor alone, for, not content with the arid background of oriental relief, he sought to occupy it in a graceful way by skillful and meaning composition. This is now done by the disk to indicate the athlete. His long, stiff hair, gathered in a coil which was, perhaps, in reality of gold, illustrates how desirable was the change to short hair afterward introduced in Athens. Although our youth's well-shaped jaw-bone, strong chin, short upper lip, and lively expression are in his favor, yet there is but little promise for the future of Attic sculpture in the excessively plain face, with its portrait-like bulbous nose, swelling, superficially placid eye in full front view,—although the face is in profile,—and high cheek-bones, together with the clumsy, ill-drawn hand. The forehead and chin are here in one unbroken line, from which the nose abruptly protrudes. There is no sign of the true Greek profile, in which mouth and chin retreat decidedly behind the exquisite line of brow and nose. The smirking lips of this youthful athlete are also foreign to the sweet dignity of later Attic faces, and seem due to a desire on the part of the sculptor to give a life-like expression, as suggested by faces around him—similar, it may be, to those of modern Greek peasants, in whom the protruding chin and the prominent nose make the place occupied by the mouth look hollow, and thus give the impression of a perpetual smile. Of this type the earlier sculptor's work is seemingly an exaggeration, but it is developed by the later into those ideal forms in which Greek art excelled.

Exaggeration is, in fact, one of the marked characteristics of early archaic art; runners fairly tear themselves, so intense is their motion, and in quiet figures the main features receive disproportionate size. At first we laugh at these peculiarities, but to the student they will suggest great strivings after truth.

A tombstone relief from Pharsalos, in Thessaly, and now in the Louvre, presents a pleasant contrast to this primitive Attic head. Two young women here offer each other flowers. The holding of flowers, apparently with a religious significance, frequently recurs in very ancient art, but seldom in advanced Greek sculpture. How daintily these two figures hold the buds in their hands—the latter so gracefully grouped as themselves to suggest a bunch of flowers! How absorbing the feeling and interest evident in these bended heads! One of the flowers which they regard so tenderly is raised high above the others, suggest-



BRONZE STATUETTE, VERONA. BRITISH MUSEUM.

ing worship, and hence the graceful name given to the relief, of "L'Exaltation de la Fleur." So easy here is the flow of lines and fullness of design, well-nigh covering the background, that one is tempted at first glance, despite the injured noses, to assign to these forms the freedom of art in its prime. A second look, however, at the fixed smile, the eyes in full front view although the face is in profile; at the Schematic treatment of the hair-bands, and the absence of the left breast, although the right is strongly marked, together with the neglect of the form, which cannot be divined through the drapery below the elbow—shows how successfully the sculptor has blinded our eyes by the ease he has lent his work. The pleasing grace of line and the agreeable gradation of light and shade are far different from the sharply defined and sterner plastic reliefs of the Peloponnesus. The effect, akin to that produced by the painter, is well adapted for

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purposes of decorative relief. We see, also, here a striving for that ideal grace of which there is no trace in the homely, every-day forms of ancient Egypt, nor in the powerful brute force of Assyrian reliefs, with their surfeit of ornament. Indeed, so great is this contrast that we cannot seek a comparison; but, stepping with the Greek up to the higher level he has attained, we are content to admire the work from a purely Greek point of view.

Existing statuary bears, likewise, precious witness to the ancient Greek sculptor's successful efforts, in a series of statues, commencing with such as the one from Athens, now in the British Museum, and culminating in those represented by the so-called Apollo-Gouffier and the *Æginetan* marbles.

The Apollo-Gouffier, that erect crude stone figure in the British Museum, is said to have come from the tomb-street of Athens, and doubtless once decorated a grave. It is one of those works of art in which, even through the exaggeration of the sculptor, his vigorous endeavors are clearly shown.

As an illustration of that wonderful advance made by archaic Greek art, may be cited a neighboring statue in the British Museum, originally from Constantinople, where it was obtained by the French ambassador, Choiseul Gouffier. The many repetitions of this quiet, erect figure suggest some celebrated Greek original, since it was common in antiquity, as it now is, to repeat favorite statues. But whom may this youth represent, standing so erect, with powerful form, prominent chest, muscular arms, beautifully regular but stern profile, and leathern thong hanging at his side? Is it Apollo, or a human being—perhaps an athlete? Apollo, the god of male beauty, the Greeks were wont to conceive as a youth whose form was rich and full, graced by curling locks and not hidden by drapery. He was accompanied by the swift deer, held the lyre or bow as attributes, but in no case does a strap appear, as in this statue. The athlete, on the other hand, was characterized by a form of great physical strength and firm muscular build, accompanied by objects used in the games. The discus-thrower carried a disk; the boxer, a leathern thong to be twisted about his waist. Now, as this statue of the British Museum strongly emphasizes physical force, rendered in a style which comes close upon that of the Phidian age, it has been supposed by Dr. Waldstein that it cannot be Apollo, who by that time must have found sculptors able to hint, at least, at his flowing form and peculiar physical perfections. He explains the long hair as a custom of the early Greeks generally, which, as other monuments prove, prevailed likewise

among athletes. It here appears braided and bound tightly around the head, not for an ornament, but in order to render easier the boxer's action in the struggle. The strap hanging on the support of the statue once seems to have dropped from the hand, which is now gone. Marks on the right leg indicate that this figure may once have held a lowered palm-branch, as a sign of victory. Dr. Waldstein traces this statue back to a probable original by Pythagoras—that master reputed to have been as homely as his great predecessor and namesake, the philosopher. In his statues of athletes he made happy innovations, once even gaining the prize over his versatile contemporary, Myron. Whether or not these suggestive theories be accepted by archaeologists, they will doubtless aid in throwing light on many works of the old time. In this statue, the head-dress, flat abdomen, and pose of feet are archaic, but the general modeling and treatment approached the great works that follow. By those seeking a parallel, the name Mantegna has naturally been spoken in its presence, so suggestive is it of the severely chaste beauty of old Italian art. In early archaic sculptures no tracery of veins or subtle texture of skin are indicated. Here, however, the veins of the upper arm, the parts habitually most exercised, are swollen, while the marble skin seems to move and flow like that delicate texture in life, varying with the parts underlying. The muscles themselves are not elevations put together, but melt into one another, rising and falling by gentle transitions. While in older statues the weight of the body is borne by both legs alike, whether one foot is advanced or both stand together, here one leg is "unfreighted," bending easily at the knee, and the suggestion of imminent motion thus given affords the eye a delightful sense of freedom and true organic life. If we could see the statue complete, with arms and palm-branch, we should further realize the sculptor's subtle wisdom in making the body below the waist dip toward the right, while above it inclines to the left, enhancing the rhythmical impression of life and the unity of parts. As it is, we almost forget that we are studying archaic Greek art. This statue represents well the gradual shuffling off of older forms and putting on of greater naturalness, and gives us a glimpse of the significance of preceding works as a preparation for the dignity and freedom of the Phidian age.

The far-famed marbles from *Ægina*, now in Munich, present archaic forms in most varied action. The statue of a dying warrior shows how admirably the old sculptor could represent a man of years sinking in the last

struggle. The glands in the corners of the eyes, and the teeth seen through the half-opened lips, lend the face, also, the look of being well-nigh fixed in death, as the "darkness," described in Homeric lay, "gathers over the eyes." In this statue a subtle rendering of the skin, combined with the well-proportioned rhythmical structure of the whole, is all the more striking, since some of the old severity still clings to it, especially as seen in the beard.

The interest attaching to these archaic nude statues is shared, likewise, by old draped sculpture. In the earlier draped figures, like the seated Miletus statues in the British Museum, elaborately cut garments do not suggest the form beneath, and the folds are not cut out with the chisel, but have been, doubtless, largely expressed by color. Again, the opposite tendency shows itself, the form appearing almost nude under the intricately fashioned and faultlessly regular garments.

A bronze statuette, about seven inches high, which wandered from Verona to the British Museum, presents a fine combination of archaic traits. This ancient lady, with a face of rare sweetness, out of whose eyes gems still flash a tender light, has an elaborate old-fashioned toilet. The dainty figure, of whose grace and exquisite charm, like that of the first buds of spring, it is difficult to gain an adequate impression except in presence of the bronze, still stands on her tiny pedestal, and was, doubtless, one of those votive gifts so frequently consecrated to deity by pious worshippers of antiquity. The hand with her symbol—perhaps a flower which would give us the key to her name—is, alas, gone. The gesture of the other hand is worth notice. Aphrodite, unlike the stern maiden Athene, appears continually on vase paintings, playing with her garment. On the handle of a mirror from Athens, now in the British Museum, she raises her robe, as does this statuette, but many other archaic figures have this gesture in common with Aphrodite. It may, in time, have enjoyed a special religious significance, and as such have been adopted by the Romans to characterize their goddess Spes. Its frequent recurrence in old works seems, however, to suggest a common gesture among women in lifting their trailing garments, applied by the early artist indiscriminately to many goddesses whose thought he could not better translate than by copying

his country-women. Whatever may be its significance, the gesture has been so used as to throw a great charm about this figure. In the exquisite face, in the form so gracefully reflected, not buried, by the quaint, regular drapery, bordered by inlaid silver and enamel, the artist has produced a work which, although of inferior size, is great in art. How delicate his taste in representing the eyes by brilliant inlaid eyes, said to have been so commonly used in ancient Greek masterpieces. We suspect that they must have given a painfully life-like expression, and so we prefer the dark, cavernous sockets which we are accustomed to see, despoiled of their gems. But how tender and gentle the expression of life lent to this face by the sparkle of the diamond! Instead of imitating the natural eye in its details, our artist has simply lodged a point of light in the dark silver eyeball.

The coy, tender expression of this face, the exquisite workmanship, combined with stiffness of style, call to mind epithets applied by the ancients to Kalamis, that Athenian master who received a commission from the poet Pindar, and whose works were eagerly sought for by Romans centuries later. Although it is impossible to trace this gem back to his workshop, it may hint to us how Kalamis could express, even in archaic forms, feminine grace, so as to enkindle the admiration of coming generations, accustomed to the masterpieces of a riper art.

Great names meet us as Greek sculpture stands on the threshold of the Phidian age, such as Kalamis, Myron, and Pythagoras, the Peruginos and Mantegnas of ancient Greece, their efforts crowning those of a host who had preceded them. In these old masters we see how sound and natural the genius of the Greeks, their poetic, artistic feeling standing out in strong contrast to the unimaginative chronicle spirit of Assyria and Egypt. Scorning mere mystic symbols, they idealized the form of man to become a worthy dwelling-place of the immortals.

But while the shapes of the gods were thus being perfected by an Ageladas, a Kanachos, and a Kalamis, and those of sturdy or agile athletes by a Pythagoras and a Myron, the highest ideals of the Greek mind were yet to be attained.

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[The next paper in this series will be entitled "The Phidian Age of Sculpture."]

THE INCREASE OF DIVORCE.

WHEN the Vatican Council dissolved, with a large minority of its members still refusing their assent to the dogma of papal infallibility, the writer of this article held a conversation with a near relative of one of the dissenting prelates, in which the question of the future action of these prelates was raised.

"They will all submit," was the prophecy.

"But how can that be?" was the next query. "They have proved incontestably, from Scripture and from history, that the pope is not infallible. By their arguments they must have convinced themselves. How can they now confess that he is infallible?"

"The logic that convinces them," was the answer, "is the logic of despair. They have been trained from childhood to believe that ecumenical councils are infallible. That, surely, is fundamental in the Catholic faith. An ecumenical council has now pronounced the pope infallible. To dispute this is to reject the fundamental article of Catholic faith and to become Protestants. They cannot be Protestants. It is difficult for you to understand this, but the best of them believe, *ex animo*, that the Roman Catholic Church, with all its faults, is still the true and only church of Christ; and they look with a sincere and a grave apprehension upon what seem to them to be the disorganizing and destructive influences of Protestantism. They believe, for one thing, that the morality and security of our communities depend upon the maintenance of the family relation in all its sacredness; and they believe that the Roman Catholic Church is interposing the only effective barrier at the present time to the destruction of the family in Christian lands. The Protestant sects, with their easy notions about divorce, are assisting rather than restraining the forces that are at work undermining the Christian family. This is one of the signs by which they are convinced that Protestantism is radically wrong, and one of the reasons that will surely

lead them to adhere to the Roman Catholic Church, and to submit to the Vatican decrees."

This representation of the Roman Catholic Church as the special custodian of the purity and permanence of the family had, when it was first spoken, something of the effect of a moral paradox. The claim does, indeed, appear to be somewhat exaggerated when we reflect upon the state of social morality in Roman Catholic countries as compared with those in which Protestantism prevails. In one respect, however, the Roman Catholic Church has proved itself the conservator of the family. By a consistent and stringent discipline it has always maintained the sacredness of the marriage bond. Its doctrine is that marriage is a sacrament, and it holds that the union thus consecrated can be dissolved only by death. Whether this rigid law promotes domestic or social virtue may be a question, but there can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church has steadily enforced its law, and that in this respect the contrast is strong between its action and that of the Protestant communions.

Whatever may be said of the present state of social morality in Protestant countries, it cannot be denied that in some of them, and especially in our own country, the permanence of the family is seriously threatened. The forces by which this mischief is wrought had been at work for several years, and had already become strongly intrenched in our laws and in the habits of the people, before any strong resistance was attempted. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1868, sounded one of the first notes of alarm, and a canon adopted by that body furnished a stringent rule to all the ministers under its authority with respect to the solemnization of marriages—a rule which it would be well if divines of other churches should feel themselves bound in conscience to obey. "No minister of this church," says the law, "shall solemnize

matrimony in any case where there is a divorced wife or husband of either party still living; but this canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, nor to parties once divorced seeking to be united again." About the same time other religious bodies gave some attention to the subject, but the most powerful presentation that has yet been made to the American public was in Dr. Woolsey's temperate and scholarly treatise, published in 1869.* Since that time occasional articles have been published in newspapers and magazines, and, within the past five years, in several of the New England States systematic and earnest movements have been set on foot with the purpose of producing such changes in public sentiment, and in the legislation of the several States, as shall check this growing evil. These movements have recently culminated in the formation at Boston of a New England Divorce Reform Association, with directors in the several New England States.

On the day of the organization of this society, the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, of Royalton, Vermont, a Congregational clergyman who has given much study to this subject, read a lecture in Boston, containing the most careful and complete statement that has yet been made of the statistics of divorce in this country. With respect to New England, Mr. Dike's figures are quite full; in other parts of the country the value of statistics is not so highly appreciated, and information upon this subject is not easily obtained. Nevertheless, facts enough are within our reach to furnish food for sober thought.

The number of divorces did not begin to increase with any great rapidity until about the middle of the present century, and then only in Connecticut. Up to that time the only causes of divorce generally allowed were adultery and desertion. In 1843 the Connecticut law-makers added "habitual intemperance" and "intolerable cruelty." Six years later, three more doors were opened to the petitioners for divorce: "sentence of imprisonment for life; bestiality, or any other infamous crime involving a violation of conjugal duty, and punishable by imprisonment in the State-prison; and any such misconduct of the other party as permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner and defeats the purposes of the marriage relation."† This last "cause" would seem to be sufficiently broad and indeterminate to meet the wants of all persons con-

templating divorce. If the law containing this provision had been entitled "An Act for the Promotion of Divorce in the State of Connecticut," the description would have been exact. Under the encouragement of such legislation, divorces multiplied with great rapidity. In 1849, there were ninety-four divorces in Connecticut; in 1850, one hundred and twenty-nine; in 1854, two hundred and sixteen; in 1859, two hundred and ninety-nine; in 1864, four hundred and twenty-six.

For the fifteen years following 1864, says Mr. Dike, "they averaged four hundred and forty-six annually, varying less from year to year than the reported births or marriages or deaths." Thus Connecticut maintains its reputation as the land of steady habits. No habit is steadier in that commonwealth than the habit of putting asunder what God has joined together. For the last fifteen years there has been not quite one divorce for every ten marriages. From 1849 to 1864 the population of Connecticut increased about fifty per cent., and the number of divorces about five hundred per cent. In the first decade of this century, President Dwight thought that things had come to a horrible pass because there was one divorce in every hundred marriages; what would that stalwart moralist have said to one in ten?

In Vermont, the ratio of divorces to marriages has increased from one in twenty-three in 1860, to one in fourteen in 1878. Owing to some changes in legislation, and to a considerable awakening of public sentiment, the number of divorces in 1879 was materially reduced.

New Hampshire is not fully reported, but the figures show the same tendencies at work. In the entire State there were one hundred and fifty-nine divorces in 1870; two hundred and forty in 1875, and two hundred and forty-one in 1878. This shows an increase in the number of divorces of fifty per cent. during eight years, while the population during the same period must have increased slightly, if at all.

In Maine, the statistics are still more imperfect. The number of divorces granted in that State, in 1880, was five hundred and ten. We do not know the number of marriages, but the ratio of divorces to the population is greater than in Connecticut. From five counties in Maine Mr. Dike has reports for 1878, and also for 1880, and in these counties the number of divorces in the former year was one hundred and sixty-six, and in the latter two hundred and twenty-three—an increase in two years of nearly thirty-five per cent.

Concerning Rhode Island, the only informa-

* Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with Special Reference to the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner & Company.

† Essay on Divorce, p. 219.

tion within our reach is that the present ratio of divorces to marriages is about one to thirteen or fourteen. Mr. Dike gives us the former figure, and Mr. Carroll D. Wright, of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, the latter.

The article on "Divorce" in Mr. Wright's Report for 1880 gives us full statistics for Massachusetts. Twenty years ago there was one divorce in this State for every fifty-one marriages; at present the rate is one to twenty-one. The population of the State has increased during this period about fifty per cent., the number of divorces nearly one hundred and fifty per cent. Twenty years ago there was about one marriage in Massachusetts annually for every one hundred and twelve persons; now there is about one to every one hundred and thirty-five. The ratio of marriages to the population is much smaller now than it was in 1860. On the other hand, the ratio of divorces to the population twenty years ago was about one in five thousand, while it is now one in three thousand. Comparing the several New England States, Mr. Dike tells us that, reckoning on the basis of the present census, there is one divorce to every thirteen hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants in Maine; one to every fourteen hundred and forty-three in New Hampshire; one to every sixteen hundred and eighty-seven in Vermont; one to every twenty-nine hundred and seventy-three in Massachusetts; one to every fifteen hundred and fifty-three in Connecticut, and one to every fourteen hundred and eleven in Rhode Island. While, therefore, the ratio of divorces to marriages is largest in Connecticut, the ratio of divorces to the population is larger in three of the other New England States, Maine being the "banner" State in this competition.

It has been the common belief that certain Western States, notably Indiana and Illinois, were sinners above all the others in this matter; but, so far as the facts have been collected, this does not appear to be true. Chicago has had the reputation of dealing in divorces more extensively than any other city in the Union; but the ratio of divorces to marriages in Chicago appears to be only one in twelve—less than either New Haven or Bangor.

The most startling figures are reported from the Western Reserve of Ohio—a region inhabited by a population almost wholly sprung from New England stock. In these counties, Mr. Dike tells us, "the ratio of divorces to marriages was 1 to 11.8 for the two years 1878 and 1879, while for the rest of the State it is 1 to 19.9. Nor is the worst of the Reserve in the cities. The ratio in Ash-

tabula County, among a farming people originally from New England, is 1 to 8.5. And in Lake County the proportion of divorce suits begun to marriages is 1 to 6.2, and of divorce granted, 1 to 7.4. Unless there be like counties in Maine, this is the worst county in divorces in the United States—except Tolland County, Connecticut, as that was for a few years."

This picture is dark enough, but another shade must be added. In at least four of the New England States, more than one-fourth of the marriages reported are those of Roman Catholics. Among these there are no divorces to speak of. The number granted should be compared, therefore, only with the number of Protestant marriages, and this would make the ratio much higher,—one to fifteen in Massachusetts; one to thirteen in Vermont; one to nine in Rhode Island, and one to less than eight in Connecticut.

How much can we learn from these figures respecting the moral condition of the communities represented? Are offenses against purity most numerous where the ratio of divorces to marriages is largest? That there is likely to be some relation between these two classes of facts no one will dispute, yet this relation is far less close than might at first be imagined. The divorce rate is twice as large in Connecticut as in Massachusetts; yet it is not credible that there is twice as much social immorality in the former State as in the latter. Divorces have never been allowed at all in South Carolina; but there is, at any rate, room for question whether the morals of South Carolina are purer in this respect than the morals of Maine. In France, also, the laws make no provision for divorce, though legal separations are allowed; but there is at present only about one legal separation for every one hundred and fifty marriages: is it to be presumed that the people of France live purer lives than the people of the Western Reserve in Ohio, where there is one divorce for every twelve marriages?

It is difficult to compare one community with another, because the statistics are scarce, and the methods of punishing and of recording crime vary so greatly. We may compare different periods of time in the same community with much more satisfactory results. What, then, do we find to be the fact with respect to the increase of social immorality in those communities where the number of divorces has been so rapidly increasing? Of the New England States, Massachusetts alone, by her admirable Bureau of Statistics, puts within our reach the answer to this question. During the past twenty years, the population of Massachusetts has increased

about fifty per cent., and the number of divorces annually granted has increased one hundred and forty-six per cent. What has been the increase during this period in offenses against purity? Combining four of the principal crimes of this character, we find the number of convictions in Massachusetts for 1860 to be two hundred and ninety-seven, and for 1879 only three hundred and twenty-nine—an increase of not quite eleven per cent. Taking the years 1860 and 1861 together, and comparing them with the years 1878 and 1879, the convictions in the latter period are only twenty-two per cent. more than in the former period. For the five years 1875-79, the convictions for these crimes are fifty-one per cent. greater than for the five years 1860-64. This indicates no relative increase in offenses of this character. Taking the shorter terms, the per cent. of increase falls considerably below the rate of increase in the population; but taking the period of five years which covers the war, and comparing it with the five years ending in 1879, the increase in this kind of crime has just kept pace with the increase of population.

Mr. Dike's conclusions differ greatly from these, but he confines his comparison to two crimes against purity. The broader comparison must yield a fairer result. It is not true, then, so far as we can gather from the statistics of crime in Massachusetts; that the multiplication of divorces is accompanied by a corresponding increase in crimes against chastity.

Mr. Dike supplements the figures of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics with a digest of letters received by him from intelligent men in all parts of New England, giving the impressions of the writers respecting social vice in their several neighborhoods. The sum of these judgments is that, in three-fourths of the localities thus reporting, impurity is on the increase. But Mr. Dike is quite right in saying that the opinions of men on a question of this sort are to be taken with much allowance. There has been no generation of good men since the flood whose verdict respecting the morality of their own time would not have been substantially the same as is that of Mr. Dike's correspondents. The men of fifty years ago would have said without hesitation that the standards and practices of their own time were lower than those of the generation preceding, and so on back to Noah. This is not conjecture; it can be verified by quotations from the moralists of every age. We need not enter into the explanation of this persistent pessimism; we only note the phenomenon in order that we may rightly estimate the opinions of our

contemporaries. Doubtless reactions do occur in the moral progress of Christendom; but if there is a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and if the world is, on the whole, growing better instead of worse from age to age, then most of these desponding censors of their own-times must have been mistaken, and perhaps those of our time are mistaken, too. Crime is dramatic, virtue is commonplace. The newspapers record the misdoings of the day; the well-doing that forms the staple of its real history they do not notice. There are many reasons why good men fail to discern the moral progress of their own times.

We will trust, therefore, that the figures we have been studying do not indicate an increase of immorality corresponding to the increase in the number of divorces. The trouble is institutional rather than ethical. It is not the vice and corruption of society that are assailing the family so much as it is certain disorganizing ideas and theories now filling the air.

That profound observation concerning the movement of progressive societies in modern times, which Mr. Dike quotes from Sir Henry Sumner Maine, explains to a considerable degree the facts we have been considering. This movement, as he declares, has hitherto been "a movement from status to contract." "Contract," according to his definition, "is the tie between man and man which replaces those forms of reciprocity and rights which have their origin in the family." The word family is used here in the patriarchal rather than in the modern sense of the word, but the statement is true in both senses. And it is one of the most comprehensive generalizations of the same distinguished writer that "the individual is steadily substituted for the family as the unit of which civil laws take account."*

This vast change in the relations of men to civil law is in many respects beneficent. It is the fruit of a purified ethical judgment. The doctrine of individual responsibility and individual rights has supplanted the old doctrine of imputed and hereditary guilt and merit, greatly to the advantage of theology and morals. But the ideal relations of men, with which ethics and religion chiefly deal, cannot always be incorporated into social institutions. The infant is responsible to God for his conduct; but it would not be well to make him, in our theories or in our laws, independent of parental control. The movement "from status to contract" has not yet wholly emancipated the infant. Until he is twenty-one years of age the law regards him as incapable of mak-

* "Ancient Law," p. 163.

ing contracts. In civil law he is not a unit, but a cipher. The family is not yet, therefore, legally or theoretically decomposed into its individual elements. Nevertheless, the movement in this direction has gone very far. The doctrine of individual rights and responsibilities has been pushed to absurd and dangerous extremes. Parental authority holds the children much less firmly now than once it did; filial reverence and obedience are fast becoming historic virtues. In the exaltation of the individual, modern society has greatly weakened the family bond. The feelings of mutual obligation and fidelity have been suppressed in the assertion of personal liberty. Men's rights, and women's rights, and children's rights have been theorized about and insisted on, with little thought of the reciprocal duties of husbands and wives, and parents and children.

This process of individuation is no doubt a reaction from the old system under which the family was everything and the individual nothing—under which neither wives nor children had any legal rights that husbands or fathers were bound to respect. The pendulum has swung now to the other extreme. The individualism of the present is not much better than the tyranny of the past. Social theories or sentiments that tend to disintegrate the family contain the germs of moral pestilence. That such theories and sentiments are abroad, no reader of the newspapers needs to be told. The agitation in behalf of woman suffrage, and even the less radical movements for the elevation of women, make continual use of arguments which have this tendency. Doubtless it was necessary to arouse the self-respect of women, and to strengthen their individuality; but if "God never made an independent man," then it is presumable that he never made an independent woman; and theories that weaken those affections by which the solitary are gathered into families need to be sharply challenged. A reform which should succeed in developing the "selfhood" of our women up to a point at which they should avoid the obligations of wifehood and maternity would not in the long run prove salutary. "Individuality" is one of those good things of which it is quite possible to have too much.

It may be said that nature will prove too strong for these extreme theories—that the great fact of sex will assert itself, as it always has done. This is true; but the great fact of sex has found many ways of asserting itself, some of which have not been conducive to the well-being of the race. It is by no means impossible that the natural affections should be stunted or distorted in their growth by bad training. And it is a question to be duly con-

sidered whether the theorizing upon the relations of men and women which has been current of late years has not tended in this direction, and whether the great increase in the number of divorces is not, in a considerable degree, the result of this theorizing. Many of the persons who have been most active in the advocacy of woman's rights have been the champions of easy divorce. Their philosophy of individualism regards marriage purely as a contract, and holds that it ought to be possible to dissolve it without difficulty. John Stuart Mill quotes a remark of Humboldt to the effect that "marriage, having the peculiarity that its objects are frustrated unless the feelings of both parties are in harmony with it, should require nothing more than the declared will of either party to dissolve it." Mr. Mill dissents from this sweeping conclusion; he holds that in the case of marriage the obligations of each party to the other and of both to the offspring of the marriage forbid that the relation should be so summarily terminated. These obligations, he says, "are a necessary element in the question; and even if, as Von Humboldt maintains, they ought to make no difference in the legal freedom of the parties to release themselves from the engagement (and I also hold that they ought not to make much difference), they necessarily make a great difference in the moral freedom."* Mr. Mill thinks that the sacred and supreme obligations of parentage ought not to make much difference in the legal freedom of the married to release themselves from the bonds of marriage, where "the feelings of both parties" are not "in harmony." If these obligations should not offer any serious impediment to the legal dissolution of the marriage relation, nothing else could. The conclusion is, that married people should be left by the laws pretty nearly free to dissolve this contract of marriage at the pleasure of either.

Some of the advocates of woman suffrage are much more positive than Mr. Mill in the expression of such opinions, and some are much more cautious; but it cannot be denied that the tendency of this agitation has been to promote the theory that marriage is nothing but a contract, and to increase the facilities for its dissolution.

As the result of the same general movement, many changes have been made in the laws of most of our States, the effect of which has been to render the husband and the wife independent of each other in the ownership of property. In some of the States marriage is no longer anything more than a sentimental partnership; in their material interests the

* "On Liberty," p. 201.

pair are not one, but twain. Either may carry on business, contract debts, bequeath property, sue and be sued without the consent of the other. This legislation has been intended, of course, to protect the property rights of women; but it may well be questioned whether the effect of it has not been injurious. The old laws which practically deprived the woman of all property rights were, indeed, unjust; but if, instead of dividing so sharply the wife's proprietorship from that of the husband, the reformed legislation, regarding the twain as one, had sought rather to identify their interests, to make the property common, and to provide for a joint ownership, the bonds that unite the family would not have been so seriously weakened. It may be difficult to frame laws which shall secure this joint ownership, but this is the direction in which all legislation should tend. When our law-makers provide so abundantly for entire separateness of material interest between the married pair, they become the instigators of divorce.

I have referred to the changes in divorce legislation in the State of Connecticut since the middle of the present century. The changes in most of the other States have been equally radical and sweeping. Originally, in most of the States no causes of divorce were recognized except adultery and desertion. One cause after another has been added, until now the ways that lead out of wedlock are numerous and broad, and many there be that find them. In Massachusetts, which affords by no means an extreme example of the progress of this sort of legislation, the causes have been increased to nine: Adultery; impotency; sentence to imprisonment at hard labor for five years or more; desertion for three consecutive years; separation without consent, and union for three years with religious sect or society holding the relation of husband and wife unlawful; extreme cruelty; gross and confirmed habits of intoxication; cruel and abusive treatment; neglect to provide. In some of the States the doors are much wider. I have already quoted the provision known as the "omnibus clause" in Connecticut, by which divorce was made procurable for general misconduct. This clause has been repealed, but in other States provisions equally liberal are found. In Maine, a statute of 1857 allows any justice of the Supreme Court, at any term, in the county of the residence of either party to the application, to grant a full divorce "whenever, in the exercise of a sound discretion, he deems it reasonable and proper, conducive to domestic harmony, and consistent with the peace

and morality of society."^{*} North Carolina, also, not only grants divorces for certain specified causes, but permits the courts at their discretion to dissolve the relation, "if any other just cause of divorce exists." Similar clauses are found in the statutes of Iowa, and of Rhode Island.† South Carolina, in which divorces are not allowed for any cause whatever, and New York, in which adultery is the only cause allowed, are exceptions to the general course of legislation on this subject. I have seen the suggestion that the large number of divorces in Connecticut must be explained partly by its proximity to New York, the supposition being that many citizens of the latter State become residents of the former for the purpose of availing themselves of its larger facilities for divorce. This is not improbable, and the remark may be extended to Massachusetts and Vermont.

Undoubtedly, the immediate reason of many of these changes in the divorce laws may be found in the empiricism of legislators. The great majority of the men who make our laws are without experience and ignorant of history; and they often venture upon measures of legislation for which there is the slenderest basis. Some well-meaning man is familiar with a case in his own neighborhood in which a woman has suffered many things at the hands of a drunken or cruel or improvident husband; it seems to him a grievous thing that a good woman should be tied to a worthless man; the result is a bill in the next legislature providing that divorces may be granted in cases like the one known to the legislator. A statutory induction as sweeping as this, from one or two facts, is not a rare thing in modern legislation. General laws are made for special cases; and if the cases for which they were made were the only ones affected by them the mischief would be small; the difficulty is that they open the doors to countless flagrant abuses. It is an evil thing that a good woman should be unhappily wedded to a coarse and selfish man—albeit some of the finest characters are developed in common life under such conditions; but if the law which releases this one woman from an unhappy marriage afford to a hundred others, whose sufferings are much less severe than hers, the weapon with which they may destroy the homes that might, with a little

^{*} Woolsey's "Essay on Divorce," p. 204.

† In Indiana no discretionary clause exists, and divorce is now granted for the following causes: adultery, impotency existing at the time of marriage, cruel and inhuman treatment, habitual drunkenness, abandonment for two years, failure of husband to provide for family for two years, and conviction after marriage of infamous crime.

patience and good-will, have been preserved and hallowed, then the law causes far more misery than it cures. It is evident that our law-makers have not carefully studied the broader effects of the measures of relief that they have so freely offered.

Under the best laws, cases of hardship will occur. Natural laws produce much suffering. Gravitation kills men before our eyes continually. It does not, therefore, occur to us that the law of gravitation ought to be repealed, or that its stringency should be relaxed. If the laws of nature were made less inflexible, probably the suffering arising under them would be increased. There can be no doubt that the well-meant changes by which the grip of the old marriage laws has been gradually loosened have produced, on the whole, more domestic unhappiness than they have prevented.

Doubtless, we must regard these changes in the law as causes, to some extent, of the great increase of divorce in recent years. President Woolsey says that, in Connecticut, "after each of these advances in legislation, there was an increase of divorces." Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in his report on the subject to the Massachusetts legislature, shows how each modification of the law has resulted in the granting of a larger number of divorces during the succeeding year. Yet divorces have increased very rapidly when there have been no changes in legislation. In New Hampshire, the laws are substantially the same now as they were twenty-five years ago, but the divorces have increased as rapidly as in other parts of New England. Neither can this increase in New Hampshire be accounted for, in part, as in the cases of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, by an overflow from New York. The New Hampshire divorces must be mainly indigenous. It is true that the laws of New Hampshire twenty-five years ago were about as liberal as the laws of the other States are now; nevertheless, divorces were not, it is probable, much more numerous then in New Hampshire than they were in the other States. This shows that the increase in divorces is not due chiefly to legislation.

The statistics of divorce in other lands exhibit the same fact. In most of the European countries, the ratio of divorces to marriages is much smaller than in this country; the difference is so vast that it ought to startle those complacent Americans who are prone to think that all the virtues belong to themselves, and all the vices to the "effete monarchies" of the old world; nevertheless, in the European countries where no changes in legislation have occurred, the divorce rate is

increasing rapidly. In England, the divorce laws have not been essentially altered since 1857. In 1860, the petitions for divorce and legal separation (both forms being recognized by English law) were one to every six hundred and twenty-eight marriages; in 1870, one to every five hundred and seventeen marriages; in 1875, one to every four hundred and forty-six marriages; in 1878, one to every three hundred marriages. These figures, let it be noted, give the number of *petitions* for divorce and separation; the number of divorces and separations actually granted would be considerably less. One to three hundred is still much less alarming than one to eight or ten; but the increase in England during these eighteen years is still very significant—if anybody can tell what it signifies!

In Belgium, in 1840, the ratio of divorces to marriages was one to five hundred and seventy-six; in 1874, it was one to two hundred.

In France, as has been said, divorces are not allowed, but legal separations are provided for. During the ten years from 1840 to 1850, there was one separation for every three hundred and seventy-one marriages; from 1850 to 1860, one to two hundred and thirty-nine; from 1860 to 1870, one to one hundred and fifty-two. During these thirty years, there has been, so far as I can learn, no change in the French laws on this subject.

These facts show that the increase of divorces is not simply due to changes in the laws. The breaks in the dike are not the cause of the high water, though they may have helped to spread its devastations. It is evident, also, that the causes which have produced the results that we deplore are operating elsewhere, though they have worked themselves out more fully in our country than in the Old World.

Such, then, are the facts relating to this subject: a recent and rapid and alarming increase in the ratio of divorces to marriages; this increase accompanied in most of the States by changes in the laws which render the husband and the wife virtually independent of each other in property matters, and which greatly multiply the facilities for divorce; yet these statutory changes are themselves demonstrably effects more than causes—results of the working of a subtle individuating force that threatens to decompose society into its ultimate atoms.

There are those, no doubt, who see in this process of individuation, in this movement "from status to contract," by which the family is dissolved, only the normal evolution of the highest social order. They foresee and are ready to welcome a still further relaxation of divorce laws. They think, with Mr. Mill,

that the state ought not to put any very strong barriers in the way of the separation of those who do not live happily in wedlock. Perhaps they think, also, that the state ought not to trouble itself greatly about marriage, and that the relations of the sexes ought to be left wholly to individual choice. Such a doctrine has sometimes been preached, but we have not hitherto been inclined to regard the people preaching it as the prophets of a high morality. Must we now confess that they are the heralds of a new dispensation?

In spite of all the formidable facts and figures here presented, we may venture to dispute their claim. There are social tendencies to be followed, and social tendencies to be resisted. Under the present economic system we find wealth rapidly accumulating in the hands of a few men, and great multitudes sinking into pauperism. That tendency does not seem to us wholesome; we point to it as evidence that there is something wrong in our economic system. Similarly, when we see divorces steadily increasing, we need not assume that the movement is in the direction of the ultimate social order; it may be a temporary reaction toward social anarchy and corruption. That this is the logic of the movement is strongly believed by many who have given to the subject some study, and who have resolved to do what they can to resist the forces that now assail the permanence of the family.

How much can be done in this direction, and how it can be done most wisely, are questions of expediency that demand careful study. It is plain, for one thing, that this evil was not produced by legislation, and that legislation cannot cure it. The attempt to reform all these abuses by stringent and sweeping laws would be worse than useless.

"A Christian," says President Woolsey, "would be glad to have . . . divorce or separation granted only on account of adultery and malicious desertion, or for the first reason alone. In the present state of Christian countries, however, this extent of reformation is altogether unlikely to be attained . . . Law-makers will say that they are not bound by the morality of the New Testament in their legislation touching rights and the common welfare; that you may as well separate two parties who hate and injure one another, rather than vainly strive to reach the inaccessible ideal by your laws, which the next legislature can alter; and that strictness in prohibiting divorce will not prevent social evil, but will only force it to pour its fiery floods by a new crater upon society. We are disposed to take the ground, therefore, on which alone the defects of the Mosaic legislation

can be justified,—that the hardness of men's hearts prevents a better system,—and to inquire, not what is the best possible law, but what are some of the features of a law that is at once desirable and feasible? It is a painful conviction that forces us into this position—a conviction, impressed by the history of divorce and divorce laws even in Christian civilization, that the strict rules of the New Testament cannot be introduced into our law, or if introduced, cannot long be enforced." * This is the result to which Christian statesmanship brings one of the wisest men of this generation. The practical suggestions which follow are in part borrowed from the same authority, though in the form in which they here appear he is not responsible for any of them.

Although, therefore, these evils connected with divorce cannot be wholly corrected by law, something may be done to improve the laws and thus to lessen the evils.

1. The distinction formerly recognized in most of the States, and now abolished in most of them, between absolute divorce and legal separation, should be restored. For the crime of adultery, for desertion (after a long term of years), and perhaps in the case of the imprisonment for life of one of the parties, absolute divorce might be granted; in some of the other cases for which divorces are now granted,—such as drunkenness, cruelty, and neglect,—separation from bed and board might be allowed, giving to neither party the right of marrying again, and leaving the way open for the reunion of the separated parties.

2. Where adultery is a crime, the granting of a divorce for adultery should be followed at once by the arrest and imprisonment of the criminal. "Provision should be made," says Dr. Woolsey, "that the penalty should follow the sentence of divorce without any other trial." This is the simplest common sense. Our laws are brought into contempt when the courts permit men whom they have judicially pronounced to be criminals to escape the consequences of their crimes.

3. If absolute divorce be allowed for other causes than adultery, the law should prescribe a limit of at least three years within which the guilty party should be forbidden to marry.

4. No indeterminate causes of divorce, such as those included in the famous "omnibus clause" of Connecticut, and in the statutes of other States, should be recognized. To recognize incompatibility of temper, general misconduct, and other vague and impalpable grounds of action, is mischievous in the extreme. It is through such clauses that the worst abuses of divorce creep in.

* "Essay on Divorce," p. 257.

5. The state's-attorney ought to appear in every uncontested divorce suit, to protect the interest not only of the absent party, but of the public. The public has an interest in every such case. It is not simply a question between the two parties, any more than theft, or the uttering of counterfeit money, or traffic in diseased meat, is merely a question between the two parties to the transaction. The state is as much interested to maintain the sacredness and permanency of the family as it is to maintain an honest currency. And the people ought not to sit by and let the institution of the family be undermined by scores of fraudulent and collusive divorces.

A few such changes in the laws would interpose a wholesome check to the present tendencies. Reforms like these would make it plainer than it now is that our States do not wish to encourage divorce; that they mean rather to do what they can to preserve the integrity of the family.

Something may also be done by law to prevent hasty and ill-assorted marriages. Easy divorce gives rise to rash marriages—since it can be so easily done for, no matter what it is begun for; rash marriages, on the other hand, furnish the soil from which many divorces spring. Stricter divorce laws would tend to keep people from rushing into wedlock; but something can be done directly by law to secure this result.

1. It is a question whether the old rule, requiring the publication of the intentions of matrimony a week or two before the marriage, ought not to be restored. The publication, if made, should now be made, of course, in the newspapers, and not in the churches.

2. Whether this is done or not, the law should require the parties contemplating matrimony to procure a license at least two weeks before the solemnization of marriage; and to place the license thus procured in the hands of the clergyman or magistrate before whom the marriage is to be solemnized, also at least two weeks before the celebration of the rite. An opportunity would thus be given the clergyman or magistrate to investigate cases with which he might not be familiar, and to assure himself that he was proceeding in accordance with the requirements of divine and human law.

3. The license should state on its face whether either of the parties has been previously divorced, and if so, where, when, and for what cause.

Such provisions should not seem irksome to well-meaning persons; and they would not only serve to prevent foolish people from rushing into a relation for which they are wholly unfitted, but would also assist clergy-

men in the intelligent performance of a difficult and delicate duty.

Another question naturally presents itself to the minds of those who study the various and dissimilar statutes by which the subject of divorce is regulated in the different States of the Union. The laws of no two States are alike, and strange complications often arise from this cause. Cases are not unknown in which women are provided by law with more than one husband each, and men are legally authorized to live in wedlock with the wives of their neighbors. Such confusion of laws is both disgusting and demoralizing: cannot some remedy be found?

The suggestion of a national divorce law, to be binding upon all the States, has often been made. Whether such a law could be enacted under the existing Constitution is a question into which this discussion will not enter. If the Constitution would not now authorize the enactment of such a law, the question of amending it, so that it would, is worth debating. It is not clear that the reasons for a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the United States, for which the Constitution expressly provides, are any stronger than the reasons for a uniform rule of divorce. It is conceded by many that the widely different systems of taxation now existing in contiguous States give rise to many anomalies and hardships; and that it may be necessary before long for the nation to establish a uniform system of taxation in all the States. Are not the interests arising out of the family relation equally worthy to be guarded by uniform laws? The looseness and confusion of State legislation on this subject renders it difficult for the general government to deal with the Mormon problem. Even if there were no legal obstacle in the way, the moral power of the executive would be impaired by all these statutory anomalies. The Mormons might easily point out that polygamous relations are maintained under State laws.

There would seem to be no difficulty in the way of an inter-State commission,—to consist of two or three capable men appointed by the legislature of each State,—which should meet and consider the whole matter. Perhaps such a commission could agree upon certain uniform rules, to be recommended to the legislatures of the several States; and perhaps these recommendations would be adopted by some, if not by all, of the States. The end to be gained is surely worth much painstaking; and if it could be reached in this way, the scruples of strenuous upholders of State-rights would not be excited.

It is not, however, let us reiterate, chiefly

by means of law that the growing evil which we have now been considering will be eradicated. The changes in legislation by which divorce has been facilitated have arisen from the prevalence of false social theories. No legislative reforms will be salutary that do not register the rise of purer sentiments and a sounder philosophy. The weapons that will prevail in this warfare are not carnal, and the victory will not be won in a single engagement. A long campaign is before us. There is need of vigorous and searching discussion of the questions involved. The relations of the individual to the social order and the social organisms will bear patient investigation. We have heard much of late about the sacredness of personality. Perhaps it will turn out, by and by, that there is something besides personality that is sacred. It may appear, after fuller study, that no man or woman is an integer; that the individual completes his own life only when he stands in the right relation to the family, which is the organic unit of society; that the affections which constitute the family bond need, therefore, to be cultivated quite as much as the sentiment of "in-

dividuality"; that the mutual respect, and deference, and helpfulness required by the family relation are traits no less manly and no less womanly than "independence"; that the theorizing and the training which put so much stress on rights, and so little upon affections and duties, are pernicious in the extreme.

There is need, also, that the Protestant churches should arouse themselves to more consistent and vigorous action upon the matter of divorce. The clear provisions of the Christian law respecting the causes of divorce ought to be emphasized in the teaching and enforced in the discipline of the churches. Whatever sanctions religion can bring should be brought to the defense of the family. And ministers of the gospel may well be cautious about transgressing the express command of their Master in the marriage of persons formerly divorced for other causes than those named in the New Testament. Such explicit testimony and energetic action may avert the evils now assailing the peace and security of our homes, and should convince our Roman Catholic brethren that Protestantism is not the foe of the Christian family.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

[MIT LEIDENSCHAFTLICHEM AUSDRUCK.]

THE brilliant room, the flowers, the perfumed
calm,

The slender crystal vase where all aflame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall;

Color that burns as if no frost could tame:
The shaded lamp-light glowing over all;
The summer night a dream of warmth and
balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody

"With passionate expression"—ah, from
whence

Comes the enchantment of this mystic spell,
This charm that takes us captive soul
and sense,

The sacred power of music—who shall tell,
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air,

Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching
notes

That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble,—'tis as if some spirit floats,
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

Stately and still and proud the poppies stand,
In silken splendor of superb attire;

Stricken with arrows of melodious sound
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;
With waves of music overwhelmed and
drowned,

Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rare moment dies, and what is left?

Only a memory sweet to shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling
keen,

And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom
bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!

Nor time nor fate its subtle power destroy
To bring again the summer's dear caress,
To fill the heart with youth's unreasoning
joy—

Sound, color, perfume, love, to warm and
bless,

And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

WHO WERE THE CHARTISTS?

WHO were the Chartists?—a question to be first answered by saying what Chartism was. A word of fear in England, from 1837, for ten to fifteen years onward, of its sound scarcely an echo now remains. In the Epilogue to Green's "Short History of the English People," these few words—"The discontent of the poorer classes gave rise, in 1839, to riotous demands for the People's Charter"—with briefest possible statement of the provisions of the Charter, are all the information given of an agitation that stirred the whole island. Elsewhere it is spoken of with the same superciliousness. Historians in general are not generous to the defeated, nor care to waste their ink on chronicles of the "lower orders." Two earnest writers, however, have treated the subject as more important: Carlyle in his "Chartism," Kingsley in his "Alton Locke." Nobly intentioned books these two, with serious endeavor toward truth; but in vain would one look even there to learn either what Chartism meant or what manner of man this Chartist was. Carlyle's writing is blurred by the confusion in the writer's mind between rights and might: it is the work of a Jeremiah, who ends with Lamentations. What is to be learned from it is the reason for that prevalent discontent of the poorer classes in which Chartism had its birth. That is sufficiently exposed by both Carlyle and Kingsley; but both were by their peculiar views unfitted for correct judgment of the movement or the men. Having determined in their own minds that the one thing needful for the masses is good guidance by a wiser few, no matter how appointed (of course presumed divinely), satisfied that there lies the whole problem of government (Carlyle's aristocracy of beneficent whip-bearers wanting only, according to Kingsley, the further benefit of clergy), they not unnaturally concluded that all sound thinkers must be of the same opinion; and were so disenabled from understanding men who, certain that they had been misgoverned by the aristocracy, and betrayed or neglected by the church (described by even pious William Cowper as in those Georgian days "a priesthood such as Baal's was of old"), had come to the opposite conclusion—that it was time for the many to dethrone the few and take care of themselves. Chartism, indeed, was the plain operation of democracy pure and simple; not republican,

for it asked only popular rule, without thought of organization of society. It was just a people's protest against absolutism, monarchical or oligarchical—against privilege and class-legislation: a simple claim for some voice in the appointment of governors or public servants. It said this: "Before all else, acknowledge men as men! If you cannot do away with the inequalities of long-continued circumstance, do not aggravate them by making them the very basis of your law, first rendering us unfit by your partial regulations, and then keeping us down as a fair consequence of your own unjust prohibiting!"

This principle of Chartism—the looking to the suffrage as the inalienable right of manhood—had so permeated the minds of Englishmen, owing in a great measure to the wide circulation of Paine's "Rights of Man" (published in 1791-2), that in 1819 a petition for universal suffrage, presented to the House of Commons by Major Cartwright, obtained a million of signatures. The great Whig party had already taken up the same cry. So early as 1780, the Duke of Richmond introduced a bill into the House of Lords, to give the right of voting to "every man not contaminated by crime nor incapacitated for want of reason." Three years later, in his celebrated "Letter to Colonel Sherman," he wrote:

"The subject of Parliamentary reform is that which, of all others, most deserves the attention of the public, as I conceive it would include every other advantage which a nation can wish; and I have no hesitation in saying that, from every consideration which I have been able to give this great question, that for many years has occupied my mind, and from every day's experience to the present hour, I am more and more convinced that the restoring the right of voting to every man universally who is not incapacitated by nature for want of reason, or by law for the commission of crime, is the only reform that can be effectual and permanent."

At the same date a committee, of which Charles James Fox was chairman, appointed by the electors of Westminster, recommended annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, equal voting districts, no property qualification, voting by ballot, and payment of members. The "Society of Friends of the People," established in 1792 by Charles Grey (afterward the Earl Grey of the Reform Bill), James Mackintosh, and others, noblemen and members of the House of Commons, followed the old lead; and the continued agitation resulted,

in 1832, in the passing of what is called the Reform Bill—a reform by which the middle classes were admitted to a share in the government, wherewith the Whig patriots, having come into office, were satisfied. The working classes were not.

Chartism, so long unnamed, but so nursed, was, nevertheless, born of popular discontent—that “sick discontent,” as Carlyle observes, in which England, almost since the glorious Dutch Revolution, say for a century or more, lay “writhing powerless on its fever bed, dark, nigh desperate”—the one sole recipe for its woes, on the advent of a reformed government, a new poor-law and refusal of outdoor relief. In which connection, under date of 1832, I read of fifteen hundred paupers in one East London poor-house (that of Spital-fields, the silk weavers’ district, many of them descendants of Huguenots expelled from France) dying off “like rotten sheep” from mere foulness of the atmosphere. No wild rumor this, but certified by medical authority. In 1833 Leicester frame-work knitters received, for seventeen hours’ work a day, a wage of five shillings a week—one dollar a week—on which to support a family. Six years later, wheat being at eighty-three shillings a quarter, the wages of agricultural laborers were considered fair when averaging seven shillings a week. But the poor are so improvident. And in 1840 (here quoting again from Carlyle) we have “half a million of hand-loom weavers working fifteen hours a day, in perpetual inability to procure thereby enough of the coarsest food.” And beyond all nakedness, hunger, or distress, “the feeling of injustice that,” as the seer remarks, “is insupportable to all men.” Ground enough, one would think, for discontent, for smoldering wrath, for impotent writhings, for even vindictive outrage, if nothing better can be done. “Sullen, revengeful humor of revolt against the upper classes, decreasing respect for what their temporal superiors command, decreasing faith in what their spiritual superiors teach, is more and more the universal spirit of the lower classes.” So Carlyle saw in 1840. Some other less heeded men saw it earlier. Notable among these was Henry Hetherington, who, inasmuch as one man can be credited with the beginning of a popular movement, may be called the founder of Chartism. He, with William Lovett, James Watson, and a few others, all working-men, misliking secret societies or open violence, and wise enough, too, to perceive the powerlessness of conspiring against the reigning oppression, sought, rather, to call forth legally and peaceably such an expression of public opinion as should be sufficient of itself to ob-

tain redress. From a paper prepared by Hetherington in 1831 arose the “National Union of the Working Classes,” for “protection of working-men in the free disposal of their labor” (anticipating free trade); to obtain “an effectual reform in Parliament” (Whig intentions already seen through); and “the enactment of a wise and comprehensive code” (to do away with much grievous uncertainty of the law, especially with regard to offenses of the poorer classes). The principles of the union, drawn up by Lovett and Watson, as they were the principles which actuated the framers of the People’s Charter, may be worth giving in full:

“NATIONAL UNION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

“We, the working classes of London, declare:

“1. All property (honestly acquired) to be sacred and inviolable.

“2. That all men are born equally free, and have certain natural and inalienable rights.

“3. That governments ought to be founded on those rights; and all laws instituted for the common benefit in the protection and security of all the people, and not for the particular emolument or advantage of any single man, family, or set of men.

“4. That all hereditary distinctions of birth are unnatural, and opposed to the equal rights of man; and therefore ought to be abolished.

“5. That every man of the age of twenty-one years, of sound mind and not tainted by crime, has a right, either by himself or his representatives, to a free voice in determining the nature of the laws, the necessity for public contributions, the appropriation of them, their amount, mode of assessment, and duration.

“6. That in order to secure the unbiased choice of proper persons for representatives, the mode of voting should be by ballot; that intellectual fitness and moral worth, and not property, should be the qualification for representatives; and that the duration of Parliament should be but for one year.

“7. We declare these principles to be essential to our protection as working-men, and the only sure guarantees for the securing to us the proceeds of our labor; and that we will never be satisfied with the enactment of any law or laws which does not recognize the rights enumerated in this declaration.”

In 1837, the London Working-men’s Association held a conference with the few liberal members of the House of Commons, the result of which was the appointment of a committee of twelve persons to draw up a bill to be proposed to Parliament. The committee consisted of Daniel O’Connell, M. P., John Arthur Roebuck, M. P., John Temple Leader, M. P., Charles Hindley, M. P., Colonel T. Perronet Thompson, M. P., William Sharman Crawford, M. P.; and, as deputies of the Working-men’s Association, Henry Hetherington, John Cleave, James Watson, Richard Moore, William Lovett, and Henry Vincent. The work of writing fell to Lovett, who was aided on legal points by Roebuck, who wrote the preamble. Carefully considered afterward,

clause by clause, in the London Association, and approved by associations throughout the country, the perfected draft came at last before the public as the People's Charter—the outline of an act to provide for the just representation of the people of Great Britain and Ireland in the Commons' House of Parliament, embracing the principles of universal suffrage, no property qualification (for members), annual Parliaments, equal representation, payment of members, and vote by ballot. The principles of this outlined act were, it will be seen, precisely those which, in 1780, Charles James Fox had recommended to the electors of Westminster, which the leaders of the great Whig party, not then in office, had deemed the only reform that could be effectual or permanent. Now, fifty years later, this reform, asked for by the people themselves and its practicability made manifest, was officially declared to be revolutionary; and the very name of the People's Charter helped the opponents to a nickname. Chartist (one believing in old Whig principles, and discontented because these principles were abandoned by the party in power) became a word of reproach. Liberal politicians of the Brougham and Burdett, and even of the Russell temper, would have none of it.

Such was the origin, such were the principles, of Chartism. And what sort of men were the Chartists? "Insatiable wild beasts," said, almost unanimously, the contemporary liberal and illiberal press. "Discontented rioters of the poorer classes," writes the more authoritative historian. Yet the rioting was not extensive. Some there was: unimportant writhings, chiefly of starving and ignorant agricultural laborers, stirred out of their accustomed apathy by the falling of a few hasty and unconsidered words on the heaped-up dry fuel of their misery; now and then a "riot" of less ignorant and more excitable mechanics—for the most part provoked by police brutality, or the secret works of Government spies (as Cobbett, then in Parliament, conclusively proved); this was all set down to Chartists, however innocent the rioters of any thought of political action or concern with Chartism. An abortive attempt to liberate a prisoner, in which the only blood shed was that of the would-be liberators, was the one important item of wild-beastliness. And "insatiable" was an unhappy term for men toward whose satisfaction nothing except the most liberal abuse was offered. But Chartism (its objects were so just) meant rebuke to those in authority, and insofar was essentially repugnant to the taste of the higher classes; wherefore, to borrow late slang, it was "bad form" to associate or sympathize with those low fellows, the Chartists. "What had mere

working-men to do with the nation's government? Let them leave that to their betters!" It was a time of reaction. The current generation had not outgrown the scare of the French Revolution. The "Young England" of a dreamily benevolent conservatism (Carlyle interpreted by Benjamin Disraeli—Genesis xliii. 34) and the Christian socialism of Professor Maurice were not yet glimmering in the dawn. Respectable writers, like the class for which they wrote, kept aloof from "the great unwashed"—public baths being not yet numerous in England, and private not too frequent. Leigh Hunt alone was generous enough to praise the public addresses of the Working-men's Association; and Carlyle and Kingsley (Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy" belongs to earlier days) stand as exceptions to the rule of neglect—they too, as I have said, debarred from acquaintance with the men. I, being with these Chartists through nearly the whole of the contest, in close companionship with some of the leaders, had opportunity of knowing what they were. Is it too soon to say?

Among them were some of the noblest, the most disinterested, the bravest, ay, and the most intelligent men in England. I am not prouder of Mazzini's friendship, of the friendship of some others whom England consents to honor, than I am of the friendship of these men "of the poorer classes"—only working-men, my Chartist comrades. Let me recall one: Cornelius George Harding, Chartist and gentleman:

"As true old Chaucer sang to us, so many years ago,
He is the gentlest man who dares the gentlest deeds to do:
However rude his birth or state, however low his place,
He is the gentleman whose life right gentle thought doth grace."

This one was lowly placed, and of the poorest: a self-taught, loving, fragile lad, a toiler from his childhood, and from boyhood (his father dead) the sole support of his mother. Conscientious, diligent, studious, esteemed by his employers, loved by his companions; public-spirited, unobtrusive, zealous, brave, devoted; gentle as a woman, pure as a girl, irreproachable as a saint; never sparing himself when work was to be done as a republican missionary, or help was needed for a friend; dying at the age of twenty-seven, of consumption, overwork, and that fever of the enthusiast, the sword outwearing the too slender sheath:—I have known no more beautifully natured man than this poor Chartist.

William Lovett was of the same gentle nature. Only a poor cabinet-maker—poor his

life through, for he gave his days to the people's service and took no reward. A true patriot: history records none truer. Not self-seeking, nor ambitious, save of the fame of good deeds. Not a strong man, but essentially good, of kindest nature, clean, just, intelligent, peace-loving, although "seditious"; and, if not strong, unflinching. What epitaph or praise needs be beyond his title—the framer of the People's Charter? A charter greater than the "Great Charter," which did not recognize the workman as a man. Another of history's riotous wild beasts! This one would not have trodden upon a worm. Cornish by birth, born in 1800, at Newlyn, a little fishing-town near Penzance, his father the captain of a small trading-vessel, drowned at sea before the boy saw light, he was carefully brought up by his mother, a woman of much character, intelligence, and piety, getting such schooling as was to be had by the poorer classes in those days. All that was supposed sufficient to train up a child in quiet and respectful ways was his: his mother's example and precept, Dr. Watts's divine songs, the strict Methodist connection; but other influences could not be shut out from even the child's simplicity. It was war-time. "Deeply engraven on the memory of my boyhood," he writes in his autobiography ("Life and Struggles of William Lovett, in his pursuit of bread, knowledge, and freedom"), were "the apprehensions and alarms amongst the inhabitants of our town regarding the 'press-gang.' The cry that 'the press-gang was coming,' was sufficient to cause all the young and eligible men of the town to flock up to the hills and away to the country as fast as possible, and to hide themselves in all manner of places till the danger was supposed to be over. It was not always, however, that the road to the country was open to them, for the authorities sometimes arranged that a troop of light-horse should be at hand to cut off their retreat when the press-gang landed. Then might the soldiers be seen with drawn swords, riding down the poor fishermen, often through fields of standing corn where they had sought to hide themselves, while the press-gang were engaged in diligently searching every house in order to secure their victims. In this way, as well as out of their boats at sea, were great numbers taken away and many of them never heard of by their relations." Such scenes probably lit the first sparks of his natural indignation against wrong. When old enough, he was apprenticed to a rope-maker; afterward, rope-making being slack, the war being over, he tried fishing, but could not do away with seasickness; then, being of age, and not without considerable mechanical

ingenuity, he went to London to seek employment as a self-taught carpenter. For a time he suffered the usual course of privation, but persevered; and, at first refused admission into the Cabinet-makers' Society because he had not served an apprenticeship, he at last was chosen president of the society. Anxious always to improve, strict in conduct, temperate in his habits, he spared money for books, cheating his stomach with scant dinners, joined the Mechanics' Institute, then new, attended lectures, etc. He tells an amusing story—characteristic, too—of once returning from a lecture with Sir Richard Phillips, the book-seller and author, who had some theory of gravitation in opposition to the Newtonian. Glad, I suppose, to get an intelligent listener, the scientific book-seller led him round and round St. Paul's church-yard in the moonlight, to broach his peculiar views, explaining them occasionally by diagrams chalked on the shop-shutters, as need occurred. In 1826 he married, making his own house-furniture—which furniture was seized five years later because he refused either to serve in the militia or to pay the fine for a substitute,—his plea "no vote, no musket." His daring conduct was not without effect. Public excitement led to discussion in Parliament, to exposure of the system in practice; and no drawing for the militia has taken place from that time.

By this he had become acquainted with the various endeavors then making for the amelioration of the condition of working-men, had joined the "First London Coöperative Trading Association" (one of several associations for the same purpose—the first established at Brighton in 1828), and was becoming proficient in politics. So early as 1829, he drew up a petition for opening the British Museum on Sundays. He was active also in the agitation for a free and unstamped press, begun by Hetherington in 1830. Of his action, with Hetherington and Watson, in the formation of the Union of the Working Classes, and the formation of the People's Charter, I have already spoken. The addresses of the London Working-men's Association were, I believe, his writing. I note one in especial, an address to the working-men of Belgium on occasion of the imprisonment of one Jacob Katz for calling a meeting of his fellow-workmen in Brussels, to discuss their grievances—the first public essay to break down the king-fostered antipathy between the peoples. When a convention of delegates from all parts of the country met in London, in 1839, to prepare and to procure signatures to a national petition for the Charter, Lovett was chosen secretary. The frightened Government began to make arrests, to give oppor-



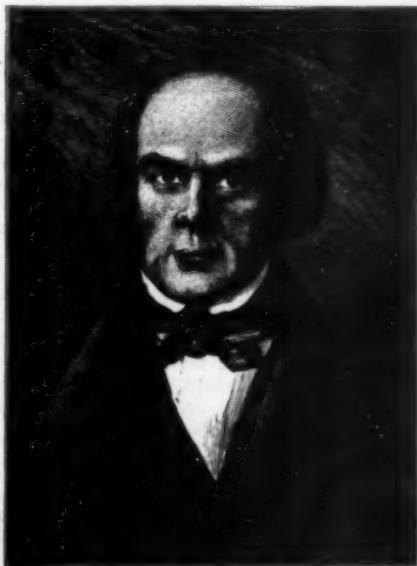
WILLIAM LOVETT.

tunity for them also by needless provocation of the people. An outrageous attack by the police, in July, 1839, on a peaceable meeting in the Bull-ring, Birmingham, being condemned by this Convention, Lovett, as their secretary, was arrested, and, with another member of the Convention, John Collins, who had taken the condemnatory resolutions to the printer, was convicted of a "seditious libel," for which they suffered twelve months' imprisonment in Warwick Gaol. Unconverted, he came out of prison. After the failure of Chartism, the rest of his life was given mainly to educational movements; and two educational works by him, "Elementary Anatomy and Physiology," and "Social and Political Morality," have been highly spoken of. There was no lack of the old-time earnest philanthropic spirit when I last saw the old man, in London, in the beginning of 1873. No rioter he, but simply a good citizen, fully impressed with his duty as a man, benevolent and earnest.

With Hetherington I was closely associated: editing for him in, I think, 1841-2, the "Odd-Fellow" (so called because it was, to some extent, the organ of the societies of that name), a weekly unstamped broad sheet, for which I also wrote the political leaders. I had acted with him in Chartist matters for some years before. Of him, I may repeat some few of words written to be spoken over his grave, as I was too far away to attend the burial:

"None more single-minded, few so brave, so generous as he. The most chivalrous of our party. He could neglect his own interests (by no means a virtue, but there is never lack of rebukers for all failings of that kind), but he never did and never could neglect his duty to the cause he had embraced, to the principles he had avowed. There was no notoriety-hunting in him—as, indeed, so mean a passion has no place in any true man. And he was of the truest. He would toil in any unnoticeable good work toward human freedom, in any forlorn hope, or even, when he saw that justice was with them, for men who were not of his party, as cheerfully and vigorously as most other men will labor for money, or fame, or respectability. He was a real man—one of that select and glorious company of those who are completely in earnest. His principles were not kept in the pocket of a Sunday coat (I don't know that he always had a Sunday change of any sort); but were to him the daily light which led his steps. If strife and wrath lay in his path, it was seldom from any fault of his; for though hasty, as a man of impulsive nature and chafed by some heavy afflictions, he was not intolerant, nor quarrelsome, nor vindictive. Men who did not know him have called him violent. He was, as said before, hasty and impetuous, but utterly without malice; and he would not have harmed his worst enemy, though, in truth, he heartily detested tyranny and tyrants. * * * One of the truest and bravest of the warm-hearted."

Born in London, in 1792, he was brought up as a printer; afterward in business as a book-seller and news-agent. One of the founders, with Doctor Birkbeck, of the first Mechanics' Institute, he was active in every movement for the instruction and moral elevation, as well as the political and social enfranchisement, of the working classes.



HENRY HETHERINGTON.

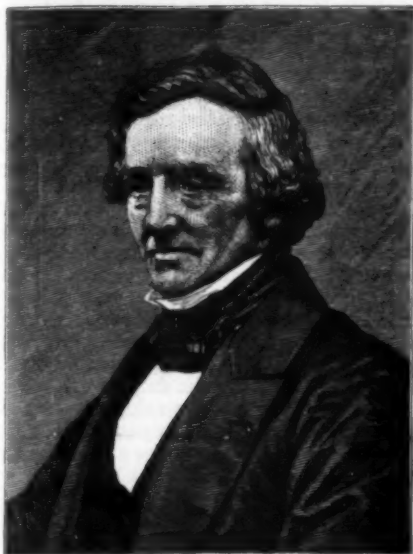
For four years, 1831-4, he led the fight for a free press,—fined, imprisoned, hunted as an outlaw, but at last defeating the Government, obtaining from a special jury the verdict that his "Poor Man's Guardian," for which he and others had suffered, was a strictly legal publication. How severe the fight, may be known from the mere fact that over five hundred persons, during those four years, were imprisoned for selling the strictly legal but too radical publications. These prisoners and their families had all to be supported by those who sympathized with the movement, mostly working-men, some few nobly exceptional men of station and influence giving generous help. Chief of these last was Julian Hibbert, the chairman and treasurer of the "Victim Fund," a man who, dying sadly, asked that no record might remain of him. "I ask only silence." Too late now to dispute his wish. All that can be said of him is that, a man of "family," some means, high culture, and most generous nature, he was the chief prop of Hetherington's great endeavor. Not unlike Shelley his portrait shows him; what I have heard of his character continues the resemblance.

Obnoxious to the Government on account of his determined resistance to the hindrances of a free press, Hetherington was a marked man also as a prominent Chartist. In the Convention he sat as delegate for London and for Stockport. A fervid speaker, ready and clear, humorous or sarcastic as occasion required, often eloquent, he was very popular; yet he was sufficiently master of himself to escape prosecution in the day of arrests for "sedition." He had, perhaps, had his share of punishment for the unstamped. Not quite, it was thought by the Government, which in 1841 obtained a conviction against him for publishing (rather for selling in the ordinary way of business, he not being the publisher) certain "Letters to the Clergy." He defended himself, and so eloquently as to call forth a warm eulogy from Chief Justice Denman; and, technically guilty, escaped with four months' imprisonment in a debtor's prison, the lightest punishment on record for so heinous an offense. The champion of a free and untaxed press is a proper title for Henry Hetherington. He died of cholera, in 1849. Outside of comradeship, some evidence of his worth may be found in the following resolution:

"We, the Directors of the Poor of the Parish of St. Pancras, at present assembled, sincerely deplore the loss of our much respected friend Mr. Henry Hetherington; and cannot allow the earliest opportunity to pass without offering this poor tribute to his worth, talent, energy, urbanity, and zeal. In him the poor, and more especially the infant, have lost a powerful advocate, the Directors a valuable coadjutor, the rate-

payers an economical distributor of their funds, and mankind a sincere philanthropist."—*Passed unanimously at a meeting of the Board of Directors, August 24, 1849.*

Close to Hetherington, their public life coincident, their friendship "beyond the love of women," was James Watson; he, too, a working-man, some seven years younger than his friend, born at Malton in Yorkshire, in 1799, his father a day-laborer of "the poorer class," who died when James was about a year old. Like Lovett, he owed everything in early life to his mother. At twelve years of age apprenticed to a clergyman (no unusual thing in those days) to learn field labor, house-service, etc.; after that employed as warehouseman at Leeds; then book-seller's shopman in London; store-keeper for a co-operative association; compositor and publisher; he worked his steady way to independence, helped by a wife worthy of him; and was able in his declining years, in spite of prison hindrances and long devotion of his energies to the public service, to enjoy some years of well-earned ease before his death, in 1874. Of him, my very dear friend,—I knew him intimately for nearly forty years,—how shall I speak impartially? I can but describe him as I knew him. A man of the old Puritan type, such a man (though neither poet nor statesman) as Milton or Vane would have held dear. A man most single-hearted, profoundly religious (certainly of no denomination), simple, clear-thoughted, earnest, trusty, and inflexible. Not to be daunted (he endured three long imprisonments for selling publications—now freely sold—disapproved of by the then Government), not to be enticed by pleasure. A plain, self-taught, good man, with all the virtues of his class—the honest working class of which England is justly proud, and besides that the indomitable spirit of a Wickliffe, and such gentleness withal as that of him whom Shelley characterized as "gentlest of the wise"—Leigh Hunt. Happily married, though with no family, yet fond of children, and loved by every child that came near him; a man of kindest affections, but severe in his self-devotion to the good of his fellows and of humanity, his exertions as a publisher and active politician, public speaker and teacher, given freely, and his example consecrated to the bettering of mankind, of his own class to begin with. A close thinker, very thoughtful, yet practical, prudent and sure in action, wise in council, of unblamable life, austere in himself, and if severely just yet never cruel in his judgments, severe only because, though he might pity the evil-doer, he could have no sympathy with evil. Habitually grave, for life was serious, and suffering



JAMES WATSON.*

rife around him, yet sedate and cheerful. A man of the Cromwell period, a gentler Ironside. A man whom all who had to do with esteemed and trusted, whom all who knew loved. Perfectly healthy souled, whole! I call him a working-man, for I have always looked upon him as such, though in most of his life a tradesman, a book-seller. But his business was for daily bread, not profit—his only means of livelihood at last, and at first chosen with a view to supply his fellow workmen with political and social information else beyond their reach. If the sale of a book supplied his current wants, the modest fare and surroundings of a decent mechanic, he was content. If profit came, it went to bring out some new work which might be of advantage to his class. His first capital came

from Julian Hibbert, who had nursed him through a severe sickness, who saw what the man was, and who in his will left him four hundred and fifty guineas, in token of his esteem and friendship. His first publications were set up by himself, and with his own hands printed on a press—the gift, with the types, of Julian Hibbert. He published nothing merely for profit. His shop was his church. It was only by dint of constant economy and self-denial that he saved enough to provide a small annuity for his old age, with after provision for his wife. In his later years of comparative retirement, still interested, if not so active as before, in political matters, his lodging (two rooms only) was in the neighborhood of the Crystal Palace, in order that he might almost daily study the works of art and manufacture there exhibited, and enjoy the music. Looking back upon his life, knowing of it from its beginning to its close, I find it flawless. I cannot detect a single stain upon the record of threescore and fifteen years.

Not unworthy to be also his friend was Richard Moore, by profession a carver, not without talent to have commanded wealth, had he cared for wealth as he cared for the public service. His name is not prominent in histories, yet to him, with Hetherington and Watson, more than to any other men, we are indebted for a free press in England. What labor was involved in that, even after Hetherington's defeat of the Government and the consequent reduction of the tax on newspapers from fourpence to one penny each, may be learned from my stating that the committee appointed by the "People's Charter Union" as the "Newspaper (penny) Stamp Abolition Committee" (afterward committee of the "Association for Repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge," of which Moore was unpaid permanent chairman, and C. Dobson Collet, another Chartist, unpaid secretary, from its formation, in 1849, to the abolition of the duty on paper, in 1861) had to meet

* I am glad to be able to give portraits of Hetherington and Watson (though Hetherington's is from a poor drawing, not doing him justice) as they were in the most active period of their lives. The other portraits are all from photographs taken at an advanced age, but may show how time can render even "rioters" venerable-looking and humanize the traits of the most unsatisfactory of "wild beasts." Cooper writes to the friend who obtained for me his portrait: "I am in my seventy-seventh year. I enclose you a photograph taken only a month ago, so Linton will have the latest likeness." Frost's photograph was taken on his return to England, after the remission of his convict sentence.

At Ayr, in Scotland, public subscription has placed a statue to the memory of one of these "convicts," Doctor John Taylor (born at Newark-castle, Ayrshire, 1805, died in 1842), delegate from Paisley to the Chartist Convention of 1839. I did not know him personally, but the inscription underneath the statue, from those who did know him, may be sufficient attestation of his worth. The legend runs thus: "In commemoration of his virtues as a man and his services as a reformer. Professionally, he was alike the poor man's generous friend and physician; politically, he was the eloquent and unflinching advocate of the people's cause, freely sacrificing health, means, social status, and even personal liberty, to the advancement of measures then considered extreme, but now acknowledged to be essential to the well-being of the state."

Watson, also, over the grave at Norwood, has his memorial stone—a plain granite obelisk, with the following words: "James Watson, 1874; erected by a few friends, as a token of regard for his integrity of character and his brave efforts to secure the right of free speech and a free and unstamped press."

Convicted of patriotism!



RICHARD MOORE.

four hundred and seventy-three times. To give other phases of his career would be but to repeat the course of his comrades. In all that Hetherington, Lovett, and Watson did, Moore stood beside them. For forty years an active politician, without office or reward. No man had an ill word of him. Another Chartist whose life was without stain, to be duly honored in coming republican days, when men shall proudly record the earlier struggles of the people. He died in 1878, aged sixty-eight. From one of several obituary notices, all of the same character, I borrow the following:

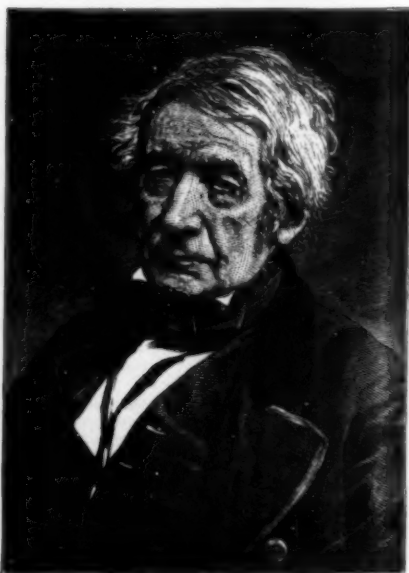
"There was something singularly earnest, gentle, and chivalrous in his character. Few men have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of leading politicians more than he. Cobden, Milner Gibson, Mazzini, and all the prominent English radicals and liberal exiles, he could reckon among his friends. I do not suppose that, for the better part of half a century, during which he has served the public, he ever received the value of a day's wages. The purity of his life was only equaled by his disinterestedness."

From my own personal knowledge I know this to be the truth.

With the other two framers of the People's Charter, Vincent and Cleave, I had but slight acquaintance. Vincent,—originally, I believe, a compositor, an enthusiastic and eloquent speaker,—on the failure of Chartism, took to general lecturing; he was popular and successful, and was heard also in this country. Cleave, a book-seller (he had been

at sea in his youth), was active in the battle of the unstamped as well as for the Charter. Rude and bluff in manner, he had, says Lovett, who knew him better than I did, "a warm and generous heart; always ready to aid the good cause, and to lend a helping hand to the extent of his means. He labored hard and made great sacrifices."

Not unremembered be John Frost, the Newport linen-draper. He had been mayor of Newport, too, so hardly of seditious tendencies. A man of mature age, over fifty, when he led that mad attempt to take Vincent out of prison. A respectable, worthy, well-esteemed, quiet man, with nothing to gain but everything to lose by his insurgency, like William Smith O'Brien, impelled solely by a chivalrous sense of public duty. I care not if it be called Quixotic. I would, indeed, there were not so few of men so earnest. His followers—say rather those who chose him for their leader—were hot-headed Welsh miners, excited by braggart talk of probable outbreaks elsewhere. This "rebellion" put down by a few soldiers, Frost and two companions, Williams and Jones, were tried for high treason, convicted, of course, and, left for execution, would certainly have been hanged but for the urgency of petitions in their favor and the ill omen of the appearance of an executioner at the young Queen's wedding; so the sentence was commuted to transportation for life—to any man of wholesome, decent habits, a punish-



JOHN FROST.

ment severer than death. Horrible beyond telling was the condition of our penal settlements in those days. After some years the convict's sufferings were lightened, and, but a few years ago, the remainder of his sentence remitted, Frost returned from Australia to die in England in 1877—a hale, hearty-looking old man of ninety-three, unchanged in his opinions.

More heat was in impulsive Thomas Cooper, the poor shoe-maker, who beguiled captivity by writing the "Purgatory of Suicides; a Prison Rhyme," in ten books, which, with part of an historical romance, a series of simple tales, and a small Hebrew guide, were the fruits of two years and eleven weeks' confinement in Stafford Gaol. The author speaks of himself as one "who bent over the last and wielded the awl till three-and-twenty,—struggling amidst weak health and deprivation to acquire a knowledge of languages,—and whose experience in after life was at first limited to the humble sphere of a school-master, and never enlarged beyond that of a laborious worker on a newspaper." His imprisonment was for "seditious conspiracy"—a speech made by him to some colliers on strike having been followed, without his purpose or his knowledge, by riot. He stood two trials—the first for taking part in the riot, when he proved an *alibi*; the second for conspiring to produce the riot, for which, after a ten days' trial, he pleading for himself, he was convicted. To return to his poem. Noteworthy on account of the circumstances under which it was produced, it also deserves credit for itself: a poem well conceived, wrought out with no ordinary amount of power, and not wanting in poetic imagination. A few lines may suffice to show its form,—lines of which Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-law Rhymer," would not have been ashamed. The opening of the third book:

"Hail, glorious Sun!
Great exorcist, that bringest up the train
Of childhood's joyance and youth's dazzling dreams
From the heart's sepulchre, until again
I live in ecstasy 'mid woods and streams
And golden flowers that laugh while kiss'd by thy
bright beams.

"Ay! once more, mirror'd in the silver Trent,
Thy noon tide majesty I think I view,
With boyish wonder; or, till drowsed and spent
With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue
With shaded eyes, watching the lark pursue
Her dizzy flight; then on a fragrant bed
Of meadow sweets, still sprent with morning dew,
Dream how the heavenly chambers overhead
With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread."

Hasty as Cooper was, a man of warm feelings and some sensitiveness of temper, he was as kind-hearted as hasty, a "wild beast" whose



THOMAS COOPER.

soul was full of good-will toward men, guileless as a child, and with all a poet's love of the simple loveliness of nature. He was a man, too, of good sense and thought; his "Letters to Young Men," written in such English as Cobbett wrote, are of the same solid stuff. He was also an eloquent speaker. I believe he is now a preacher of some dissenting persuasion. I do not recollect if he was a Chartist before he was graduated at Stafford; but I know he was heartily and actively with us after he came thence. I was well acquainted with and much esteemed him.

Some words I must spare for Thomas Powell, whom I knew when he was a shopman with his friend Hetherington. He, a fiery little Welshman, had more of the rebel in him, albeit a sensible man, clever and wary—a man who might have led an insurrection. He had twelve months in prison, not for inciting, but for seditious staying of action—so proving that he had influence beyond that of the mere inciter. What quality he had, how trusted and trustworthy he was, one little anecdote will show. When Hetherington was indicted for selling Haslam's "Letters to the Clergy," he made up his mind to suffer imprisonment rather than pay a fine. He had been mulcted enough in former days, and this time "they should take it out of his bones." A friend (Chartist also, Hugh Williams, a Caermarthen lawyer, Cobden's brother-in-law) lent him a sum sufficient to purchase his whole property, books, presses, household stuff, etc. This

handed to Powell, the property valued by a broker to make the sale legal, Powell bought all, paying the ready money for it. Hetherington returned his friend's loan, and coming out of prison (he was not fined) received back his own from Powell. There were no vouchers or receipts passed to vitiate the transaction. So these Chartists trusted one another. A restless, not an irritable man, on the failure of Chartism, Powell took a party of emigrants to South America. That enterprise also failed. He died soon after, in Trinidad.

The men I have spoken of are hardly to be dismissed as rioters, nor will mere personal discontent appear to be the motor of their lives. I have said the rioting with which Chartists are credited by history was not extensive, however the number of Government prosecutions may appear to contradict me. I note that all of these, my friends and fellow-workers, except young Harding and Moore, were what a liberal Home Secretary would classify as convicts: convicted of offenses against existing powers, punished with imprisonment, not for crime, but, as good old Lamennais has it in his "Words of a Believer," for having wished to serve their fellows. The Chartist convict list (how much of it of the same character?) was indeed a lengthy one, deductions made for matters which had no concern with Chartism. One Vernon, of whom I recall nothing but his sentence, had eighteen months of jail. James Bronterre O'Brien, an Irishman, one of the most able among us, some while editor of Hetherington's "Poor Man's Guardian," had eighteen months. Sharpe, Williams, and Holberry died in prison. Cuffey, Ellis, Lacy, Dowling, Fay, and Mullins were transported. I know not if any of them ever returned. Ernest Jones, a later Chartist,—a man of what is called good family, a barrister, and with some poetical talent,—had two years, with exceptionally harsh treatment. Feargus O'Connor (an honest but less capable O'Connell), whose demagogic egotism did more than anything else to discredit, mislead, and ruin the cause, proved his sincerity by twelve months in York Castle. And my friend George Julian Harney (resident in the United States for the last seventeen years, the only survivor of the fifty-three members of the Chartist Convention of 1839), three times imprisoned for selling unstamped newspapers, had his share of numerous occasional arrests. Fifty-seven men were at one time on trial together, the majority defending

themselves, Harney leading, and O'Connor closing the defense. Arrests, convictions, punishments were plentiful enough. Proving what? For sample of what might constitute offense: four laboring men in Lancashire, in 1831, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for *unlawfully assembling on a Sunday*.

But I am not writing a history of Chartism. I am speaking here of Chartists. Convicts as they were (so were Eliot, Vane, Sidney, and one Russell), may we not also call them martyrs, sufferers for a righteous cause? Few words may sum up the history: Mistakes, discouragement, dissensions, confusion, desertions, apathy, and despair. Is it not the story of almost all popular, of all first, attempts? Matters not to blame the blundering bluster of O'Connor, to condemn the impolicy of accepting recruits from among the trading politicians who join but to betray. Two things insured our failure: we were not equal to our task, and also we were before our time. Note yet a third: there was no organization toward action. Our work was a protest; we had no plan beyond that. Others will learn wisdom from our failings; and the time will grow.

I have picked my men for praise—the best I knew, the leaders of the earlier movement, most of them members of the London associations. Other good men I could name, if not many of that stamp or height of worthiness, both in London and in the provinces. I have not taken these as exceptions. All the rest were not "wild beasts." One million two hundred and eighty-three thousand persons signed the first Chartist petition, presented to the House of Commons on the 14th of June, 1839. Surely good and bad were in that number. But though there were no record of personal worth, this would be no less true: That since the days when the chief of English gentlemen endeavored to found a religious commonwealth, failing not from lack of earnestness, bravery, or wisest counsel, but because they, too, were before their time, and because they would build upon an impossible foundation,—the letter of an obsolete law,—no nobler or more righteous thought has stirred the soul of Britain than stirred it in this misunderstood attempt of working-men to raise the character of British life by lifting law and life to the ground of natural right,—the only basis of a nation. Pale as that star of Chartism showed in the horizon, lingeringly as the clouds yet obscuring it may pass away, I yet dare to think that it heralded the morning of the Republic.

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FROM MENTOR TO ELBERON.*

THE presidential episode in the life of James A. Garfield was one "crowded with perils, but crowned with triumphs." Its tragical ending has made a story of unmatched pathos, which has become a household word. His memory has taken a lasting and sacred place in human hearts, wherever they can be touched by the recital of great sufferings heroically borne. Of the story of his later life, much has been written and told by friends and admirers,—much that is true, and more that is fanciful. It has been my singular fortune and happiness to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of him whom everybody is mourning; a friendship of a life-time, which has known "no shadow of turning." In the light of that friendship, I make record here of some recollections of General Garfield, with no purpose of adding to his fame, for that is secure; but by way of illustration of those great qualities of head and heart which have served to endear him to his countrymen.

The meeting of the Chicago Convention found General Garfield a member of the House of Representatives, and the acknowledged leader of his party in that body; a Senator-elect, chosen under the most happy auspices, and a delegate-at-large to the Convention from his native State. Indications were not wanting that his name might be brought before the Convention as a candidate; and there were not a few friends who looked with great confidence to his nomination. He did not share this confidence; and, in the light of past events, we may now emphasize the sincerity and earnestness of his wish first to round out his legislative career in the Senate. Whenever I referred to the probability or possibility of his nomination, while he looked forward with an honest ambition to the highest honor to be conferred by his fellow-citizens, he would say: "Not yet; I must make my record in the Senate." I shall not soon forget my last interview with him in his library, before his departure for Chicago. While he was fully alive to the important results of the great convention, and his first thoughts were in the direction of the welfare of his party and the country, with the spirit of the gladiator he longed for the conflict of debate. Rising from his chair, he said, slowly and musingly: "Well, I go to

Chicago!" Then, drawing himself up, he added,—“And if any one attempts to bulldoze that convention, I purpose measuring lances with him!”

The following incident further uncovers his own views and feelings regarding his candidacy. On the return from Chicago, some one on the train observed that "Garfield would now be common property, and the target for all kinds of abuse." Overhearing the remark, he turned to an intimate friend, saying:

"Do you hear how I am to be handled? I am afraid that will wear on me harder than the work of the campaign. You know how nearly the outrageous slanders and lies so cruelly hurled at me a few years ago wearied me with political life before the country got to understand that I was entirely clean-handed. If my position then invoked such abuse, what must I expect with a heated presidential campaign before me? I earnestly wish they had taken my advice and let me wait for the future. But this world does not seem to be the place to carry out one's wishes."

After some further conversation on the subject, which was followed by a period of thought and silence, he looked up and said:

"You have a great deal of practical sense. What is the remedy?"

"Don't listen to it," was the reply.

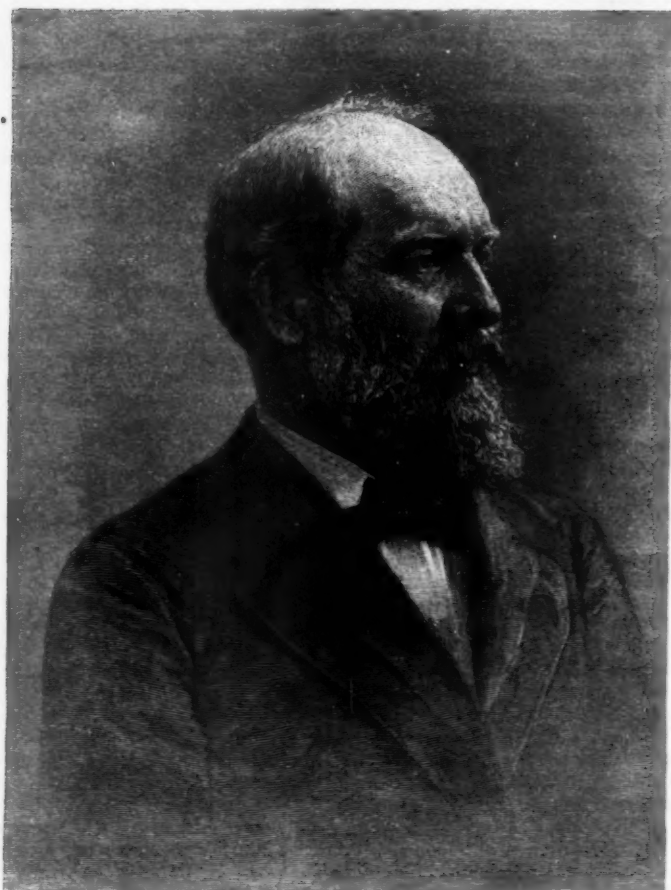
"That is," rejoined he, "don't *hear* it. That can be done in one way. Why can't I set up Garfield the Candidate, to receive all this fire, which, after all, will be aimed at the candidate, and keep myself near enough to advise him what to do and say. Then can I give him the benefit of my best judgment. What do you think of the idea?"

"It looks well," was the reply, "and *you* can carry it into execution, if it is possible to be done by any man."

"Very well," he responded, "I'll try it."

I recount this detailed conversation for its importance as furnishing the key to his bearing throughout his brief presidential career. Garfield the man was always greater than Garfield the candidate or the President. One of his campaign biographers, who knew him well, remarked, sententiously, that his nomination was simply an incident in his life.

* This paper by Colonel Rockwell was written to form part of the new edition of Major J. M. Bundy's "Life of Garfield" (published by A. S. Barnes & Co.), in which it will shortly appear.



JAMES A. GARFIELD. (FROM AN ARTOTYPE BY EDWARD BIERSTADT, N. Y.)*

To his intimate friends, who understood the beauty, serenity, and philosophical calmness of his inner life, his various public honors were insignificant when compared with the real merit of his individuality. This abstraction of self stood him in good stead. It explains a thousand touches of character. His long residence in Washington had made him familiarly known to thousands, and when, the enthusiasms and congratulations incident to the nomination having somewhat subsided, he returned to the capital, he had for all a cordial greeting, and a hearty grasp of the hand. The same unaffected, boyish manner marked the poise

of the man, unshaken by elevation. During this visit, I read to him a letter to me from an old college friend of ours, in which there were affectionate remembrances, coupled with exultation over his achievements, and the pathetic suggestion of the writer, that Garfield "was now likely to swing out of his horizon." Throwing his arm about me, the General exclaimed, feelingly: "Give my love to the dear old fellow, and say I have no horizon for him." When told that another friend regarded him as one gone far away, he said, in his whole-hearted, sunny way: "Wait till we meet, and see." He specially enjoyed the greeting and banquet given him by his old

* This portrait is here printed as giving a somewhat different phase of the late President's character from that presented in Mr. Cole's engraving in the December number.

Cumberland army friends. At his meeting with two or three of them later, for a little needed recreation, they will always remember the hearty zest and joyousness with which he said, "Boys, isn't this royal?"

Returning to Mentor, he began the work of the campaign, the unwritten history of which will show a thoroughness, a mastery of detail, a wise management, and, above all, a supremacy of direction and command, that are known to few. With his bearing during this trying period the country is fully acquainted, and the wisdom and moderation which he exhibited were daily apparent in his acts and words. It was clearly evident that the "candidate" was in the hands of a cool, well-balanced manager. In no way were these qualities more conspicuously shown than in the often repeated ordeal of off-hand speeches. An eminent public man, in a recent letter to me, referring to the extraordinary success of these impromptu speeches, when the speaker's mind was filled with the anxieties and weariments of the canvass, states that, in a conversation of Democratic leaders, just before the election, one of the most distinguished of their number said to them:

"When Garfield began making speeches every day to the committees of all kinds calling upon him, I felt sure he would blunder into saying something that would be a dead-weight for him and an advantage for us. But, watching every word he has said, I am astonished that he has not made a single mistake in all of these talks out of which any capital could be made against him."

Connected with one of these little speeches is an incident which I recall as throwing a side light on one phase of his character—a philosophical independence—which often absolved him from strict partisan allegiance. One day, the colored Jubilee Singers made him a visit. They were received with that hearty and unaffected cordiality which was given to all who came. At his request, they sang some of their weird and characteristic songs, concluding with a pathetic benediction, which touched the hearts of the listeners. For a moment there was a silence, which was broken at last by his thanks, in the name of his family and himself. Then, in the midst of eloquent words of cheer and encouragement, he reminded them that they "were fighting for light and the freedom it brings, and," said he, "in that contest I would rather be with you and defeated, than against you and victorious";—then, after a brief pause, with a sudden energy—"and let the politicians make the most of it!"

Through all these occasional utterances the man may be continually seen, to the

exclusion of the candidate. Considerations of personal success were set aside in the presence of the "eternal verities." If a thing was right, it was "everlastingly" right. It is safe to say that few men in his position would have had the moral courage of his words to a delegation of colored men that called upon him. "I will not," said he, "affect to be your friend any more than thousands of others; I do not pretend even to be particularly your friend; but your friend only with all other just men." Replying to a remark of mine to the effect that his words were novel and unusual, but in the direction of justice and truth, whatever they might be politically, he said: "I am glad you like the speech; I thought it was time to do some plain talking." The same courageous expression of his convictions of what was right, rather than expedient, cropped out at Chataqua, when he said: "I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

During the campaign, with its cares and anxieties, its labors and fatigues, its slanders and assaults, there was for him one perpetual fountain of sunshine and comfort in the love and endearments of home and friends. The domestic life of General Garfield has been laid bare to the world, only to be admired for its beauty and simplicity, and for the wealth of affection lavished by him upon his family. They were his veritable household gods. Every member had his or her special place in his heart. His imagination, with a quaint invention, gave them many grotesque names. One boy was "The Dutch Brig," another, with Garfield's old and ever-present love of the sea, was his "Little Yacht." From the ashes of the "Squirrel" sprang the nondescript phoenix "Scutifer." A chance word, a trait of character, a pun, any unusual incident, would furnish the pretext for a new prenom. "Chickamauga," "Burton," "Little Whack," "Burling," and many another pet name resounded through the house from his cheery lips. Even the telegraph-operator was the "Hurler of Lightning," familiarly abbreviated in conversation to "Hurler"; and the big Newfoundland dog, in memory of the numerous bills killed in 1879 by the executive disapproval, was called by the suggestive name of "Veto." The home life seemed to be a mighty fortress and defense against everything connected with the campaign, which was continually relegated to the little office, a building appropriately detached from the house. At all other times and places, one was reminded only of a quiet, simple, happy country home. At the table, the master of the house was the ruling spirit. Fun, fact, fancy,

reminiscence, quotation, anecdote, flowed from his lips in variety and profusion.

It was during this period that an incident occurred which I recall with no ordinary interest, precluding, as it did, the great tragedy so soon to be enacted. A prominent gentleman of Cleveland had been so greatly impressed with the circumstantial details of an organized plan for the assassination of General Garfield, that he had driven out to Mentor, by night, to acquaint him with the facts. As the result of the interview, it was arranged that the man who had made known the existence of the alleged plot should visit the general the next day, that he might examine and cross-question him. Pending his arrival, General Swain and myself were made acquainted with the case, and were advised to watch the manner and bearing of the man, with a view to the detection of indications of insanity. In the course of the conversation, the probability of the story and the necessity of action were discussed. Finally, after musing awhile, Garfield said, somewhat sadly and impressively: "Well, if assassination is to play its part in the campaign, and I must be the sacrifice, perhaps it is best. I think I am ready." The examination of the following day disclosed enough of mental wryness in the informer to satisfy us that the plot was a hallucination, and the subject was dropped.

As the time for the election approached, it became more and more apparent to his friends that the mere question of his personal success or failure was insignificant to him, as a factor in the contest. He wished for success infinitely more for the sake of the gratification it would give to his friends than for any power, emolument, or honor that should come to him. Bidding a near friend good-bye, only a few days before the election, he said, with a touch of almost boyish humor:

"You will not think any the less of me if I am not elected, will you?"

To inquiries as to the probable result, he would say:

"I never allow myself to be too much elated or cast down, no matter what happens."

Soon after the election, General Garfield announced his purpose to be "a first-class listener," and patiently and philosophically received the advice and suggestions of his party friends concerning the shaping of his cabinet and policy; reserving his own counsel. Even yet, in the midst of the cares, anxieties, and responsibilities that pressed upon him, the first thought was always of those who were nearest and dearest. Drawing his daughter to him one evening, in his hearty, impulsive way, he exclaimed:

"You are worth to me a dozen presidencies."

The immediate educational future of his elder sons enlisted his careful and earnest attention. He fully realized the difficulties, the temptations, and the unusual surroundings that might interfere with their good. With a view to their careful and thorough preparation for admission to college, it was arranged that they should precede his coming to Washington, and prosecute their studies under a private tutor, at my house. I cannot better indicate his solicitude and interest in the best welfare of his boys, than by his remark to me, prior to their coming:

"Whatever fate may await me," said he, "I am resolved, if possible, to save my children from being injured by my presidency. '*Hæ opus, hic labor est.*' Every attempt, therefore, to flatter them, or to make more of them than they deserve, I shall do all I can to prevent, and to arm them against."

During the winter, the quiet little town of Mentor became the object of national interest. Each day brought its deputations and committees, its speeches and congratulations; and the home life, with its beauties and comforts, was broken up. There was a longing for the old ways; a feeling that something very dear and necessary to the happiness of daily life was slipping away. With some members of the family, vague apprehensions of impending trouble became, to a remarkable degree, almost convictions. One near to General Garfield wrote thus, in January: "I am not sorry that the cold winter is passing so rapidly; although the events of the next two months rise up before us, until I am overwhelmed in advance. I scarcely dare to think; I only feel the desire to hurry through it all. But, perhaps, our trials will then only have begun."

I visited General Garfield late in February. Everything that was best was unchanged. He was still the reticent, self-contained, self-counseling listener; in all else frank, open, boyish. Yet, behind all, was something indefinable that suggested a change in his mental habits. In the course of conversation, I spoke of the supreme solitude in which every human soul, despite the most affectionate social ties, must necessarily dwell, coupling my remark with an allusion to an unusual loneliness which his new position would bring. The thought seemed to strike him with special force, and he referred to this cause many regrets that new and unexpected relations would inevitably arise with scores of old friends,—relations that the highest considerations of public duty would dictate, compelling the ruthless setting aside of old and tender ties, in the interest of public necessities. Dwelling upon this point with special force of word and manner,

his nature seemed at last to concentrate itself into an intensity of feeling, as he said, with the deepest fervor: "I fear it remains for me to make my pathway over the wrecks of human hearts!"

Through all the enthusiasms and ceremonial of the inauguration there was still the same calm intellectual poise, the same perfect self-control and mastery. I think all who enjoyed his personal acquaintance or friendship will agree with me that it was the man rather than the President whom they met, greeted, and congratulated. In the midst of the excitements and distractions of those days, when there was an occasional moment of quiet, and he could open his heart without restraint, the touches of regret over the fate that had hurried his career and broken in upon that symmetry which he had planned, would assert themselves. With two or three friends, I accompanied him to Mr. Chittenden's reception, on the evening after his arrival. The conversation naturally drifted to the personal relations of General Garfield to the presidency; its bearing upon his future, and the bright promises for the public good that would come from his administration. The glories of the present were brilliant and attractive enough; but to him the future brought a sobering, saddening prospect. "Four years hence," said he, "I shall leave the presidency, still a young man, with no future before me; to become a political reminiscence—a squeezed lemon, to be thrown away."

This feeling was expressed on the following evening at the reunion of his college classmates, where he said, with intense feeling and emphasis: "This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the presidential fever, not even for a day; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate."

Perhaps no better illustration of General Garfield's mighty endurance and capacity for work can be given than that contained in the history of the 3d and 4th of March. The 3d was passed in a continuous round of receptions of friends, and the important conferences relating to his cabinet; the close of the day bringing unwonted weariness, only to be followed by a banquet at the White House, and the reunion of his classmates. Returning late to his hotel, some time after midnight, he redrafted nearly three-fourths of his inaugural address; his faithful and devoted secretary, Mr. Brown, assisting him in his toil. The rough sheets of this important paper, now in my possession, bear testimony to his indomi-

table perseverance and will, and his fastidious and scholarly tastes. These manuscripts are voluminous, and exhibit in a remarkable way his habits of thought and work, his fund of knowledge, and his versatility and reach in the handling of the great problems of statesmanship. There are no less than a half-dozen separate and distinct drafts of the address in whole or in part, each profusely adorned with notes, interlineations, and marginalia. The mass of rejected material is valuable and suggestive, and, if appropriately arranged, would make a paper of no small worth and proportion. When, at the reading of one of these tentative drafts to me in February last, I had expressed to him my desire to possess it, he exclaimed, in his characteristic and original way: "What! you would not wish the staggerings of my mind, would you?"

Of the great strain and demand made upon his physical and intellectual forces on the 4th of March, it is not necessary that I should record details. No incident among the many of that eventful day gave him greater gratification than the visit of the alumni of Williams College, headed by his old instructor, ex-President Hopkins. The words of congratulation of the "dear old doctor" were so solemn and impressive that they seemed to be the messengers of a benediction. With his head bowed, and his heart full of love and reverence, the new President spoke of the greetings that had been given him "by that venerable and venerated man who was, in college days, and will always be, *our* President." Continuing, he said: "I hope he will pardon me for a more personal reference. For a quarter of a century Dr. Hopkins has seemed to me a man apart from other men; standing on a mountain peak, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of heaven. His presence here is a benediction."

Probably no administration ever opened its existence under brighter auspices than that of President Garfield, but it was not long before his great vitality showed visible signs of yielding to the dragging wear of the never-ending demands and importunities for place. Each day brought its exhausting physical fatigue and intellectual weariness—the result of a continual din of selfish talk. Fairly staggering into the library at the close of a specially exhausting day, he said to me: "I cannot endure this much longer; no man, who has passed his prime, can succeed me here, to wrestle with the people as I have done, without its killing him." Yet through it all he was cheerful. As throughout his life, so, even now, his great heart held

its accustomed sway: the playful, almost boyish, humor illuminating all. Leaving behind him the stress of work and the cares of his office, he would often say: "Now the fun is over, let us go to business!"—referring to some proposed recreation. These annoyances were all the more harassing on account of the domestic trials and afflictions which followed, beginning with the illness of his mother. Upon her recovery, with the affectionate solicitude that marked his care for her, he made the necessary arrangements for the change of air and scene which her precarious health demanded. He accompanied her to the train, with the friend who was to be her escort. Her last remark to him, as he was about bidding her farewell, acquires, in the light of his fate, a new and startling significance, as another of those inexplicable premonitions of evil to which I have before referred. With great earnestness, she said:

"James, I wish you to take good care of yourself, for I am afraid somebody will shoot you!"

"Why, mother," he asked, in astonishment, "who would wish to shoot me?"

When asked recently, by a friend, why she had addressed this caution to her son, she said, "I do not understand: I only know I felt that I must." This incident possesses an added interest when it is remembered that several months before the meeting of the Chicago Convention, without previous allusion to the subject, she suddenly and bluntly said to her son: "James, you will be nominated at Chicago next June!"

The President was scarcely free from the anxiety of his mother's illness before she whose light and comfort had done more to make his life happy than all his achievements and triumphs, was prostrated by a dangerous illness. Dividing his time between the cares of his office and her chamber, he gave her that devotion which was to be so soon, so amply, and so heroically repaid. He was specially touched by the delicate and sympathetic expressions which came to him through the press, in reference to his affliction. On one occasion, reading a sympathetic paragraph in one of the local papers, he requested me to inquire the name of the writer, that I might impart to him his thanks and appreciation.

With Mrs. Garfield's convalescence began the President's anxiety for her departure to Elberon—the spot that was to be the scene of a few brief days of rest, and, finally, where his great soul was to be unimprisoned. Under the bracing and invigorating salt air, Mrs. Garfield was rapidly regaining her health and strength; while the President, freed from the tread-mill life of the White House, enjoyed,

in fullest measure, the quiet of the charming cottage life by the sea. He was looking forward with great interest to the reunion of his college classmates, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation, and to his New England trip, and his leisure moments were spent in giving his personal attention to the details of the journey. But now came a new token of disaster: one evening the telegraph-operator placed in my hand a dispatch to the President, announcing the sudden death of one relative, and the fatal injury of another by a railway accident. From my room, where he was engaged in an important conversation with two or three gentlemen, I called him into the hall, and handed him the dispatch. He read it, crushed it in his hand, saying: "Keep this from Crete," and, going back, resumed his conversation. Afterward, he told me that it was with great effort that he retained his composure until the interview was concluded.

Leaving Mrs. Garfield at Elberon, the President returned to Washington in the latter part of June, rested and refreshed by his little vacation. The closing days of the month he devoted to that careful arrangement and disposition of affairs that was habitual with him, looking after minute details with the thoughtfulness that was characteristic of his treatment of public duties. I passed a portion of the evening of July 1st with him, receiving his final instructions regarding his journey, and bade him good-night.

With the startling events of the fateful second of July, and the incidents of the memorable eighty days, the reader is almost as familiar as if he had stood in the place of those whose privilege it was to minister to him. To some of us, who had intimately known President Garfield, his gallant and plucky bearing in the face of the "one chance" which he outwardly accepted—though, as I now believe, he inwardly rejected it from the first—was not unexpected. It was, after all, but the continuance of that marvelous poise and self-control which were the "granite foundation" of his greatness. These, from the instant of returning consciousness, which was lost for a moment after the "fatal blow" (as he himself called it that morning), instantly marshaled themselves into place, and never deserted him to the last.

Throughout his long illness, I was most forcibly impressed with the manner in which those traits of his character which were most winning in health became intensified. His perfect courtesy, his consideration and thoughtfulness, his keen appreciation and thankfulness, his unmeasured affection, were continually exhibiting themselves in a thousand ways. His

medical attendants will not forget, after the long and painful dressings, his frequent and hearty: "Thank you, gentlemen." He whose duty it was, through so many anxious days, to take the pulse, temperature, and respiration, will remember pleasantly the President's oft-repeated question to his attendants, as the hours dragged wearily on: "Isn't it time for 'Old Temperature' to put in an appearance?" Nor will another regret that the monotony of a long agony should give him the appellation of "the beneficent bore!" His thankfulness and appreciation of the care and devotion given him by his physicians and attendants were measureless. Placing his hand on the head of one of them, a day or two before his death, he said, with much emotion: "You have been always faithful and forbearing." It has been remarked that the President scarcely referred to his assassin. He seems to have foreshadowed his feelings in one of his little speeches during the campaign, in which he said: "If a man murders you without provocation, your soul bears no burden of the wrong; but all the angels of the universe will weep for the misguided man who committed the murder." For his enemies, or those who may have chosen thus to regard themselves, he had no enmity,—naught but magnanimity.

Probably there were never eighty days of illness so full of incident, and yet there is much that cannot be told and can only be felt. To one, it seems now that for that life every hour was a struggle so intense that all else has been swallowed up in it. "There was never a moment that the dear General was left alone, and yet, when one thinks of the loneliness in which his great spirit lived, the heart is almost ready to break." When Mrs. Garfield thinks of the seriousness with which he would send her away from him, when he would say: "Yes, go and ride; I want you to;" "You must go to bed now; I can't let you sit up any longer;" or "Go down to the table; you must preside there;" she wonders that she dared to leave him, even for a moment; yet his gentle firmness compelled obedience, and went far to encourage the hope in which she lived. Even that first night, when he said to her: "Go, now, and rest; I shall want you near me when the crisis comes," she did not, or *would not*, think that he referred to his death; although she afterward knew he did. The tenderness with which he withheld from her what she now believes he felt would be his fate, deluges her heart with tears.

The long, hot, weary days of July and August dragged on. The President was still master of himself, and by his magnificent

bearing was teaching the country and the world the noblest of human lessons: how to live grandly in the daily clutch of death. Whatever flaws fallible human nature may have charged against him in the days of sturdy health, let it never be forgotten that during these eighty days, when he was subjected to the supremest tests, he was uniformly great.

From one apprehension I am thankful that I was freed, with the beginning of his silence. To his son, as will be remembered, a few days after his hurt, he had said, with a touch of the never-failing humor: "It is only the hull that is staved in: the upper works are unharmed." As the days wore on, and, with a sad reluctance, we noted the failing strength, the emaciation, the weakening voice, and the gradual physical decline, I could not bear to think of witnessing a possible decay of those rare intellectual forces. And here let it be recorded that to the last day his eye was undimmed, and the splendid vigor of brain was unimpaired.

Some weeks after his hurt, there came to the President by the delicate remembrance of his old friend Mr. Evarts, then in Paris, a superb copy of his favorite Latin poet, Horace. It was, I think, a royal subscription edition; luxurious in its heavy laid paper, its illustrations and text (alike engraved), and its sumptuous binding. The old scholarly love flashed from his eyes as they wandered over the familiar pages, catching glimpses of oft-repeated verses. Perhaps they rested on the "Integer vitae," or the "Cras ingens." Turning to the fly-leaf, he asked me to translate the two following lines:

*"Doctrina, sed, vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant."*

Book IV., Ode IV.

which his friend had appropriately appended to his name; and the old habits of thoroughness came back, as he playfully chided me for my infelicitous rendering of one of the words.

One day there came from some friend a large and very faithful portrait of his venerable mother. Quietly, and while he was sleeping, it was placed on an easel at the foot of his bed, where it should greet him on waking. Opening his eyes not long after, he gazed upon the familiar features intently for some moments. Then, raising his fingers to his lips, he waved his hand toward the picture with the filial salutation: "Dear soul!"

I have been asked by several correspondents how far he was made acquainted with the feeling of his countrymen toward himself during his illness. I think the impression is quite general that he knew but little of

it. This is a mistake. Many letters from strangers, acquaintances, and friends were read to him at intervals during his illness. These, with the not infrequent reading of short items from the newspapers, gave him an intelligent idea of the general feeling. For all this his heart was unutterably thankful, and, wherever it was possible, he would send some expression of his gratitude.

The time came at last when even the hope under which the President, his attendants, and the country had lived was fading away with his stay at the capital. The details of the remarkable journey to Elberon and of the last fortnight are too well known for me to recount them here. With the reaction from the fatigue of a journey which was made almost literally through the valley of the shadow of death, returned the hope in which we all lived.

As September wore away, the days brought new premonitions of the end. It came appropriately on "Chickamauga day," when, eighteen years before, he had faced death on the battle-field. How fitting was his last utterance: "Oh, Swaim!" to that devoted friend, who had stood shoulder to shoulder to him in many a desperate situation, and with whom he had shared the same blanket and

"Drunk from the same canteen!"

For many years it has been my habit to send to him, of whom I have written, words of congratulation with each accession of unsought honors. They were prophetic and descriptive of the illustrious journey he was making. Its earthly part is ended; but I send him once again the old salutation: "*Sic itur ad astra!*"

THE HORSEMAN.

WHO is it rides with whip and spur—
Or madman, or king's messenger?

The night is near, the lights begin
To glimmer from the road-side inn,

And o'er the moor-land, waste and wide,
The mists behind the horseman ride.

"Ho, there within—a stirrup-cup!
No time have I to sleep or sup.

"An honest cup!—and mingle well
The juices that have still the spell

"To banish doubt and care, and slay
The ghosts that prowl the king's highway."

"And whither dost thou ride, my friend?"
"My friend, to find the road-way's end."

His eyeballs shone: he caught and quaffed,
With scornful lips, the burning draught.

"Yea, friend, I ride to prove my life;
If there be guerdon worth the strife—

"If after loss, and after gain,
And after bliss, and after pain,

"There be no deeper draught than this—
No sharper pain—no sweeter bliss—

"Nor anything which yet I crave
This side, or yet beyond the grave—

"All this, all this I ride to know;
So pledge me, Gray-beard, ere I go."

"But gold thou hast: and youth is thine,
And on thy breast the blazoned sign

"Of honor—yea, and Love hath bound,
With rose and leaf, thy temples round.

"With youth, and name, and wealth in store,
And woman's love, what wilt thou more?"

"'What more?' 'what more?' thou gray-
beard wight?
That something yet—that one delight—

"To know! to know!—although it be
To know but endless misery!

"The something that doth beckon still,
Beyond the plain, beyond the hill,

"Beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
Where yonder shining coursers run.

"Farewell! Where'er the pathway trend,
I ride, I ride, to find the end!"

REMINISCENCES OF THIERS.

It was in 1867 that I first saw Thiers. Having passed many years in private life, in 1863 he had entered the Corps Législatif, under the Second Empire, as a deputy from the second *circonscription* of Paris, thus commencing a new political career at the age of sixty-three. In my younger days I had read with enthusiasm his "History of the French Revolution," a work which for half a century has held the intelligent world under the empire of its charm and fascination. I had also read with almost equal interest his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," which Lamartine once pronounced "*the book of the century.*" Being in Paris in the month of July, 1867, I hailed the good fortune which enabled me to obtain admission to the Corps Législatif, and to listen to Thiers on the day he concluded his great speech on the "Mexican Question," which was one of the most terrible arraignments ever launched against any government.

Previous to the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851, Thiers had been a member of the Legislative Assembly under the Republic of 1848, from the department of the Seine Interieur. It was at this time that he was thrown into the prison of Mazas, together with many of the most eminent men in France. Afterward temporarily banished, he was permitted to reënter France in August, 1852.

When I took up my official residence in Paris, in the spring of 1869, Thiers was still a member of the Corps Législatif. He was the center of a small group of deputies who composed the opposition in the Chamber, and known as the "Left." In a body of nearly three hundred members, this opposition could not claim more than about thirty. But in this small minority there were numbered many men of such ability, power, and eloquence as to make them a real force. After Thiers there was Jules Favre, who held the first place as an orator, and next to him I should place Jules Grévy, a lawyer of distinction, a man of large attainments and an original republican, and now President of the French Republic. Gambetta was a comparatively new member, sitting on the extreme left, and just beginning to make his reputation. Ernest Picard was an able man, witty and skillful in debate; Jules Simon, also an original republican, a man of real ability, and much devoted to letters and the cause of education. Emmanuel Arago and Eugène Pelletan, advanced republicans, were among the deputies from

Paris. And in this group of the opposition there were two members of the Provisional Government of 1848—Garnier-Pagès and Adolphe Crémieux. Pagès was a man of striking personal appearance and courtly manners, and bore the strongest resemblance to Henry Clay of any man I have ever seen. Crémieux was the old Hebrew advocate who had but recently been elected a member, and was beginning to take that position in the Chamber to which his large experience in affairs, his great ability and earnest patriotism entitled him. They have both died within a comparatively recent period. One of the most prominent, able, and courageous men of this group was Jules Ferry, now so well known as the recent head of the French ministry. Among the other members of this opposition was Jules Le Cesne, deputy from Havre, who had passed much of his life in New Orleans, where he had accumulated a fortune.

Never in his long and illustrious career did Thiers occupy a higher plane than in the Corps Législatif, in July, 1870, when the question of war or peace hung trembling in the balance. It is impossible to go into the history of those frightful days, when a midsummer madness seems to have seized the French Government, and when all Paris was under the influence of an excitement and fury almost without a parallel.

It was in the sitting of the Corps Législatif of the 15th of July, 1870, that the question of the declaration of war came up for consideration. Thiers, almost single-handed and alone, undertook to stem the torrent which he saw was about to sweep over his country and engulf its glory and prosperity. In the midst of a hostile and howling majority he appealed for a little delay, that the members might have more information and a fuller knowledge of the subject. I now quote from the official record of the proceedings:

"M. THIERS: History, France, and the world are now regarding us. The resolution which you propose to take may result in the death of thousands of men. Upon your action, perhaps, may depend the destinies of our country, and it is necessary to me, before this formidable decision may be made, that I should have a moment for reflection. Leave me, then, to say one thing. You cry out against me, but I am as decided to hear your murmurs as it is necessary to brave them. [*Très bien*—à Gauche.] * * * I have the sentiments which I represent here, not by the passions of the country, but by its well-considered interests. I have the certainty, the inmost consciousness, of fulfilling a difficult duty in resisting passions—patriotic, if you wish to call them such, but imprudent. [*Allons donc*—à Droite; à Gauche—Oui, oui; très bien.] You may be

convinced that when one has lived forty years in the midst of agitations and political vicissitudes, and that he has fulfilled his duty, and that he has the certainty of having fulfilled it, that nothing can shake him, not even outrages. When a subject so grave, gentlemen, any member—he might be the only member, he might be the last in your esteem—if he have a doubt, he ought to have the privilege to express it. Yes, there are more than I. I am not the only one. [Interruptions.]

"M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE: You are fourteen."

"M. DE CHOISEUL: If the elections had been free we would be more numerous. [Exclamations.]

"M. LE MARQUIS DE PIRÉ: Recall to yourself then, M. Thiers, the noble energy with which you denounced the legislative defections of 1815, and do not imitate them."

"M. THIERS: Very well, gentlemen; do you wish that they should say—do you wish that all Europe should say—that the vital point had been accorded, and that on a mere question of form you would shed torrents of blood? [*Réclamations bruyantes à la Droite et au Centre.*] I demand, then, in face of the country, that they shall give us information of the dispatches upon which they have taken the resolution which has been announced, for it is not necessary to deceive ourselves—it is a declaration of war. [*Certainement—mouvements prolongés.*]

To this statement of Thiers, M. Granier de Cassagnac, one of the most violent of the Imperialist members of the Chamber, frankly answered, "I believe it." M. Thiers said that he well knew what men were capable of, under the influence of their emotions; that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern had been retired, and that, in the opinion of all Europe, France had received satisfaction on the essential point. The Right and Center received this declaration with loud protests. "You have," said Thiers, "expressed your opinion; now permit me to express my own, in a few words." Meeting with interruptions, he said it would be comprehended that he was in that moment fulfilling the most painful duty of his life, and added these great words: "Yes, as to myself, I am tranquil for my memory. I am sure of that which is reserved to me; I am sure of that, for my action of this moment; but for you, I am certain that there will be days when you will regret your precipitation." These remarks were greeted with insulting expressions by the majority of the Chamber—"Allons donc! allons donc!"

I now quote further from the official report:

"M. LE MARQUIS DE PIRÉ: You are the trumpet anti-patriotic of disaster—go to Coblenz."

"M. THIERS: Offend me, insult me—I am ready to submit to all to avert the shedding of the blood of my fellow-citizens which you are ready to shed so imprudently. I suffer, believe it, to have to speak thus."

"M. LE MARQUIS DE PIRÉ: It is we who suffer in listening to you."

"M. THIERS: When I see that, yielding to your passions, you do not wish to take an instant of reflection,—that you do not wish to demand a knowledge of

the dispatches upon which your judgment should be supported,—I say, gentlemen, permit me the expression that you do not fulfill, in all their extent, the duties that are imposed upon you."

"M. JEROME DAVID: Guard your lessons—we reject them."

"M. THIERS: Say what you wish, but it is very imprudent for you to let the country suspect that it is a party resolution which you take to-day. [*Vives et nombreuses exclamations.*]

"M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE: It is you who are but a party; we are the nation; we are two hundred and seventy."

"M. THIERS: I am willing to vote to the Government all the means necessary when the war shall have been definitively declared, but I desire to know the dispatches on which that declaration of war is based. I await that which is to be done, but I decline, as to myself, the declaration of war so little justified."

The little group of the Left in the Chamber associated itself by its applause to these brave words of Thiers, so profound, so patriotic, and so far-sighted. The next day, the Senate adopted a resolution analogous to that of the Chamber of Deputies. Events now marched apace. A few days after, on the 28th of July, 1870, the Emperor, doubtful and hesitating, left the palace of St. Cloud, never to return to it more, to join the army. The disaster at Wissembourg, on the 4th of August, was followed on the 6th by the double defeat at Reischoffen and Forbach. No one in Paris at that time can ever forget the scenes of excitement, turbulence, and madness that followed the news of these frightful disasters to the French arms. The crisis had already arrived, and made the stoutest hearts tremble. In that extremity there appeared no resource left but to call the Corps Législatif together, and to invest it with sovereign power.

It was on the 9th day of August that the Corps Législatif met in extraordinary session. Excitement, indignation, grief pervaded all Paris, and all looked forward with the most intense interest and anxiety as to what action would be taken by that body in this hour of peril. That sitting has hardly a parallel in the parliamentary annals of France, except in the very worst days of the National Convention. In my long service in the House of Representatives I had witnessed many scenes of violence and excitement, particularly just before the Rebellion, and, on one occasion (in the affair of Grow and Keitt), a hand-to-hand fight in the area in front of the Speaker's chair, but never had I witnessed anything equal to the intense and long-continued violence of this sitting. And it was on this occasion that I was particularly struck with the attitude and deportment of Thiers. Goaded to madness by the threat of M. Granier de Cassagnac that, if he had the power, he would send them all before a military commission.

before night, in an instant nearly every member of the Left rushed into the hemicycle in front of the Tribune, gesticulating wildly and filling the hall with their vociferations. Garnier-Pagès, nearly seventy years old, and ex-member of the Provisional Government of 1848, in advance of all his colleagues, made directly for the Duc de Grammont, who was sitting on the ministerial bench, and shook his fist in his face. During all this mad tumult, when every member was wild and livid with rage, Thiers sat quietly in his seat, unmoved, and apparently undisturbed by the tempest which was raging around him—the coolest of all his colleagues, because the greatest.

It is impossible, in the limits of this paper, to make more than a passing allusion to the stupendous events that followed this celebrated sitting of the 9th of August. The weight of public opinion rested so heavily upon the majority of the Chamber that the Ollivier ministry fell miserably under its own weight and the repobation of the country. Never was that force of public opinion—which Webster once described as being more powerful than the lightning, or the whirlwind, or the earthquake—so strikingly felt as in its effects on the Corps Législatif on this occasion. This ministry of Ollivier, which had inaugurated the war and plunged France into unheard-of disasters and perils, went down without an instant's warning and without a single voice being raised in its behalf. What is known as the "Palikao ministry" succeeded to that of Ollivier. The majority of the Chamber refused to associate itself with the measures proposed by Thiers and his colleagues of the Left intended to meet the crisis. On the 24th of August, Thiers arraigned the majority for opposing propositions the necessity of which no one could deny, and in sincere and patriotic words expressed the sentiments of the opposition to the effect that they should not mingle political questions with the question of the defense of the country.

All the world now knows the desperate efforts made by Thiers in the last days of the Corps Législatif to retain France on the brink of the abyss. They know all the courage, patience, and devotedness he displayed in the too famous sitting of the 15th of July, 1870, in endeavoring to arrest in its headlong career the majority, struck with madness. There is not, in the history of political assemblies, a more touching spectacle than this venerable man giving the most salutary counsels, the most patriotic warnings, in the midst of interruptions and murmurs, and contending against the clamors

of those who accused him of betraying the country when he wished to save it.*

Long, dreary, and anxious days ran on. Immense masses of people thronged the *boulevards*, surrounded the news-stands, reading the journals, discussing the situation, and awaiting telegraphic dispatches which never arrived. The sessions of the Corps Législatif were short and feverish, and the ministers did not appear any more on their benches.

It was on the 4th of September, 1870, that the last hour of the Empire came finally to strike. This day is one of the most important in that French history which for nearly a century has been more interesting and exciting than any romance which ever captivated the imagination. It was on this beautiful and radiant Sabbath, when all Paris had poured itself into the streets, as on a day of *fête*, that the Empire ceased to live. I saw all that it was possible for any one man to see, and my description of the scenes, embodied in an official dispatch to my Government, has been published, with others, by the order of Congress. The establishment of the Provisional Government of National Defense was the immediate outcome of this revolution. Thiers, while declining to become a member of this Government, lost no time in associating himself with its appalling labors and responsibilities. His conspicuous position, the courageous and brilliant rôle he had played in the Corps Législatif since he had reentered public life, and his courageous attitude at the moment of the declaration of war, made him the first man in the state.† It was to him that the Government naturally turned in this hour of its extremity, as the only man who could plead the cause of France before the cabinets of Europe. Commissioned as an Ambassador to the European governments, Thiers, in spite of his age, disdained to spare himself the fatigues, the dangers, and disgusts of an ungrateful enterprise. He visited London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Rome. Received everywhere with the utmost consideration and sympathy, he was yet unable to accomplish much for his afflicted country. It is a long and sad history—his return to France, passing through the German lines under a flag of truce; his visit to Paris; his going back to Versailles; the insurrection of the 31st of October, 1870, and the consequent breaking off of all negotiations with the Count de Bismarck.

An armistice having been concluded between France and Germany in order to enable France to elect a new Assembly, to decide on

* M. Henri Martin.

† M. Jules Favre.

the question of war or peace, the election took place on the 8th day of February, 1871. The immense popularity of Thiers at this time is shown by the fact that no less than twenty-six departments elected him to the Assembly. He chose to serve for the Department of the Seine (Paris). Thiers now entered upon a new career, which the misfortunes of his country had imposed upon him, and in which he was enabled to render such services as will make his name in all coming time one of the chiefest glories of France. He was made chief of the executive power by the new National Assembly which had met at Bordeaux, and it was through his immense influence and prestige that the treaty of peace was made and signed with Germany, and ratified by the Assembly by a vote of more than five to one. After remaining a few days at Bordeaux, the Assembly transferred its sittings to Versailles. Though the Assembly was to sit in that old city of Louis IV., Thiers took up his official residence in the splendid *hôtel* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris.

The insurrection of the Commune of Paris broke out on the 18th day of March, 1871. I was obliged to go to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at nine o'clock in the morning of that day, to communicate to M. Jules Favre an important dispatch I had received from the Count de Bismarck. What struck me as somewhat curious was that the court of the Foreign Office was filled with horses with military accoutrements, and being held by orderlies. On inquiring of the messenger, I was told that M. Favre was in the second story, and if I wanted to see him personally, I would have to go up, which I did, and delivered my communication. One of the grand *salons* was filled with officers of high rank, and an excited discussion was going on. In an adjoining room I found Thiers walking up and down, entirely alone, and apparently very much absorbed. Not being advised of the gravity of the situation, I very soon started for a little trip to the country in company with some American friends. Returning late in the evening, it was only the next morning (Sunday) that I learned fully what had taken place. I immediately started for the Foreign Office to procure more authentic information, but on arriving there I found no one except the old messenger of the minister.

He told me that on the preceding day, and while Thiers, his cabinet, and many military men were in deliberation at the ministry, they were constantly receiving the most alarming reports from the insurrectionary parts of the city, but that no determination had been made to leave Paris until about

four o'clock in the afternoon, when a battalion of the insurrectionary National Guard marched along the Quai D'Orsay, keeping step to the cry, "*À bas Thiers! À bas Thiers!*" (Down with Thiers!) This demonstration at once determined the whole Government to take its immediate departure for Versailles. This was the commencement of the bloody and terrible reign of the Commune of Paris. On his arrival at Versailles, Thiers took up his official residence at the Prefecture (residence of the Prefect) of the Seine et Oise, tendered him by the authorities of that department. It is no part of my purpose to dwell upon the action of the National Assembly at Versailles during the reign of the Commune, nor to recount the terrible events at Paris during that frightful epoch. Never was a greater responsibility placed upon any man than upon Thiers at this time. He had to sign a peace imposing the most onerous conditions upon the country. Order had to be reestablished in the interior, the army had to be reconstituted, the finances reestablished, and the opposing interests of the country conciliated.

The Empire had fallen on the 4th of September, 1870, and the Provisional Government of National Defense had taken its place. I was never accredited to this Government, neither were any of the representatives of foreign powers, but all were accepted and acted as such representatives the same as if they had been regularly accredited. After the establishment of a regular Government at Bordeaux, and Thiers had been made chief of the executive power, my Government sent me letters accrediting me as minister of the United States near the French Republic. I received them during the very height of the Commune, and my presentation of them was of the most simple and informal character, and probably no minister of a first-class power ever presented his letters of credence to another first-class power with less ceremony than there was on this occasion. It not being deemed necessary, under the circumstances, that I should pursue the forms of the Foreign Office, I informally notified Thiers that I had received my letters of credence, and was ready to present them at any time he should be pleased to designate; and he named half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of May 9th, 1871. At that hour, accompanied by a friend, I proceeded to his official residence, and was immediately received by him, without any ceremony, in his *cabinet de travail*, where he sat at a small table, busily engaged in writing.

The letters of credence were drawn up with that admirable tact which distinguished Mr.

Secretary Fish when dealing with political questions. I did not think it necessary to make a formal speech, and only remarked that I could add nothing to what had been so well said by the President in the letters of credence, further than to express my own wishes for his health and personal welfare, and that prosperity and happiness might come to the people of France. He signified his gratification at the cordial terms in which the President had expressed himself, and desired that I would communicate to him that he most sincerely reciprocated the sentiments of the United States which the President had declared for France. Thus commenced my official relations with this distinguished man, and which grew into personal relations of the most cordial character, and existing until the day of his death.

It was in the summer of 1871 that the late Governor Seward was in Paris on his return voyage around the world. Though he was physically feeble, never was his mind clearer or his conversation more delightful. He was particularly interested in the political situation in France and in the success of the Republic. I visited the National Assembly at Versailles with him, and afterward he attended one of the official receptions of President Thiers, where he was received with the highest marks of respect and consideration. As a special compliment he was invited to dine *en famille* the next day at the Palace of the Prefecture. In a subsequent conversation with Thiers, he inquired particularly after Mr. Seward and spoke of his gratification in having met that distinguished man, whom he considered, to use his own language, "as one of the greatest statesmen of the two worlds."

The first thing to be accomplished by Thiers was the suppression of the insurrection of Paris, which was only accomplished after a siege of more than two months by the whole military power of France. As the advancing army approached nearer and nearer to Paris, the hatred of the Commune authorities to Thiers became more and more intense. It passed a decree that his house in the Place St. Georges should be demolished, which was remorselessly executed. Passing there every few days, I saw the work of demolition progress until literally not one stone was left upon another. Thiers had lived in this house for nearly half a century, and there he had composed the great works which are a part of the literary glory of France, and there he had prepared the speeches he had delivered at the Tribune. There he had received the most celebrated historical persons and savans of the age, and there he had gathered books, manuscripts, and the rarest

works of art that were to be found in all Europe. All these priceless contents were carried away and scattered.

The labors of Thiers at this time were simply prodigious. The condition of France was terrible. The Germans held military occupation of a large number of departments; its armies in part prisoners; its treasury empty and its credit impaired; the whole interior administration disorganized; violence and disorder in the large cities; political parties violent, and the Assembly secretly hostile and reactionary; the indemnity to be raised for Germany. Though seventy-five years old, Thiers entered on his duties with juvenile ardor, and exhibited an activity alike without limit and without example. There was little that escaped him in the administration of the Government. With but a few hours of sleep, five o'clock in the morning always found him at work in his cabinet, in conjunction with his secretary, his life-long friend and associate, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, one of the most distinguished men of France, member of the French Academy and recently Minister of Foreign Affairs under President Grévy. I recollect an account given in the papers of Thiers having once playfully reproached his old friend for not having arrived at his cabinet until after five o'clock in the morning. Often would some minister be surprised to receive a note, asking him to call, in relation to some matter in his department, at six o'clock in the morning. While giving all his attention to matters of interior administration and to public affairs generally, Thiers was attending the sessions of the National Assembly and participating in the discussion of the most important questions. As M. Jules Simon well says, he was absorbed in labors enough to fill three existences. He managed to do everything, thanks to his strength of will and the extreme lucidity of his mind. He gave himself up entirely to the matter in hand and the person present. He never had that busy and preoccupied air which some persons have with one-twentieth of the work. He was, in some respects, like Lincoln. He was cheerful in the midst of the greatest crisis. He would catch a jesting phrase on the wing, and was not afraid of a doubtful joke. His natural cheerfulness was a great aid to him in his crushing work. While his ministers were weighed down with labors and responsibilities, he was always cheerful and at his ease. He has furnished an example for all rulers. He gave all he had of heart, mind, and strength to his country. He did not fritter away his time on trifling and immaterial questions, nor permit it to be taken up in dispensing public patronage. He rarely gave

himself any vacation. When the Chambers had taken a vacancy and the ministers were having their holidays, Thiers was once asked about a holiday for himself. "Ah!" said he, "my holiday is eighteen hours' work a day."

To Thiers, will belong the imperishable glory of having paid off the ransom of a thousand millions of dollars to Germany, and of freeing French territory from the occupation of German troops. On the accomplishment of these objects, all France was filled with joy, and the National Assembly declared that he had merited well of his country. But who can measure the uncertainty of political events? It was soon after this that the same Assembly pushed him from power, and attempted to snatch from him the laurels which belonged to him. In this connection, it was my fortune to be present in this Assembly, and to witness one of the most remarkable scenes that ever took place in a deliberative body. It was at a very full sitting, on the 17th of June, 1877. The parties in the Chamber were very equally divided, and occupied different sides of the hall. It was by accident that Thiers, still holding the position of deputy, was present and sitting in his usual seat, near the main aisle, on the left of the Chamber. This was during the administration of President MacMahon, when the "Ministry of Combat" was in full swing. M. de Fourtou, Minister of the Interior, a man excessively odious to the Republicans, was making a speech on the political questions of the day. In the course of his remarks he said: "The men who are at the head of the Government to-day are the outcome of the elections of 1871, and made part of this National Assembly, which, it can be said, was the pacificator of the country and the liberator of the territory."

This impudent claim, so derogatory to the Left of the Chamber and to Thiers, was like a spark of fire falling on a powder magazine. As soon as the words fell from the lips of M. de Fourtou, several members, pointing to Thiers, cried out: "*Voilà le libérateur du territoire!*" (There is the liberator of the territory.) Every man of the Left and the Center-left sprang to his feet, and as by a common impulse turned toward Thiers, and saluted him with cheers and acclamations such as have rarely fallen on the ears of any man. Again and again were the cheers and clapping of hands renewed. Many members approached Thiers, who remained unmoved in his seat, and embraced him; all were under the empire of the most profound emotion, and many shed tears. The news of this wonderful ovation spread immediately over all France and created

a great sensation, and the persons who had the good fortune to witness it were envied, as having been present on an occasion which will hardly ever find a parallel. A celebrated French artist has put the scene on canvas, after the manner of the painting by Healy, of Webster replying to Hayne, which adorns the historic walls of Faneuil Hall, in Boston.

The work of intrigue and conspiracy in the Assembly to overthrow the President of the Republic did not cease at the moment when he had accomplished one of the greatest works ever achieved by any ruler. All the reactionary elements of the National Assembly, the Bonapartists, the Legitimists, and the Orleanists, though hating each other scarcely less than they hated Thiers and the Republic, united together, as one man, to overthrow both. The Republican Government overthrown, they were to take their chances as to what government should be established in its stead. The discussion in the Assembly on the "*interpellations*," the votes on which were to decide the fate of Thiers and his ministers, was fixed for May 23d, 1873. The excitement all over the country was at fever heat, but it culminated the next day, when it was known that Thiers would mount the Tribune in his own vindication and defense. Never as on this day had there been so many members of the Assembly present at its sittings. Out of a body of seven hundred and thirty-two members there were only about twenty absent. Never before had I seen the galleries so crowded. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing room was taken. I heard all the discussion of both days. On the 24th, I was enabled to procure a seat in the diplomatic tribune for ex-Governor Hoffman, of New York, who was thus enabled to witness the proceedings of that historic day. The Chamber met at nine o'clock in the morning, and Thiers promptly mounted the Tribune at that hour, and made one of the most remarkable and effective speeches of his life. Never had he been better inspired, and never had he shown greater talent or more ample resources. He spoke for two hours, and without a single note before him, and with a wonderful vigor and earnestness. He was frequently and loudly applauded by the Left and the Center-left. Feeling that he had nothing to hope for from the opposition, he addressed to it many keen reproaches, which always brought loud cheers from his friends. The Duc de Broglie, whom he had sent to England as Ambassador, had now turned bitterly against him, and had become the organ of the opposition in pressing the *interpellation* before the Chamber. Thiers closed with a bitter thrust at the Duc,

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who had accused him of being a "*protégé* of the radicals." I shall never forget the scene. Looking directly at M. de Broglie, who sat almost directly before him, he exclaimed:

"Are not you the *protégé* of a party whom the great Duc de Broglie, your father, would have repulsed with horror—the *protégé* of the Empire!"

That was the conclusion of his speech, and he terminated, as it might be said, that supreme parliamentary struggle in the same way as Napoleon told Marshal Soult that he must terminate the campaign of Austerlitz—*par un coup de tonnerre* (a clap of thunder). A scene followed the closing words of the President of the Republic. The whole Left and Center-left rose, giving him repeated and prolonged acclamations. Then came the vital vote on passing to the order of the day pure and simple, which is equivalent, in our parliamentary practice, to laying the whole subject on the table. It was a long time before it was announced, and the result was awaited with breathless anxiety. The majority against passing to the order of the day was only fourteen, out of a vote of seven hundred and ten. Then came another vote connected with the *interpellation*, involving the censure of the Government. This proposition was voted by a majority of sixteen, and that gave the *coup de grâce* to Thiers and his ministers. The Assembly then adjourned till eight o'clock in the evening, in order that Thiers might be conferred with. In the intense excitement and confusion which prevailed at the moment, the stentorian voice of Emmanuel Arago was heard, proclaiming "that the coalesced monarchists had taken it upon their consciences to show before Europe and before history the most monstrous ingratitude." The Assembly reconvened a quarter before nine o'clock, when M. Dufaure presented the resignation of Thiers. A vote was immediately taken upon accepting it, and that was carried by thirty-one majority. Mr. Buffet had just before been elected president of the Chamber in place of Jules Grévy, who had resigned but a few days previous on account of an indignity offered to him by the reactionary members of the Assembly. He now took it upon himself, in the name of the Assembly, to express regrets for the resignation of Thiers. As soon as the friends of the latter understood what the president of the Assembly was driving at, the most extraordinary uproar ensued. At his every attempt to speak they literally howled him down by the cries, "No funeral oration from you!" "No more hypocrisy!" etc., etc. Many times did the president attempt to be

heard, and every time was his voice drowned by cries of rage and indignation. At this moment, two-thirds of each side of the Chamber were on their feet, vociferating at the top of their voices, and shaking their fists at each other, until finally both sides were exhausted. After this scene was over, the proposition was carried to proceed immediately to the election of a President, and Marshal MacMahon was elected by the votes of the coalition, the Left abstaining from voting. A committee was at once appointed to notify him of his election, and it soon returned to report his acceptance. The Assembly adjourned at midnight. All this time, the excitement in Paris was intense. When the deputies arrived from Versailles at the Gare St. Lazare, at one o'clock on Sunday morning, they found ten thousand people surrounding it and in the neighboring streets, all crying, "Down with the Assembly!" "Down with the Right!" "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive Thiers!*" The ejection of Thiers from the presidency produced a deep feeling throughout France and Europe. From this time, the hold he had upon the French people became stronger and stronger, and the time was soon to come when the men who had thrust him from power were to find that the stone which the builders had rejected was to become the head of the corner. History has never recorded an instance of baser ingratitude toward a public servant than that of the National Assembly toward Thiers. But the instructions they had taught returned to plague them. Nine days after he had retired from the presidency, he entered the National Assembly as a simple deputy from Paris, and chose his seat on the benches of the Center-left. On his entering the Chamber, three hundred members of the minority rose to receive him, and gave him round after round of applause, gathered around him, and extended to him every mark of affection and friendship. The coalitionists could not conceal their uneasiness at this demonstration, and they trembled when they considered their treatment of him, the place which he held in the affections of the French people, his patriotism, his wonderful ability, his restless activity, his tact, and his eloquence. They now began to realize that, though they had hurled him from power, he still ruled in the hearts of the people of France. Though striking him down, his enemies did not dare to touch the Government of the Republic which he had set up, and he lived to witness the extraordinary spectacle of an Assembly which had cast him out, as Mr. John Lemoine expressed it, "profoundly royal and clerical, finishing, without knowing it and without wishing it,

by establishing with its own hands a republic."

To such an extent had Thiers contributed to this result, that he may justly be looked upon as the founder of the Republic of France. Though a deputy, he now rarely went to the Chamber, and could not be considered much more than a private citizen. But without power and without patronage he practically dominated France. Such was the condition of things that Thiers became a greater power in France when living as a private citizen in his Hôtel Bagration, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, than MacMahon in his official residence at the Palace of the Prefecture at Versailles, or at the Elysée at Paris.

After Thiers left the presidency he had one great object in view, and he enforced his opinions and advice everywhere—in the *salons* of his residence, in the *coulours* of the National Assembly, in his travels, and in his speeches. He never ceased to repeat that the only government possible in France was that of the republic. His counsels were always those of wisdom and moderation, and his watchwords were "*confiance et sagesse*."

Thiers had come to be regarded with admiration and esteem by Frenchmen, wherever they were to be found in every part of the civilized world. From our country he received many tokens of affectionate regard, and he always expressed to me his profound gratitude. The most significant presentation to him from the United States was that of a medal and certain historic relics from the French citizens and residents of Philadelphia. Requested by Mr. H. A. Sintard to make the presentation in their name, I performed that pleasant duty on the 19th of January, 1874. The occasion was a very interesting one. In accordance with a previous appointment, I proceeded to the residence of the illustrious statesman at nine o'clock in the evening, accompanied by my secretaries, Colonel Hoffman and Mr. Vignaud, and several American gentlemen. In making the presentation, I addressed M. Thiers as follows:

"MONSIEUR THIERS: I am called upon to-day to fulfill a mission to you which is very agreeable to me.

"The French residents of the city of Philadelphia, desiring to show the great respect with which you have inspired them, and make known their appreciation of the services which you have rendered to the French Republic, have had a medal struck in your honor, and have added several valuable historical relics connected with the first colonization of the State of Pennsylvania and of the Revolution of 1776.

"These gentlemen have sent me these objects, and have done me the honor to choose me as their intermediary in presenting them to you.

"I have now the pleasure to offer to you this medal,

which is inclosed in a box of which the materials are of historic origin. Those which form the body were made from the wood of the room in which was accomplished one of the greatest acts of history—the emancipation of a people—the signing of the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

"The escutcheon which supports the lid is made of a piece of oak and a piece of elm. The oak comes from the beam on which was suspended the bell which, on the Fourth of July, 1776, gave to the American colonies the signal of freedom, which the powerful arm of France was soon to consolidate. The elm is a fragment of the celebrated tree under which William Penn, in 1682, concluded with the Indians a treaty which has never been broken.

"Many of your fellow-citizens have established themselves in that beautiful and admirable city of Philadelphia, and you will be happy to learn, and I am pleased to bear witness, that they uphold nobly the dignity of the French name, and that they are honored and respected citizens of their adopted country.

"I know that I am the interpreter of their sentiments, and those of the American people, in wishing that your happiness may always be associated with that of the French people, and that your illustrious career may be extended through long years."

M. Thiers made the following response:

"MY DEAR MR. WASHBURN: I thank you for having the goodness to serve as intermediary to the French established in Philadelphia, and for having consented to bring me, in person, the high testimony of their esteem. Nothing could have honored me more than to see my conduct approved by former citizens of France, settled in your noble country, and strangers to all our divisions, and to see that approbation confirmed by Americans, who are such good judges of patriotism.

"Intrusted with the direction of the destinies of my country in one of the most painful moments of its history, I have consecrated to it my entire devotion for nearly three years, and perhaps I have succeeded in reducing the sum of the evils which weighed upon her. I allow myself to think so, when I receive testimonials coming from so far away, and which no political passion could have dictated.

"France and America have had for each other the sentiments of sisters. I should be happy if the continuation in France of the republican form of government, which I regard as the only possible one among us to-day, shall contribute to increase the mutual sympathies of the two nations, and if, marching united in the same paths, they strive, on both sides of the Atlantic, to diffuse throughout the world, with the light of civilization, the love of liberty, of order, of justice, and of peace.

"Accept, my dear Mr. Washburne, my cordial grasp of the hand, and consider it as given to the French and Americans living together on the beautiful soil of the New World."

After his new *hôtel* in the Place St. Georges had been rebuilt, in place of the one destroyed by the Commune, he took up his residence therein. In this retreat, where France and Europe had their eyes constantly upon him, every one came with respect, to be enlightened by his large views and to solicit counsel of his great experience. In his elegant *salons* were congregated, almost every evening, some of the most distinguished men of France, both

in the political and literary world. The souvenirs of those days, so dear to the friends in the hearts of whom yet vibrate that conversation, always so entertaining and instructive, so amiable in its familiarity, and so elevated when it touched the domain of art or of history, or the interests or the hopes of the country. One could but admire the reunion of faculties the most diversified, or, it might be said, the most opposite. To that spirit which appertains only to the young, he joined an incomparable personal experience enlarged by an habitual intercourse with all that had been grand in history.* Almost the only relaxation he had was in the evening. While President, and afterward, almost up to the day of his death, while in Paris, it was his habit to give a dinner party almost every evening, to which a greater or smaller number of persons was invited. After the dinner was over, his *salons* were open to receive informally such persons as had, from their political and social character, a right to call. It was my pleasure to dine with him often, and still more frequently to attend his evening receptions, where all the current topics of the day were discussed. On these occasions he was always the central figure, usually standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by his guests, who listened with the utmost attention to everything that fell from his lips. He was the master of every subject—government, politics, law, philosophy, history, and all the sciences.

After a life of the most incredible activity, it might well be supposed that, at nearly eighty years of age, M. Thiers might wish to "crown a life of labor with an age of ease." But not so. He was scarcely ever more active or more busily engaged than after he had laid down the burden of the Government. All his faculties were in their primitive vigor and his health excellent. He devoted much attention to the political questions of the day, and gave advice to his friends who flocked around him to listen to his words of wisdom. It was his greatest delight to find time to recur to the studies and occupations of his earlier years. His fondness for art never left him. He had filled his *salons* with a choice collection of works of art, of bronzes, marbles, plaques of China and Japan, and the rarest engravings. He often passed long hours at the Museum of Natural History, at the Observatory, and the Normal School. He studied with M. Le Verrier the movements of the stars, and made experiments in chemistry with M. Pasteur; and often, like a zealous pupil, placed his hand on the alembic and on

the retort.* In the midst of all his occupations and all the responsibilities resting upon him, he had, since 1862, been engaged on a work in which is treated the history of humanity in its relations to the world. It was his intention to complete this work, in which culminated all his scientific studies, all his experience of life, and where, in this greatest of all subjects, that mind, in which everything was clear and strong, would make itself manifest.†

The year 1877 was a most eventful one in French politics. The Republican Assembly elected in February, 1876, having defied the "Ministry of Combat," was dissolved by Marshal MacMahon on the 16th day of May, 1877. The election for deputies to the new Assembly was fixed for the 14th of October following. France was now plunged into an electoral contest which excited an intensity of feeling of which the people of this country have but a faint conception. Familiar with the elections that have taken place in the United States for more than forty years, I have never known anything that would begin to compare with it—except, perhaps, the celebrated contest between Lincoln and Douglas, in Illinois, in the senatorial campaign of 1858.

Nothing was better understood than that, should a Republican Chamber be returned, Thiers would be elected President of the Republic whenever a vacancy should occur. Occupying that position, he was naturally the leader in the pending campaign, which was to determine the political destinies of France. His wise and sagacious counsels were sought for by the Republicans in all parts of France, and to an extent which overtaxed his physical powers. In the month of August he left Paris and went to Dieppe, for a change and for needed repose. In order to be nearer the political center, he left Dieppe toward the last of August and went to St. Germain-en-Laye, a suburban village of Paris, celebrated as the birthplace of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., and took up his lodgings in the modest but celebrated hotel known as the Pavilion Henry IV. It was here that he wrote, with his own hand, his great manifesto to his constituents—and, indeed, to all France—made public soon after his death, and which is his testament before posterity. While at his midday breakfast on the 3d of September, Thiers was smitten with a stroke of apoplexy. I cannot well forget the time or the circumstances. A short time before this date an American gentleman, ‡ a

* M. Xavier Marmier.

† M. Caro.

‡ Hon. William D. Washburn, representative in Congress from the State of Minnesota.

* M. Henri Martin.

great admirer of Thiers, had sent to me a beautiful and most elaborate carriage blanket, to be presented to the ex-President of the Republic. I addressed a note to Thiers, advising him of the mission with which I had been charged, and asking him to fix a time when it would be agreeable for him to receive me at St. Germain. On the 2d of September Madame Thiers wrote me a note, stating that her husband would be at home, and would be glad to see me, at two o'clock P. M., on the 4th. But it was not for me to fulfill my mission. He had died at half-past six o'clock the previous evening.

The news of his death on the evening of the 3d was not generally known in Paris till the morning of the 4th, and it fell like a thunder-bolt over the city. The great leader of liberal and republican France had fallen, as it were, on the field of battle, and consternation and despair pervaded the Republican party. While his death was mourned as that of a great man, who had rendered inestimable services to his country, his taking off in the very crisis of the electoral contest was regarded as a great political calamity. There was deep and sincere mourning for him in every city, village, and hamlet in France. But, on the other hand, in the reactionary and anti-republican circles, and in a portion of the Paris press, there was open rejoicing in being delivered from the man who had done the most to found the Republic. Even while his body lay in state in the Place St. Georges, and thousands and tens of thousands were taking their last look at the remains of the dead ex-President, the reactionary press was teeming with the most brutal assaults on his memory. But without knowing it, the enemies of Thiers at this time were simply "piling up wrath against the day of wrath." Never in the history of nations has there been such a revenge taken as on the men who, in the height of their power and arrogance, drove Thiers from the presidency, and after his death insulted his memory. The Republicans of France have only had to wait the returns of successive elections to see most of these men relegated to private life.

The death of Thiers, occurring as it did, affected not only the Republicans, but it caused a marked uneasiness in Government and official circles. It was feared that the funeral obsequies of the distinguished statesman would be made the object of a great national manifestation, implying a severe condemnation of the policy of combat and reaction. The Government undertook, therefore, to regulate all the funeral ceremonies, and designate the men to deliver the dis-

courses that were to be pronounced. To that end, Marshal MacMahon issued a decree that the obsequies would take place at the expense of the state. But Madame Thiers declared that she would accept the concurrence of the Government only on the express condition that she should be left free to regulate all the details of the funeral ceremonies. The Government declining this, she further declared that all the obsequies should be at her own expense. She then made application to have the religious ceremonies at the Church of the Madeleine; but the Archbishop Guilbert refused to do for the first President of the Republic what he had done a short time before for Madame Déjazet, the actress. All these things had excited among the French people devoted to Thiers the most intense indignation, and many thought it would be impossible to prevent an outbreak of violence, to be repressed by the strong arm of military force. Though fearfully exasperated, never before in all their history had the people of Paris shown such self-control. As by instinct they seem to have comprehended how disastrously any violence would affect the stupendous political struggle in which they were engaged, and how it would be used to the prejudice of the Republic.

The funeral of Thiers took place on the 8th day of September, 1877, and it was the most imposing funeral demonstration ever witnessed in the history of the world. Eight hundred thousand people assisted at that unequalled ceremony, and not the slightest incident occurred to trouble the calm of that last and affectionate homage to a great man. Nearly all the representatives of the foreign powers were present, and most of the large cities and towns sent delegations to place wreaths upon the grave of the illustrious dead. As the tribute of our own country to the memory of the great statesman and patriot, I helped to lay flowers on his bier, and followed his colossal hearse to the tomb.

The impression created all over France by the death of Thiers, and by the circumstances attending his funeral, was deep and profound. From that day, there was no longer any doubt that the cause of the Republic, to which it may be said he had given his life, would triumph. The election, taking place six weeks after his death, resulted in giving the Republicans a majority of one hundred and twenty-five in the National Assembly. The French people had vindicated M. Thiers. His epitaph, engraved upon his tomb, will be forever cherished in the hearts of his countrymen:

"Il a aimé sa patrie: il a cherché la vérité."

LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE MORMON PROBLEM.

IN considering what is called the "Mormon Problem," it is of the first importance to bear in mind the fact that its magnitude is greatly exaggerated in the minds of most persons by the tradition of the enormous trouble and turmoil it caused in the last generation. Appearing as a new religious sect in the thinly settled West, before the railroad period, when religious prejudices and animosities were much keener than they are now, and the subjects of national interest much fewer, the Mormons attracted far more attention than any similar phenomenon, were such a thing possible, would be likely to excite now in any part of the country. The pioneer West of that day was an eminently religious community, and its feeling toward sectarians who founded their religion upon an easily detected imposture was inspired by an honest religious zeal. When the Mormons made polygamy part of their religion, they, of course, greatly intensified this animosity, but they did not do this till after they had been for years a persecuted sect. Hunted as they were from State to State, and forced, willingly or unwillingly, into a chronic armed resistance to all lawful authority; recruiting their ranks from foreign countries, and consequently rapidly becoming a totally un-American body, they were for a generation a species of social monstrosity. The Mormon "wars" and Mormon migrations of those days were really small affairs, judged by the number of people who actually took part in them, but in the quiet annals of a country devoted to peaceful material pursuits they made a tremendous noise, the echoes of which have even yet not died away. As the country has grown in population, and railroads have been pushed through Utah, the relative proportions of Mormondom and the United States have so changed that what then seemed threatening to become a national difficulty has really dwindled down to a local nuisance, which everybody admits must, in the course of time, disappear altogether, from the operation of natural causes. There is still a Mormon "problem" at Washington, which every few years causes excitement and produces legislation. But this is somewhat different, even in kind, from that which led to the early wars and persecutions. It is really the problem of governing from a distance, under our peculiar system of law, a Territory whose population is divided between two hostile social systems. The ques-

tions and difficulties presented by it are mainly legal and constitutional.

The Mormons at present form the majority of the population of the Territory of Utah, and with regard to most of their internal concerns, find no difficulty in carrying on the ordinary affairs of life and government without serious trouble. The non-Mormon population is, however, hostile to them, as they are to it, on account, chiefly, of their practice of polygamy. It is now generally admitted that, were polygamy out of the way, the difference of religion would not constitute any insuperable obstacle to establishing harmonious relations between the Saints and the Gentiles. In the various attempts which have been made through legislation to put an end to this system of marriage, the Mormon troubles may be said to have entered upon their last stage—a stage in which confessedly the only weapons which can be resorted to against them are those furnished by judge, jury, and sheriff.

The statutes of the United States contain several provisions designed to put an end to the peculiar practices of the Mormons, and to break up their system of communal life. Of these we may dismiss at once, as of no importance, the act intended to limit their right to accumulate church property. Section 1890 of the Revised Statutes provides that "no corporation or association for religious or charitable purposes shall acquire or hold real estate in any Territory during the existence of the Territorial Government, of a greater value than fifty thousand dollars; and all real estate acquired or held by such corporation or association contrary hereto shall be forfeited and escheat to the United States; but existing vested rights in real estate shall not be impaired by the provisions of this section." This provision became law nearly twenty years ago, and formed part of the Bill for the suppression of Polygamy, to which we shall have further occasion to refer. Similar acts are to be found on the statute books of every State in the Union, and are, in principle, open to no objection whatever. The provision, however, with regard to vested rights, which it was probably necessary to incorporate in the act, in order that it might not be in conflict with the elementary principles of constitutional law and common justice, had the effect of making it entirely nugatory. The possessions of the Mormon Church were chiefly acquired before

its passage, and its enactment did not take them away. The experience of history shows that the properties of religious corporations cannot be broken up under law by any means short of confiscation, and confiscation under this act was expressly prohibited.

Other provisions of the same bill were, however, of more importance. Section 5352 of the Revised Statutes provides that "every person having a husband or wife living, who marries another, whether married or single, in a Territory or other place over which the United States have exclusive jurisdiction, is guilty of bigamy, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars and by imprisonment for a term of not more than five years."

This, together with the provision above quoted with reference to religious corporations, became law on the 1st of July, 1862. It was passed almost without debate in the Senate, and under the operation of the previous question in the House. It has since been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Reynolds v. United States*.^{*} Reynolds had been indicted under the act of 1862, in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Utah, for bigamy, and pleaded not guilty. He was found guilty, and sentenced to hard labor for two years and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. On the appeal to the Supreme Court, among the principal objections raised by the accused to the judgment was the religious conviction of the accused as to the validity of his second marriage. The court devoted a good deal of attention to the consideration of this objection. The evidence showed that the Mormon Church made it the duty of the male members of the Church, circumstances permitting, to practice polygamy; that this duty was enjoined by books believed by the Mormons to be of divine origin, among others the Holy Bible, and that the members of the Church believed the practice to be directly enjoined upon them by God in a revelation to the founder and prophet of the Church; that a failure to practice polygamy, where it was possible, would be punished by damnation in a future life. It was also proved that the accused had received permission from the recognized authorities in the Church to enter into a polygamous marriage, and that the marriage which was made the foundation of the indictment was duly performed according to the doctrines and rites of the Church. Upon this evidence his counsel urged that the judgment was in conflict with the constitutional guarantee of the free exercise of

religion. The Supreme Court, however, decided that the act of Congress was not in conflict with the constitutional guarantee. The following extracts show the ground of the decision:

"The only question which remains is, whether those who make polygamy a part of their religion are excepted from the operation of the statute. If they are, then those who do not make polygamy a part of their religious belief may be found guilty and punished, while those who do, must be acquitted and go free. This would be introducing a new element into criminal law. Laws are made for the government of actions, and while they cannot interfere with mere religious belief and opinions, they may with practices. Suppose one believed that human sacrifices were a necessary part of religious worship, would it be seriously contended that the civil government under which he lived could not interfere to prevent a sacrifice? Or if a wife religiously believed it was her duty to burn herself upon the funeral pile of her dead husband, would it be beyond the power of civil government to prevent her carrying her belief into practice?"

"* * * A criminal intent is generally an element of crime, but every man is presumed to intend the necessary and legitimate consequences of what he knowingly does. Here the accused knew he had been once married, and that his first wife was living. He also knew that his second marriage was forbidden by law. When, therefore, he married the second time, he is presumed to have intended to break the law. And the breaking of the law is a crime. Every act necessary to constitute the crime was knowingly done, and the crime was therefore knowingly committed. Ignorance of a fact may sometimes be taken as evidence of a want of criminal intent, but not ignorance of the law. The only defense of the accused in this case is his belief that the law ought not to have been enacted. It matters not that his belief was a part of his professed religion; it was still belief and belief only."

This case was decided in 1878, sixteen years after the law against polygamy had been passed by Congress, and amply sustained, as will be seen, the constitutionality of that act. But notwithstanding this, it is admitted that the law is a dead letter. In 1874, in the House of Representatives, in the course of a speech on the Poland Bill, which we shall presently have occasion to consider, Mr. Potter, of New York, referred incidentally to the statute as "a law against polygamy which we never have enforced." The *Reynolds* case has not made this statement any the less true to-day than it was at the time of this speech.

The law has not been and never will be enforced, for reasons which grow out of the condition of society in Utah, and which are beyond the reach of ordinary legal machinery. To any one interested in the study of the limits of criminal legislation, the failure of the statute is a patent illustration of the absolute necessity of considering in the passage of such measures not merely the crime to be punished, but the means which the feeling of the community supplies for the purpose of setting in motion the judicial machinery for its punish-

^{*} 98 U. S. R. (8 Otto) 145.

ment. The reason why bigamy is easily punished in monogamic communities, such as the States of our Union, is that the evidence necessary to convict the guilty party is generally ready to be furnished by a person who suffers from the crime; the sentiment of the community is opposed to polygamous unions, and the second marriage being universally looked upon as a mere nullity, the lawful wife as well as the children of the lawful marriage have a strong motive to supply evidence for the purpose of breaking up any such unlawful connection. The case in a community like Utah is the reverse of this. No member of the polygamous family has any adequate motive to come forward and furnish the evidence which would be absolutely necessary to secure a conviction. It is not merely that they all regard polygamy as the normal marriage state, but, as appears from the Reynolds case, they regard it as a religious duty, and a violation of this duty as entailing religious penalties much more serious than any possible inconvenience or discomforts which might arise from a continuance of their existing family system.

Judge Poland, of Vermont, who was the author of the bill known as the "Poland Bill," for the reorganization of the judicial system in Utah, saw clearly enough that much more drastic legislation than this was necessary if polygamy was to be extirpated by law, and, in 1870, he accordingly introduced a bill, which, had it passed, would certainly have had some very important effect upon the solution of the Mormon problem. It provided, among other things, that in all prosecutions for polygamy the wife should be a witness against the husband; that cohabitation should be *prima facie* evidence to establish marriage in any prosecution under the law; that no statute of limitation should apply to the offense; that no alien who practiced polygamy should be naturalized; that no polygamist should hold any office, or be permitted to vote; that no polygamist should receive any benefit under the homestead and preemption laws; that in any prosecution for polygamy, where the defendant absented himself from the Territory, his property might be confiscated, and finally, that the President of the United States should enforce the provisions of the bill by the use of the army. This bill, which reads as if it had been prompted by the legislative spirit of three centuries ago, if enforced, probably would have resulted in the extirpation of polygamy, but it would have been at the point of the bayonet, and would have left Utah a howling wilderness.

The Poland Bill which passed June 23d, 1874, and which must not be confounded with

the original bill introduced by Mr. Poland, just referred to, was designed, as explained by him, to provide some kind of legal machinery by which the law of 1862 against polygamy could be enforced. According to the notions prevalent in Congress at the time, the difficulty in the way of enforcing that law being the sentiment of the community on the subject of marriage, the true way to get over this was to provide means for the selection of juries whose sentiments on the subject of marriage should be directly opposed to that of the accused; in other words, to pack the juries with anti-Mormons. As Mr. Poland said, in explanation of the provisions of the bill, "every United States officer in that Territory understood well when he undertook, under this law of Congress, to try anybody for polygamy, he had to stand up before twelve unblushing, undeniable polygamists." The Poland Bill was designed to put an end to this shocking state of affairs by a complete revolution in the judicial system of Utah. The importance of this measure may be inferred from the fact that it was a departure from the traditional system of government in the Territories. While the Constitution gives Congress absolute power of legislation over them, the practice of that body down to the time of the passage of the statute against polygamy had always been to leave the regulation of the domestic concerns of the community entirely to the local government, in analogy with the relations established by the Constitution between Congress and the various States.

The imposition upon a distant community of an entire system of law enacted in Washington, in obedience to the wishes and prejudices of another substantially foreign community, has never been tried, and probably never will be; but the statute against bigamy, as well as that with regard to religious corporations, and, finally, the Poland Bill, were all steps in this direction. This bill was aimed at the local probate courts of Utah. These tribunals, under the laws of the Territory, possessed a very wide jurisdiction, while the judges were said to be generally, if not universally, Mormon priests. By the provisions of the act, their general jurisdiction was taken away from them and committed to the district courts, from which appeals lie to the Supreme Court of the Territory, and thence to the Supreme Court of the United States. The most important provisions of the act, however, relate to the drawing of juries, which had previously been in the hands of these same probate judges. It modified this by dividing the duty between the clerk of the district court in each judicial district, and the probate judge.

These two officials were directed by it to prepare a jury list, from which grand and petit jurors should be drawn alternately, selecting the names of male citizens of the United States who had resided in the district for the period of six months next preceding, and who could read and write the English language. From the list of such citizens, which was to contain two hundred names, the United States marshal, or his deputy, was directed to draw by lot the necessary number of names for a grand or petit jury, or both. The *venire* was to be issued by the clerk of the district court to the marshal or his deputy, and the jurors summoned under it were to constitute the regular grand and petit jurors for the term, for all cases. The bill, as originally introduced in the House, contained a provision that "in the trial of any prosecution for adultery, bigamy, or polygamy, it shall be a good cause for principal challenge to any juror that he practices polygamy, or that he believes in the rightfulness of the same." This provision was strenuously objected to, on the ground that, as three-fourths of the men who reside in the Territory now do believe in polygamy and practice it, the result would be that they would all be absolutely excluded from the juries in such cases, and the jury, in all prosecutions for bigamy or polygamy, would therefore necessarily be made up of persons who were non-Mormons. The provision was subsequently struck out of the bill, and the law was passed without it. But, of course, the very object of the provision was to pack juries, and the objection mentioned brings us face to face with this fundamental difficulty in dealing with polygamy by legal methods—that no Utah jury, unless it were packed, would ever convict a Mormon of the crime. A majority of every jury in Utah, if drawn without applying the test of religious conviction as to polygamy, will consist of persons who believe as Reynolds believed, and as Reynolds's wives believed, that polygamy is a religious duty, and ought not to be punished by law, and would therefore have conscientious scruples against indicting persons for violation of the law. But any one familiar with the elementary principles of criminal law will see at a glance that no legislation is necessary for such a case as this. It is a universal principle of law that a person who, upon his conscience, could not find an indictment, cannot serve as a juror to try an indictment. The same ground which would exclude him from the grand jury would also exclude him from the petit jury. As to the grand jury, this precise point came up in the Reynolds case, and was decided without the slightest difficulty by the

Supreme Court of the Territory.* One of the parties appearing as grand juror in that case stated, in answer to a question by the prosecution, that he had conscientious scruples against indicting persons for violation of the statute of 1862, and on that ground he was challenged for cause. The Supreme Court of the Territory, with regard to this, says:

"A person who, upon his conscience, could not find indictments under a law, would not make a good juror to enforce that law. And if all members, or a majority of a grand jury, had like scruples, that ancient and venerable body would not only become useless, but also an absolute hindrance to the enforcement of the law. A party having these conscientious scruples would, if sworn upon the grand jury, have to commit moral perjury. He, upon oath, admits that his conscience forbids his aiding in the enforcement of a specific law, yet, as grand juror, he swears to go counter thereto, and enforce the law. Such a party would be wholly incompetent to sit upon a petit jury. And the same ground which would exclude him from the grand jury would also exclude him from the petit jury."

A jury of polygamists to try an indictment for polygamy would indeed be a singular spectacle. To secure a conviction, the jury must be anti-Mormons. To secure a conviction in accordance with our modern ideas of justice, the jury must be fairly drawn and not packed. Technically, believers in polygamy would all have to be excluded from the jury, for the simple reason that a juror believing in the duty of polygamy would be committing perjury in sitting to try a person for as a crime; but a jury obtained by the process of excluding polygamists would be necessarily a packed jury, and therefore a trial by it would be unfair. No plainer demonstration could be made of the impossibility of effecting by any change in the jury laws the enforcement of the statute against bigamy.

The failure of the attempt to break up the Mormon system by Congressional legislation does not, by any means, show that the Mormon system will ultimately prevail in Utah. The operation of natural causes is certain, in the long run, to sap the foundations of polygamy. The railroads have already brought the Territory into communication with the rest of the country, and the development of the mines must ultimately bring in a large Gentile population—almost altogether male. A strong tendency in the direction of marriages between Gentile men and the daughters of Mormon parents must spring up. Indeed, this is said to show itself already. There is no surplus of women in the West from which to recruit polygamous households; the births of the two sexes are always very nearly equal, and

* U. S. v. Reynolds, 1 Utah, 226, 231.

the Mormon population is no longer being rapidly increased from abroad, as it was in the times of the early persecution of the Church. It is now stationary, or nearly so, and being rapidly hemmed in by a community having a social system which all experience shows is the only one permanently adapted to modern industrial life. As the Territory fills up, and the Mormons are brought more and more into relations with the rest of the world, one of the strongest internal causes of disintegration will unquestionably be the sense of shame operating upon the younger female generation. In the natural course of things, some of the daughters of Mormon householders must marry Gentiles, and others, who do not marry outside the church, will be made keenly aware that they are surrounded by a community which regards their position as a

degraded one. As long as they could keep themselves separated from the rest of the world, this Gentile feeling was of very little consequence to them. It did not affect them in their daily life; it was something remote from them, which they did not even need to disregard. This cannot continue forever, and indeed a change must begin, if it has not begun already, as soon as the surrounding monogamic Gentile system of marriage has a fair opportunity to enter into competition with its rival. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done with the Mormons but to let them alone. Persecution has been tried, and has only served to strengthen and increase them. Law has been tried, and has proved of no use, because it has not been enforced. From the circumstances of the case, it cannot be.

 OLD MADAME.

"MISS BARBARA! Barbara, honey! Where's this you're hiding at?" cried old Phillis, tying her bandana head-gear in a more flamboyant knot over her gray hair and brown face. "Where's this you're hiding at? The Old Madame's after you."

And in answer to the summons, a girl clad in homespun, but with every line of her lithe figure the lines, one might fancy, of a wood-and-water nymph's, came slowly up from the shore and the fishing-smacks, with a young fisherman beside her.

Down on the margin, the men were hauling a seine and singing as they hauled; a droger was dropping its dark sails; bare-footed urchins were wading in the breaking roller where the boat that the men were launching dipped up and down; women walked with baskets poised lightly on their heads, calling gayly to one another; sands were sparkling, sails were glancing, winds were blowing, waves were curling, voices were singing and laughing,—it was all the scene of a happy, sunshiny, summer morning in the little fishing-hamlet of an island off the coast.

The girl and her companion wound up the stony path, passing Phillis, and paused before a low stone house that seemed only a big boulder itself, in whose narrow, open hallway, stretching from door to door, leaned a stately old woman on her staff,—a background of the sea rising behind her.

"Did you wish for Barbara, Old Madame?" asked the fisherman, as superb a piece of rude youth and strength as any young Viking.

She fixed him with her glance an instant.

"And you are his grandson?" said the old woman. "You are called by his name—the fourth of the name—Ben Benvoisie? I am not dreaming? You are sure of it?"

"As sure as that you are called Old Madame," he replied, with a grave pride of self-respect, and an air of something solemn in his joy, as if he had but just turned from looking on death to embrace life.

"As sure as that I am called Old Madame," she repeated. "Barbara, come here. As sure as that I am called Old Madame."

BUT she had not always been Old Madame. A woman not far from ninety now, tall and unbent, with her great black eyes glowing like stars in sunken wells from her face, scarred with the script of sorrow—a proud beggar, preserving in her little coffer only the money that one day should bury her with her haughty kindred—once she was the beautiful Elizabeth Champemoune, the child of noble ancestry, the heiress of unbounded wealth, the last of a great house of honor.

From birth till age, nothing that surrounded her but had its relation to the family grandeur. Her estate—her grandfather's, nay, her great-grandfather's—lay on a goodly island at the mouth of a broad river; an island whose paltry fishing-village of to-day was, before her time, a community where also a handful of other dignitaries dwelt only in less splendor. There were one or two of the ancient fishermen and pilots yet living when she died, who, babbling of their memories, could recall out of their child-

hood the stately form of her father, the Judge Champernoune, as he walked abroad in his black robes, who came from over seas to marry her mother, the heiress of the hero for whom the King of France had sent—when, in the French and Indian wars, the echoes of his daring deeds rang across the water—to make him Baron Chaslesmarie, with famous grants and largesse.

And in state befitting one whom the King of France had with his own hand exalted, had the prodigal Baron Chaslesmarie spent his days—never, however, discontinuing the vast fisheries of his father, in which he had himself made fortunes before the King had found him out. And although the title died with him, and the pension died before him, for the King of France had, with treacherous complaisance, ceded the island to the enemy one day when war was over, yet store of land and money were left for the sole child, who became the wife of Judge Champernoune and the mother of Elizabeth.

What a sweet old spot it was in which Elizabeth's girlhood of ideal happiness went by! The house,—a many-gabled dwelling, here of wood and there of brick, with a noble hall where the original cornices and casements had been replaced by others of carved mahogany, the panels of the doors rich with their thick gilding, and the cellars three-deep for the cordials and dainties with which the old Baron Chaslesmarie had stored them,—was a part of it, once brought from foreign shores as the great Government-house. Set in its brilliant gardens, it was a pleasant sight to see—here a broad upper gallery giving airy shelter, there a flight of stairs running from some flower-bed to some casement, with roses and honey-suckles clambering about the balustrade, avenues of ash and sycamore leading away from it, an outer velvet turf surrounding it and ending in a boundary of mossy granite bowlders. The old baron slept in his proud tomb across the bay—by the fort he had defended, the chapel he had built, in the grave-yard of his people, proud as he; and Ben Benvoisie, the lad whom gossips said he had snatched from the shores of some Channel Island in one of the wild voyages of his youth, slept at his feet,—but another Ben Benvoisie lived after him. In a dimple between these bowlders of the gardens' boundary, Judge Champernoune and his wife and his other child were laid away; there was always something sadly romantic to Elizabeth in the thought of her father walking over the island from time to time, and selecting this spot for his eternal rest, where the rocky walls inclosed him, the snows of winter and the bramble-roses of

summer covered him, and the waves, not far remote, sang his long lullaby.

By the time that Elizabeth inherited the place, the importance of the island town had gone up the river to a spot on the mainland, and one by one the great families had followed, the old judge buying the land of them as they went, and their houses, dismembered, with fire and with decay, of a wing here and a gable there, and keeping but little trace of them. The judge had no thought of leaving; and the people would have felt as if the hand of Providence had been withdrawn had he done so. Nor had Elizabeth any thought of it, when she came to reign in her father's stead and infuse new life into the business of her ancestors, that had continued, as it were, by its own momentum, since, although Judge Champernoune had not thought it beneath his judicial dignity to carry it on as he found it, yet, owing to his other duties, he had not given it that personal attention it had in the vigor and impetus of the Chaslesmaries. She had not a memory that did not belong to the place; certain sunbeams that she recalled slanting down the warehouses rich with the odors of spices and sugar, through which she had wandered as a child, were living things to her; a foggy morning, when an unseen fruiter in the seamist made all the air of the island port delicious as some tropical grove, with its cargo of lemons, seemed like a journey to the ends of the earth. And the place itself was her demesne, she its acknowledged *châtelaine*; there was not a woman in the town who had not served in her mother's kitchen or hall; it was in her fishing-smacks the men went out to sea, in her brigs they ran down to the West Indian waters and over to the Mediterranean ports—perhaps, alas, the African; it was her warehouses they filled with goods from far countries, which her agents scattered over the land—for a commerce that, beginning with the supplying of the fishing-fleets, had swelled into a great foreign trade. And their homes were all that she could make them in their degree; their children she herself attended in sudden illness, having been reared, as her mother was before her, in the homely surgery and herb-craft proper to those that had others in their charge; and many a stormy night, in later years, did the good Dame Elizabeth leave her own children in their downy nests, and hasten to ease some child going out of the world on the horrible hoarse breath of croup, or to bring other children into the world in scorn of doctors three miles off.

She was twenty-five when the step-son of her father's sister, her cousin by marriage but not

by blood, appeared to fulfill the agreement of their parents, to take effect when he should finish his travels—which, indeed, he had been in no haste to end. She had not been without suitors, of high and low degree. Had not the heir of the Canadian governor spoken of a treaty for the hand of this fair princess? Was it not Ben Benvoisie, the bold young master of a fishing-smack, with whom she had played when a child, who once would have carried her off to sea like any Norse pirate, and who had dared to leave his kiss red on her lips? Had Elizabeth been guilty of thinking that, had she been a river-pilot's daughter, such kisses would not come amiss?

Yet long ago had she understood that she was pledged to her cousin Louis, and she waited for his coming. His eyes were as blue as hers were brown, his hair as black as hers was red, his features as Greek as hers were Norman, his stature as commanding as her own.

"Oh, he was a beauty, my cousin Louis was!" she used to say.

She never called him her lover, nor her husband—he was always her cousin Louis.

"So you have come, sir," she said, when he stepped ashore, and crossed the street and met her at the gate, and would have kissed her brow. "More slowly, sir," she said, drawing back. "You have come to win, not to wear. Elizabeth Charlesmarie Champernoux is not a ribbon or a rose, to be tossed aside and picked up at will."

"By the Lord!" cried Cousin Louis. "If I had dreamed she were the rose she is, the salt seas would not have been running all these years between me and her sweetness—and her thorns."

"This is no court, and these no court-ladies, Cousin Louis," she replied. "We are plain people, used only to plain speeches."

"Plain, indeed," said Cousin Louis. "Only Helen of Troy was plainer!"

"Nor do flattering words," she said, "well befit those whose slow coming flatters ill."

But the smile with which she uttered her somewhat bitter speech was of enchanting good-humor, and Cousin Louis thought his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

He was not so sure of it when a month had passed, and the same smile sweetened an icy manner still, and he had not yet been able, in the rush of guests that surrounded her, to have a word alone with Elizabeth. He saw that jackanapes of a young West Indian planter bring the color to her cheek with his whispered word. He saw her stroll down between the sycamores, unattended by any save Captain Wentworth. But let him strive to gain her ear and one of the young officers

from Fort Charlesmarie was sure to intercept him,—strive to speak with her, and Dorothy and Jean and Margaret and Belle seemed to spring from the ground to her side. From smiling he changed to sullen, and from sullen to savage—to abuse his folly, to abuse her coquetry, to wonder if he cared enough for the winning of her to endure these indignities, and all at once to discover that this month had taught him there was but one woman in the world for him, and all the rest were shadows. One woman in the world,—and without her, life was so incomplete, himself so halved, that death would be the better portion.

How then? What to do? Patience gave up the siege. He was thinking of desperate measures on the day when, moping around the shores alone in a boat, he espied them riding from the Beacon Hill down upon the broad ferry-boat that crossed the shallow inlet. How his heart knocked his sides as he saw that pale, dark West Indian, with his purple velvet corduroys, and his nankeen jacket and jockey-cap, riding down beside her,—as he saw Wentworth spring from the stirrup, to offer a palm for her foot when they reached the door! But Cousin Louis had not waited for that; he had put some strength to his strokes and was at the door before him, was at her side before him, compelling his withdrawal, offering no palm to tread on, but reaching up and grasping her waist with his two hands.

"By heaven!" he murmured then, as Wentworth was beyond hearing, his eyes blazing on hers. "What man do you think will endure this? What man will suffer this suspense in which you keep me?"

"It is you, Cousin Louis, who are keeping me in suspense," she answered, as she hung above him there.

And was there anything in her arch tone that gave him hope? He released her then, but when an hour later he met her again, "Very well," he said, in the suppressed key of his passion. "I will keep you in the suspense you spoke of no more. You will marry me this day, or not at all. By my soul, I will wait no longer for my answer!"

"You have never asked me, sir, before," she said. "How could you have an answer? I hardly know if you have asked me now."

But, that sunset, with Belle and Margaret and Jean and Dorothy, she strolled down to the little church, that by some hidden pass-word was half-filled with the fishing-people and her servants. And when she came back, she was leaning on Cousin Louis's arm very differently from her usual habit, and the girls were going on before.

"If I had known this Cossack fashion was the way to win," Cousin Louis was saying—when a scream from Margaret and Belle and Dorothy and Jean rang back to them, and, hurrying forward, they found the girls with their outcry between two drawn swords, for Wentworth and the West Indian had come down into the moonlit glade to finish a sudden quarrel that had arisen over their wine, as to the preferences of the fair *châtelaine*.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen," said Cousin Louis, with his proud, happy smile, "unless you wish to measure them with mine. It would be folly to fight about nothing. And there is no such person as Elizabeth Champernonne."

The men turned white in the moonlight to see the lovely creature standing there, and before they had time for anger or amazement, Elizabeth said after him:

"There is no such person as Elizabeth Champernonne. She married, an hour ago, her cousin Louis."

Ah me, that all these passions now should be but idle air! Perhaps the hearts of the gallants swelled and sank and swelled again, as they looked at her, beautiful, rosy and glowing, in the broad white beam that bathed her. They put up their swords, and went to the house and drank her health and were rowed away.

Elizabeth and Cousin Louis settled down to their long life of promised happiness, in the hospitality of an open hearth around which friends and children clustered, blest, it seemed, by fortune and by fate. Gay parties came and went from the town above, from larger and more distant towns, from the village and port across the bay. Life was all one long, sweet holiday. What pride and joy was theirs when the son Charlesmarie was born; what tender bliss Elizabeth's when the velvet face of the little Louise first lay beneath her own and she sank away with her into a land of downy dreams, conscious only of the wings of love hovering over her! How, at once, as child after child came, they seemed to turn into water-nixies, taking to the sea as naturally as the gulls flying around the cliffs! How each loiterer in the village would make the children his own, teaching them every prank of the waves, taking them in boats far beyond the outer light, bringing them through the breakers after dark, wrapped in great pilot-coats and drenched with foam! She never knew what was fear for her five boys, the foster-brothers of all the other children in the village; only the little maiden Louise, pale as the rose that grew beneath the oriel, she kept under her eye as she might, bringing her up in fine household arts and delicate accomplishments, ignorant

of the shadow of Ben Benvoisie stalking so close behind as to darken all her work.

Her husband had taken the great business that Elizabeth's people had so long carried on through their glories and titles, their soldiery and war, their other pursuits if they had them; his warehouses lined the shores, the offing was full of his ships, he owned almost the last rod of land on the island and much along the main. He did not pretend to maintain the state of the old baron; but to be a guest at Charlesmarie was to live a charmed life awhile. He was a man of singular uprightness; as he grew older apt to bursts of anger, yet to Elizabeth and to his household he was gentleness itself; some men trembled at the sound of his voice, but children never did. If he was not so beloved as his wife by the fishing-people, it was because he was not recognized master as of right, and because he exacted his due, although tossing it in the lap of the next needy one. But he was a person with whom no other took a liberty. "A king among men, was my cousin Louis," Old Madame used to say, and sigh and sigh and sigh again as she said it.

But the hospitality of the island was not all that of pleasure and sumptuous ease. It was a place easily reached by sail from one or more of the great towns, by boat from the town above; and in the stirring and muttering of political discontent, the gentlemen who appeared and disappeared at all hours of the day, and as often by night, folded in cloaks wet with the salt sea spray, wore spurs at their heels and swords at their sides to some purpose. And when at last war came—Horror of horrors, what was this! Cousin Louis and his island had renounced allegiance to the crown, and had taken the side of the colonial rebels and the Continental Congress.

"We!" cried Elizabeth, who knew little of such things, and had a vague idea that they owed fealty still to that throne at whose foot her grandfather had knelt. "We, whom the King of France ennobled and enriched!"

"And for that price were we sold ere we were born, and do we stay slaves, handed about from one ruler to another?" her husband answered her. "We have ennobled and enriched ourselves. We have twice and thrice repaid the kings of France in tribute money. Soon shall the kings of France go the way of all the world—may the kings of Britain follow them! Henceforth, the people put on the crown. I believe in the rights of man. I live under no tyranny—but yours," he said gayly.

"A Charlesmarie! A Champernonne!" Elizabeth was saying to herself, heedless of his smile.

"We are an insignificant islet," her husband

urged. "The kings of France have betrayed us. The kings of Britain have oppressed us. We renounce the one. We defy the other!" And he ran the flag under which the rebels fought, up the staff at Charlesmarie, and it was to be seen at the peak of all his brigantines and sloops that, leaving their legitimate affairs, armed themselves and scoured the seas, and brought their prizes into port. But freely as this wealth came in, as freely it went out; for Cousin Louis did nothing by the halves. And heart and soul being in the matter, it is safe to say that not one guinea of the gold his sailors brought him in, during that long struggle, remained to him at its close.

It was during this struggle that, when one day the sloop *Adder's-tongue* sailed, the elder son of Ben Benvoisie—who had long since married a fisherman's daughter—was found on board, a stowaway. Great was Ben Benvoisie's wrath when he missed his son; but there was nothing to be done. He rejected Cousin Louis's regrets with scorn. But when the sloop brought in her prizes, and the first man ashore told him his son had died of some ailment before he sighted an enemy, then his rage rose in a flame, he towered like an angry god, and standing on the head of the wharf, in the presence of all the people, he cursed Cousin Louis, root and branch, at home and abroad,—a black cloud full of bursting lightnings rising behind him as he spoke, as if he had a confederate in evil powers,—cursed him in wild and stinging words that made the blood run cold, that cut Cousin Louis to the heart, that, when they were repeated to her, made even Elizabeth turn faint and sick. "There is a strange second-sight with those Benvoisies," she said. "God grant his curses come to naught." But she hardly ever saw him at a distance without an instant's prayer, and she knew that the fishing-people always after that sight of him, standing there at the head of the wharf, with his blazing eyes and streaming hair, and the rain and the lightning and the thunder volleying around him, held some superstitions of their own regarding the evil eye of the Benvoisies, and kept some silent watch to see what would come of it all.

But the war at last was ended, the world was trying to regain its equilibrium, and continental money was at hand on every side, and little other. Cousin Louis, who had faith in the new republic, believed with an equally hot head in its good faith, and sent word far and near that he would redeem the current paper, dollar for dollar in gold. And he did so. There were barrels of it in his warehouse garrets, and his grandchildren had it to play with. "It is Ben Benvoisie's word," said Elizabeth, when they saw the mistake. But

Cousin Louis laughed and kissed her, and said it had sunk a good deal of treasure, to be sure, but asked if Ben Benvoisie's word was to outweigh his fisheries and fleets and warehouses and hay-lands—his splendid boys, his girl Louise! And he caught the shrinking, slender creature to his heart as he spoke—this lovely young Louise, as fair and fragile as a lily on its stem, whom he loved as he loved his life, his flower-girl, as he called her, just blossoming into girlhood, with the pale rose-tint on her cheek, and her eyes like the azure larkspur. How was he, absorbed in his counting-room, forgetful at his dinner-table, taking his pleasures with guests, with gayeties, to know that his slip of a girl, not yet sixteen, met a handsome hazel-eyed lad at the foot of the long garden every night,—Ben Benvoisie the third,—and had promised to go with him, his wife, in boy's clothes, whenever the fruiter was ready for sea again! But old Ben Benvoisie knew it; and he could not forbear his savage jeer, and the end was that Cousin Louis, at the foot of the long garden one night, put a bullet through young Ben Benvoisie's arm, and carried off his fainting girl to her room that she showed no wish to leave again. "She will die," said Cousin Louis, one day toward the year's close, "if we do not give way."

"She had better," said Elizabeth, who knew what the misery of her child's marriage with old Ben Benvoisie's son must needs be when the first glamour of young passion should be over.

And she did. And Cousin Louis's heart went down into the grave with her.

"It is not only old Ben Benvoisie's word," said Elizabeth. "It is his hand."

Her secret tears were bitter for the child, but not so bitter as they would have been had she first passed into old Ben Benvoisie's power, and been made the instrument for humbling the pride and breaking the heart daily of her brothers Charlesmarie and Champemoune, and of the hated owner of the *Adder's-tongue*, had she lived to smart and suffer under the difference between the rude race, reared in a fishing-hut, and that reared in the mansion of her ancestors. Perhaps Old Madame never saw the thing fairly; it always seemed to her that Louise died of some disease incident to childhood. "I have my boys left," said Elizabeth. "And no one can disturb my little grave."

It was two graves the second year after. For Charlesmarie, her first-born and her darling, whose baby kisses had been sweeter than her lover's, the life in whose little limbs and whose delicious flesh had been dearer than her own, his bright head now brighter for the

fresh laurels of Harvard,—Charlesmarie, riding down from the Beacon Hill, where he had gone to see the fishing-fleet make sail, was thrown from his horse, and did not live long enough to tell who was the man starting from the covert of bayberry-bushes. But Elizabeth carried a stout heart and a high head. She could not, if she would, have bent as Cousin Louis did, nor did the proud serenity leave her eye, although his darkened with a sadness never lightened. None knew her pangs, nor saw the tears that stained her pillow in the night; she would, if she could, have hid her suffering from herself. She began to feel a terrible assurance that she was fighting fate, but she would make a hard fight of it. Conscious of her integrity of purpose, of the justice of her claims, of her right to the children she had borne, there was something in her of the spirit of the ancients who dared, if not to defy the gods, yet to accept the combat offered by them. Champernoune was the heir instead, that was all. Then there were the twin boys, Max and Rex, two lawless young souls; and the youngest of all, St. Jean, whose head always wore a halo in Elizabeth's eyes. With these, why should she grieve? Now she was also the mother of angels!

Again, after a while, the frequent festivities filled the house, and the great gold and silver plate glittered in the dark dining-room and filled it, at every touch, with melodious and tremulous vibrations. Now the Legislature of the State, one and all, attended a grand banqueting there, now the Governor and his Council; now navy-yard and fort and town, and far-off towns, came to the balls that did not end even with the bright outdoor breakfast, but ran into the next night's dancing, and a whole week's gayety; now it was boating and bathing in the creeks; now it was sailing out beyond the last lights with music and flowers and cheer; and all the time it was splendor and sumptuousness and life at the breaking crest. And Elizabeth led the dance, the stateliest of the stately, the most beautiful still of the beautiful. And if sometimes she saw old Ben Benvoisie's eyes, as he leaned over the gate and looked at her a moment within the gardens and among her roses, it was not to shudder at them. What possessed Elizabeth in those days? She only felt that the currents of her blood must sweep along in this mad way, or the heart would stop.

Then came Champernoune's wedding,—he and that friend whom the chief magistrate of the land delighted to honor, marrying sisters in one night. How lovely, how gracious, how young the bride! Was it at Gonaives that year that she died dancing? Was it at

Gonaives that the yellow-fever buried Champernoune in the common trench?

Elizabeth was coming up the landing from the boat, her little negro dwarf carrying her baskets, when the news reached her quick senses, as the one that spoke it meant it should; she staggered and fell. The doctors came to bind up the broken bones, and only when they said, "At last it is quite right; but, dear lady, your dancing days are over," did any see her tears. She had buried her only girl, her first-born boy, her married heir, without great signs of sorrow. She had plunged into a burning house in the village once, gathering her gauzy skirts about her, to bring out the little Louise whom an unfaithful nurse had taken there and forsaken in her fright; she had waded, torch in hand, into the wildly rolling surf of a starless night to clutch the bow of Charlesmarie's boat that was sweeping helplessly to the breaker with the unskilled child at the helm; she had shut herself up with Champernoune, when Ben Benvoisie brought back the small-pox to the village, and had suffered no one to minister to him but herself; and when the dog all thought mad tore Cousin Louis's arm, she herself had sucked the poison from the wound.

Yet with that sentence, that absurd little sentence, that her dancing days were over, it seemed all at once to Elizabeth that everything else was over, too. With Champernoune now everything else had gone—state and splendor, peace and pleasure, hospitality and home and hearth, and all the rest. All things had been possible to her, the mastery of her inner joy itself in one form or another, while she held her forces under her. But now she herself was stricken, and who was to fight for them? Who, when the stars in their courses fought against Sisera!

But as wild as the grief of Cousin Louis was, hers was as still, though there were ashes on her heart. She went about with a cane when she got up, unable to step a minuet or bend a knee in prayer. "But see," cried old Ben Benvoisie to himself, "her head is just as high!"

Not so with Cousin Louis. He sat in his counting-room, his face bent on his hands half the time. Cargoes came in unheeded, reports were made him unregarded, ships lay at the wharf unloaded, the state of the market did not concern him—nothing seemed of any matter but those three graves. Then he roused himself to a spasmodic activity, gave orders here and orders there, but his mind was elsewhere. With the striking of the year's balance he had made bad bargains, taken bad debts, sent out bad men with his fleets, brought in his fares and his fruits and foreign

goods at a bad season, lost the labor of years. A fire had reduced a great property elsewhere to ashes, a storm had scattered and destroyed his southern ships. "Something must be done," said Cousin Louis. And he looked back from his counting-room, on the fair mansion from whose windows he had so long heard song and laughter floating, with its gardens round about it, where the sweet-briar and the tall white rose climbed and looked back at the red rose blushing at their feet, where the honeysuckles shed their fragrance, where the great butterflies waved their wings over all the sweet old-fashioned flowers that had been brought from the gardens of France and summer after summer had bloomed and spiced the air, where the golden robins flashed from bough to bough of the lane of plum-trees, and the sunshine lay vivid on the encircling velvet verdure. "Her home, and the home of her people for a century behind her—the people whose blood in her veins went to make her what she is—noblest woman, sweetest wife, that ever made a man's delight. The purest, proudest, loftiest soul that looks heaven in the face. O God, bless her, my dear wife—dearer than when I wooed you or when I wedded you, by all the long increase of years! Something must be done," said Cousin Louis, "or that will go with the rest."

Perhaps Cousin Louis began to forefeel the future then. Certainly, as a little time passed on, an unused timidity overwhelmed him. Against Elizabeth's advice he began to call in various moneys from here and there where they were gathering more to themselves. "There is to be another war with the British," he said. "We must look to our fortunes." But he would not have any interference with their way of life, the way Elizabeth had always lived. There must still be the dinner to the judges, the supper to the clergy, the frequent teas to the ladies of the fort, the midsummer throng of young people, the house full for the Christmas holidays; Max and Rex were to be thought of, St. Jean was not to grow up remembering a house of mourning. Why had no one told them that, in all the festive season before Champernonne's death, the younger boys not being held then to strict account, old Ben Benvoisie, sitting with them on the sea-beaten rocks, had fired their fancy with stories of the wild sea-life that had blanched his hair and furrowed his face before the time? One day St. Jean came in to break the news: Max and Rex had run away to sea. "I should have liked to go," said St. Jean, "but I could not leave my mother so."

"By the gods!" said his father. "You shall

go master of the best ship I have!" And in due time he sent him supercargo to the East, that he might learn all that a lad who had tumbled about among ropes and blocks and waves and rocks, ever since his birth, did not already know. But he forbade his wife to repeat to him the names of Rex and Max; nor would they ever again have been mentioned in his presence but for the report of a ship that had spoken the craft they took, and learned that it had been overhauled, and Max, of whom nothing more was ever heard, pressed into the British service, and Rex, ordered aloft on a stormy night, had fallen from the yard into the sea, and his grave was rolled between two waves.

As Elizabeth came home from the little church—the first time she went out after this—thinking, as she went, of the twilight when she found Champernonne, who had stolen from the lightsome scenes that greeted him and his young bride, to stand a little while beside the grave where his brother Charlesmarie slept—she met old Ben Benvoisie.

"Well," he said, "you know how good it is yourself."

"Is not the curse fulfilled, Ben Benvoisie?" she demanded. "Are you going to spare me none?"

"None," said Ben Benvoisie.

The servants were running toward her when she reached the house. The master had a stroke. A stroke indeed. He sat in his chair a year, head and face white, speaking of nothing but his children's graves, they thought. "Too cold—too damp. Why did I bury there?" he murmured. "I will go have them up," he said. "Oh, why did I bury so deep—cold—cold—Elizabeth!" But when Elizabeth answered him, the thing he would say had gone, and when he died at last, for all his struggle for speech, it was still unspoken.

Ah, what a year was that when the long strain was over, and she had placed him where she was to lie herself, at her father's feet! Things went on as they would that year. Wrapped in an ashen apathy, Elizabeth hardly knew she breathed, and living less at that time in this world than the other, the things of this world had small concern for her. Born, too, and reared in wealth, she could as easily have understood that there was any other atmosphere about her as any other condition; and the rogues, then, had it all their own way. Suits for western lands that were the territorial possessions of princes were compromised for sums she never saw; blocks of city houses were sold for taxes; heaven knows what else was done, what

rights were signed away on papers brought for her name as administratrix. And when St. Jean came home from sea, where were the various moneys that his father had been calling in for so long a time? There was not a penny of them to be accounted for.

St. Jean was a man before his time. He looked about him. The great business had gone to the dogs, and some of the clerks and factors had gone with it; at least, they too had disappeared. Other men, in other places, had taken advantage of the lapse, established other houses, opened other fisheries, stolen their markets. There was not enough of either fleet left in condition to weather a gale. "It has all been at the top of the wave," said St. Jean, "and now we are in the trough of the sea." But he had his ship, the *Great-heart*, and with that he set about redeeming his fortunes. And his first step was to bring home to his mother a daughter-in-law as proud as she—Hope, the orphan of a West Indian prelate, with no fortune but her face, and with manners that Elizabeth thought unbecoming so penniless a woman.

When St. Jean went away to sea again, he established his wife—Little Madame, the people had styled her—in a home of her own; for large as the Mansion was, it was not large enough to hold those two women: a home in a long low stone house that belonged to the estate and had once been two or three houses together,—at which one looked twice, you might say, to see if it were dwelling or bowlder,—and which he renovated and then filled with some of the spare pictures and furnishings of the Mansion-house. And there Hope lived, cheered Elizabeth what she could, and cared for the children that came to her—and how many came! And Elizabeth, who could never feel that Hope had quite the right to a place as her rival in St. Jean's affections, took these little children to her heart, if she could not yet altogether take their mother; and they filled for her many a weary hour of St. Jean's absences on his long voyages,—St. Jean who, in some miraculous way, now represented to her father and husband and son.

Elizabeth had time enough for the little people; for friends did not disturb her much after the first visits of condolence. Trouble had come to many of them, as well. Dorothy and Margaret and Belle and Jean, and their compeers, were scattered and dead and absorbed and forgetful, and she summoned none of them about her any more with music and feasting. Of all her wealth now nothing remained but a part of the land on the island and the adjoining main, with its slight and fickle revenue. Of all her concourse of servants there were only Phillis and Scip, who

would have thought themselves transferred to some other world had they left Old Madame.

But the Mansion of Chaslesmarie was a place of pleasure to the children still, at any rate, and the little swarm spent many an hour in the old box-bordered garden, where the stately lady walked on Phillis's arm, and in the great hall where she told them the history of each of the personages of the tall portraits, from that of the fierce old Chaslesmarie of all down to the angel-faced child St. Jean: told them, not as firing pride with memories of ancient pride, but as storied incidents of family life; and as she told them she seemed to live over her share in them, and place and race and memories seemed only a part of herself.

"Madame," said St. Jean once, when at home,—no child of hers had often called her mother,—"I think if we sold the place and moved away we would do well. The soil is used up, the race is run out—if we transplanted and made new stock? Here is no chance to educate the children or to rebuild our fortunes now. Somewhere else, it may be, I could put myself in better business connection —"

The gaze of his mother's burning black eyes bade him to silence. She felt as if in that moment he had forsworn his ancestors.

"Leave this place of whose dust we are made!" she cried. "Or is it made of the dust of the Chaslesmaries? And how short-sighted—here, where, at least, we reign! Never shall we leave it! See, St. Jean, it is all yours,"—and from command her voice took on entreaty, and how could St. Jean resist the pleading mother! He went away to sea again, and left all as before.

But the earth had moved to Elizabeth with just one thrill and tremor. The idea, the possibility, of leaving the place into which every fiber of her being was wrought had shaken her. It was a sort of conscious death into whose blackness she looked for one moment—so one might feel about to lose identity. She walked through the rooms with their quaint and rich old furnishing, somber and heavy, their gilded panels, their carved wainscot, the old French portraits of her people that looked down on her and seemed to claim her; she paused in the oriel of the yellow drawing-room, where it always seemed like a sunshiny afternoon in an October beech-wood—paused, and looked across the bay.

There gleamed the battlements of the fort that her grandfather, the baron, had built; there was the church below, there was the tomb, among the graves of those whose powers had come to their flower in him; the

grassy knoll, beyond, gleamed in the gold of the slant sun and reminded her of the days when, a child, she used to watch the last glint on the low swells of the graves, across the blue waters of the bay whose rocky islets rose red with the rust of the tides. Far out, the seas were breaking in a white line over the low red ledge, and, farther still, the light-house on the dim old Wrecker's Reef was kindling its spark to answer the light on the head of Chaslesmarie that her grandfather had first hung in the air. Close at hand, a boat made in, piled high at either end with the brown sea-weed, the fishing-sails were flitting here and there, as there had never been a day when they were not, and the whole, bathed with the deepening sunset glow, glittered in peace and beauty. There had not been ten days in all her life when she had not looked upon the scene. No, no, no! As well give up life itself, for this was all there was of life to her. There was the shore where, when a child, she found the bed of garnets that the next tide washed away; here could she just remember having seen the glorious old Baron Chaslesmarie, with his men-at-arms about him; here had her dear father proudly walked, with his air of inflexible justice, and the wind had seized his black robes and swept them about her, running at his side; here had her mother died; here had she first seen the superb patrician beauty of her husband's face when he came from France, with his head full of Jean Jacques and the rights of man; here was the little chapel where they married, the linden avenue up which they strolled, with the branches shaking out fragrance and star-beams together above them—the first hour, the first delightful hour, they ever were alone together, she and her Cousin Louis. Oh, here had been her life with him—a husband tenderer than a lover, a man whose loftiness lifted his race and taught her how upright other men might be, a soul so pure that the light of God seemed to shine through it upon her! Here had been her joys, here had been her sorrows; here had she put her love away and heard the molds ring down on that dear head; here had the world darkened to her, here should it darken to her forever when all the shadows of the grave lengthened around her. Father and mother, husband and child, race and land, they were all in this spot. These people, all of whom she knew by name, were they not like her own; could the warmth of the blood bring much nearer to her these faces that had surrounded her since time begun—these men and women whose lives she had ordered, whose children had been fostered with her children, who half-worshiped her in her girlhood, who half-worshiped her still as

Old Madame? Could she leave them? Not though St. Jean's *Great-heart* went down,—St. Jean's ship for which Hope on her house-top sat so long watching. "I refuse to think of it," she said. "It is infinitely tiresome." And then the children trooped in and stopped further soliloquy, and she let them dress themselves out in her stiff old brocades that had been sent for just after she married and had never needed to be renewed,—the cloth-of-silver and peach-bloom, the flowered Venetian, the gold-shot white paduasoy; she liked to see the pretty Barbara and Helena and Bess prancing about the shining floors, holding up the long draperies, and she would have decked them out in her old silver-set jewels, too, had they not been parted with long since when Cousin Louis was calling in their moneys. It all renewed her youth so sweetly, if so sadly, and the mimic play in some obscure way making her feel they only played at life, relieved her of a sense of responsibility regarding their real life. When they tired of their finery, she led them down, as usual, before the portrait of this one and of that, and told over the old stories they liked to hear.

"Madame," said little Barbara, lifting her stiff peach-blossom draperies, "why is it always 'then,'—why is it never 'now'?"

But the old dame's heart did not once cry Ichabod. To her the glory never had departed. It was as imperishable as sky and air.

It was the threatened war-time again at last; and Hope, with her sweet soft eyes watching from the house-top, saw her husband's ship come in, and with it its consort—just a day too late. The embargo had been declared, and, unknowingly, he hailed from a forbidden port. Other sailors touched other ports and took out false papers for protection. St. Jean scorned the act. He relied on public justice: he relied on a reed. His cargoes were confiscated, and his ships were left at the wharf to rot before he could get hearing. In those two vessels was the result of his years of storm and calm, nights when the ship was heavy by the head with ice, days when her seamy sides were scorched and blistered by the sun, the best part of his life. And gone because he preferred poverty to perjury.

"Better so," said Old Madame. "I am prouder of my penniless son than of any merchant prince with a false oath on his soul." And her own contentment seemed to her all that could be asked. She never thought of regretting the matter; but she despised the general Government more than ever, and would have shown blue-lights to the enemy, had he been near and wanted a channel, were it not that he was Cousin Louis's enemy as well.

Alas! a bitterer enemy was near. One tempestuous winter's night the minute-guns were heard off Wrecker's Reef,—and who but St. Jean must lead the rescue? Hope, cloaked and on her house-top, with the glass saw it all; saw St. Jean climb the reef as the moon ran out on the end of a flying scud of cloud to glance on the foam-edged roll of the black wild seas; saw the others following along the sides of the ice-sheathed rock to carry succor to the freezing castaways, and saw, too, a plunging portion of the wreck strike one form, and hurl it headlong. It was her husband. And although he was brought back alive, yet the blow upon his breast, and the night's exposure in the icy waters, in his disheartened state, did deathly work upon St. Jean, and he was laid low and helpless long before his release.

Then Elizabeth sold the hay-fields along the main-land to pay the doctor's bills and the druggist's, to try softer air for the prostrated man, to bring him home again. She had loved to see the sun ripening the long stretch of their rich grasses with reds and purples, with russets and fresh-bursting green again, as far as eye could see. But she forgot she had ever owned them, or owning them had lost them. They were there still when she gazed that way. Then the Thierry place followed, and the little Hasard houses,—they had not yet learned how to be poor.

"There is the quarry," said St. Jean, his heart sore as his hand was feeble. "We cannot work it now."

"The grocer took it long ago," said Elizabeth.

"And the Podarzhon orchard?"

"Oh, the Podarzhon orchard! Yes, your great-grandsire used to call it his pot of money. Well, the trees were old and ran to wood,—your father renewed so many! But the apples had lost their flavor,—what apples they used to be! Oh, yes, we ate up the Podarzhon orchard some time since. And the lamb-pasture brought the children their great-coats and shoes last year. And the barley-field— How lucky that we happened to have them, my dear!"

"And I dying," groaned St. Jean. "What, what is to become of them!"

"To become of them!" said the unfaltering spirit. "Is there question what will become of any of the blood of Chaslesmarie?"

A night came, at length, when Hope fainted in her arms—Elizabeth's last child was dead. "A white name and a white soul," said Elizabeth. "I thank God I knew him!" And the Geoffrey field went to bury him. "I shall be with him soon," she said, smiling, not weeping. "Heaven can hardly be more

holy than he made earth seem, he was so like a saint!" After that, she felt as if he had no more than gone on one of his long voyages. She sold the few acres of the Millet farm in a month or two; they had nothing else to live on now but such small sales; and from a portion of the proceeds she put aside, in a little hair-covered coffer, her grave-clothes, with the money, in crisp bank-notes, that should one day suffice to lay her away decently between her grayes. And then she and Hope sat down and spent their days telling over the virtues of their dead.

It was a summer day, when the late wild-roses were just drooping on their stems and the wanton blackberry vines were everywhere putting out their arms, and all things hung a little heavily in the still air before the thunder-storm, that Elizabeth climbed alone, with her staff, to the dimple among the rocks where her dear ones lay. She paused at the top to look around her. Here swept the encircling river, with the red rocks rising from its azure; beyond it the main-land lifted softly swelling fields that had once belonged to her ancestors of glorious memory; far away to the south and east, over its ledges and reefs mounting purple to the bending sky, stretched the sea, its foaming fields also once theirs and yielding them its revenues. Now, —nothing but these graves, she said; the graves of renown, of honor, of lofty purity. "No, no," said Elizabeth aloud. "Renown, honor, purity are not buried here. St. Jean's children cannot be robbed of that inheritance. Fire that still burns must burst through the ashes. It is fallen indeed; but with these children it shall begin its upward way again!"

"Its upward way again," said a deep voice. And, half-starting, she turned to see old Ben Benvoisie sitting on one of the graves below her.

"So you are satisfied at last, Ben Benvoisie," said Elizabeth, after a moment's gazing.

"Satisfied with what?"

"Satisfied that not one child is left to my arms, and that, when the mortgage on the Mansion falls due, not one acre of my birth-right is left to my name."

"Do you think I did it, then, Old Madame?" asked the man, pulling his cloak about him. "Am I one of the forces of nature? You flatter me! Am I the pride, the waste, the love of pleasure, the heedlessness of the morrow, the self-confidence of your race, that forgot there was a world outside the sound of the name of Chaslesmarie? Did I take one life away from you?" he cried, as he tottered to his stick. "Nay, once I would have given you my own! Did I take a penny of your wealth? I am as poor to-day as I was

seventy years ago when I laid my life at your feet, and you laughed and scorned and spurned it, and thought so lightly of it you forgot it!"

Elizabeth was silent a little. Her hood fell back, and there streamed out a long lock of her silver hair in which still burned a gleam of gold; her black eyes, softer than once they were, met quietly the gaze that was reading the writing of the lines cut in her face, like the lines whipped into stone by the sharp sands of the desert.

"It was not these leveling days," she said. "I was the child of nobles —"

"And I was a worm at your feet. A worm with a sting, you found. But it was not you I cursed," he cried, in a hoarse passion,—"not you, Elizabeth Champernoune! It was the master —"

"Louis and I were one," she answered him. "We are one still. A part of him is here above the sod; a part of me is there below it. We shall rest beside each other soon, as we did every night of forty years. Soon you, too, Ben Benvoisie, will go to your long sleep, and neither your banning nor your blessing will help or hurt the generation that is to come."

"Will it not?" he said. And he laughed a low laugh half under his breath. "Yet the generations repeat themselves. Look there!" And he wheeled about suddenly and pointed with his stick, as if it had been an old wizard's wand. "Look yonder at the beach," he said. "On the flat boulder by which we found the bed of garnets when you and I were too young — eighty years ago, is it? — to know that you were the child of nobles, and I a worm!"

And there, on the low, flat rock, distinct against the turbid darkness of the sky, sat the pretty Barbara, a brown-eyed lass of sixteen, and the arm about her shoulder was the arm of young Ben Benvoisie, the old man's grandson, and his face, a handsome tawny face with the blue fire of its eyes, was bent toward hers — and hers was lifted.

"Leave them to their dream a little while, Old Madame, before you wake them," said the old man, in a strangely altered voice.

"I shall not wake them," said Elizabeth.

And they were silent a moment again, looking down at the figures on the rocks. And the two faces that had bent together there, had clung together in their first long sweet kiss of love, parted, with the redness of innocent blushes on them, and were raised toward the distant sea, now dimly streaked with foam and wind.

"I have seen ninety years," said old Ben Benvoisie. "And you, Old Madame?"

"I have lived eighty-five," she answered, absently.

"Long years, long years," he said. "But, at last," he said, "at last, Dame Elizabeth, my flesh and blood and yours are one!"

Elizabeth turned to move away, but his voice again arrested her. "Look ye!" he said. "When those two are one, once and forever, when Chaslesmarie is sunk in Benvoisie, when you are conquered at last, I shall tell them where Master Louis buried his moneys, Old Madame!"

She had been going on without a word; but she stopped and looked back over her shoulder. "Only they are conquered, Ben Benvoisie, who contend," she said. "And I have never contended. Perhaps I had rather see her dead. I do not know. But Barbara has her own life to live in these changed times. She is too young, I am too old, to make her live mine. And were I conquered," she cried in a great voice, "it is not by you, but by age and the slow years and death! I defy you, as I have defied Fate! For, take the bread from my mouth, the mantle from my back, yet while I live the current in my veins remains," cried the old Titaness, "and while I live that current will always run with the courage and the honor of the Chaslesmaries and Champernounes!"

"Not so," said the other. "Conquered you are. Conquered because your race ceases. Because Chaslesmarie is swallowed up in Benvoisie as death is swallowed up in victory!"

But she had gone on into the gathering darkness of the storm, from which the young people fled up the shore, and heard no more. And the storm burst about the island, and the old Chaslesmarie Mansion answered it in roof and rafter, trembling as if to the buffets of striving elemental foes. And all at once the flames wrapped it; and gilded wainscot, Dutch carving, ancestral portraits, were only a pile of hissing cinders when the morning sun glittered on rain-drops, rocks, and river. And Elizabeth, with her little hair-coffer of cere-clothes and money, had gone to Hope's cottage, and old Ben Benvoisie was found stretched upon the grave where she had seen him sitting. And they never knew where Cousin Louis had buried his money.

"Miss Barbara! Barbara, honey!" called old Phillis, again, a little before noon. "Where's this you's hiding at? Old Madame wants ye. Don't ye hear me tell?"

And pretty Barbara came hesitatingly up the rocks that made each dwelling in the place look as if it were a part of the island itself, tearful and rosy and sparkling. And by her side, grave as became him that day, and erect and proud as his grand-parent, was old Ben Benvoisie's grandson.

"Barbara," said the Old Madame presently, breaking through the reverie caused by their first few words, "did my eyes deceive me yesterday? Have you cut adrift? Have you made up your mind that you can do without fine dresses and silver dishes and —"

"Why, I always have," said Barbara, looking up simply.

"That is true," said Elizabeth. "And so they do not count for much. And you think you know what love is—you baby? You really think you love this sailor-lad? Tell me, how much do you love him, child?"

"As much, Madame dear," said Barbara, shyly, dimpling, glancing half askance, "perhaps as much, grandmamma, as you loved Cousin Louis."

"Say you so? Then it were enough to carry its light through life and throw it far across the dark shadows of death, my child! And you," she said, turning suddenly and severely to young Ben. "Is it for life, or for a holiday, a pleasuring, a pastime?"

He looked at her as if, in spite of the claims of parentage and her all but century of reign, he examined her right to ask. "Since Barbara promised me," said he at last, "I have felt, Old Madame, like one inside a church."

"Something in him," said Elizabeth. "Not altogether the sweetness of the senses, but the sacredness of the sacrament."

And although they were not married for twice a twelvemonth, Elizabeth considered that she had married them that morning. And the reddest bonnet-rouge among the fishermen had a thrill as if all thrones were leveled when, at old Ben Benvoisie's funeral,—

in the simple procession where none rode,—after young Ben and Barbara, they saw Hope and Old Madame walk, as became the next of kin.

And so one year and another crept into the past. And at length Old Madame fell ill.

"I am going now, Hope," she said. "I should like to see Barbara's baby before I go. But remember that there is money for my burial in the little coffer. And there is still the Dernier's wood-land to sell —"

"Do not think of such things now," said Hope. "God will take care of us in some way. He always has. We are as much a part of the universe as the rest of it."

"We are put in this world to think of such things," said Elizabeth. "We are put in this world to live in it, not to live in another. Now I am going to another. We shall see what that will be. From this I have had all it had to give. I came into it with the reverence and revenue of princes. I go out of it a beggar," she cried, in a tone that tore Hope's heart. "I came into it in purple—I go out of it in rags —"

Rags. Before they laid her away with those who had made part of her career of splendor and of sorrow, they opened the little hair-coffer,—moths had eaten the grave-clothes and a mouse had made its nest in the bank-notes. And to-day nothing is left of Charlesmarie of Champemoune—not even a name and hardly a memory; and the blood ennobled by the King of France is the common blood of the fishers of the island given once with all its serfs and vassals—the island-fishers who sell you a string of herring for a shilling.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

New Patches on an Old Garment.

It seems to be agreed that something must be done about the civil service. Here and there a happy optimist still asseverates that our service is the best in the world, and here and there an inveterate machinist stands amidst the fragments of his shattered machine wondering at the foolishness of the "doctrinaires" who think that parties could be better managed without patronage; but sober citizens generally admit that Mr. Miller, one of the new Senators from New York, was not far out of the way when he declared, in a recent speech before the New York Republican convention, that "by the logic of events, this question has passed out of the category of discussion. It is no longer a question," he continued, "whether we shall have a reformed service, but how it shall best be done."

This is the problem to which our statesmen are now turning their attention. And it must be said that

the clumsy way in which some of them deal with it indicates dense ignorance of the whole subject. This is not to be wondered at. So busy have these gentlemen been in carrying elections and in distributing patronage that they have found scant time to attend to the routine duties of their offices; the task of informing themselves about the history and the science of civil administration has been quite out of the question. If they had only had time to acquaint themselves with the results of experience in dealing with such problems, they would address themselves to the problem before them much less uncertainly than they are now doing. There is really a large and instructive literature dealing with the subject. The reports that have been made to Congress within the last fourteen years are valuable; it would be interesting, but not, we fear, re-assuring, to learn how many of the present members of Congress have read them. Other nations have also given careful heed to this matter. Questions

of administration have become vital questions to our European neighbors; with their vast debts and their costly armaments, it has been necessary for them to reduce the expense and increase the efficiency of their civil service; the best wits of their wisest men have been enlisted in this study; the experiments that they have tried and the results that they have reached would certainly have some value for our statesmen.

We are inclined to credit President Arthur with a sincere wish to improve the civil service. He feels, by this time, the burdensomeness of the present system, and he sees that something must be done to relieve the President of an intolerable load. He has made, as yet, no official suggestions of reform, but one proposition intended to be practical has been reported as coming from him. This proposition is that the civil offices be divided equally among the Congressional districts, and that each member of Congress be required to make the appointments assigned to his district, and be held responsible for them.

The project is vague. Would the Democratic as well as the Republican districts share in this division? Would the Democrats in the House of Representatives, as well as the Republicans, be called on to make appointments? Probably that is not intended. President Arthur has not yet been suspected of any design to make the service unpartisan. The offices would be divided among the Republican districts. Whenever any district ceased to be Republican, it would cease to receive dividends of patronage, and, very likely, the places filled from that district would be vacated to make room for the quota of some other district won by the Republicans from the Democrats. The vicissitudes of office-holding under such a system would not be lessened, and it needs no very lively imagination to picture the scandals it would breed. Besides, one wants to know what would become of the Senators under this arrangement. Are they to be wholly relieved of the duty of dispensing patronage?

This method of disposing of the offices is not a new invention. It was formerly in actual operation in England; the appointments under the Government were divided among the members of Parliament belonging to the administration party, and there was a secretary of patronage, whose business it was to see that each honorable gentleman got for his friends the number of places to which he was entitled, and no more. If the results of that experiment had been known, it is not likely that this proposition would have been made. The capital defect in the plan is, however, that it confuses the legislative and executive departments, and confers power where there is no responsibility. The allowing of members of the legislature to appoint all the subordinate officers in the executive departments is a political solecism. The fact that this is, substantially, the present system is not, really, an argument in its favor. It is declared that the members of Congress would be held responsible for the appointments they made. How, we beg to know, could such a responsibility be enforced?

Another scheme of reform is attributed to ex-Secretary Windom. It contemplates the division of the offices among the States in the ratio of their population, and the appointment of a committee in each State, who shall conduct examinations for admission to

the civil service, and send to Washington lists of successful competitors, from which the quota of the State shall be filled. This plan also needs expounding. Is this State committee to be composed wholly of Republicans? Is the examination to be competitive, and if so, are Democrats to be permitted to compete? To whom and on what conditions will the lists be open? If the object of this proposition be to secure a non-partisan civil service, to which ascertained merit and not political favor shall be the condition of admission, the object is a good one; whether the method suggested is practicable or not cannot well be told till we know more about it. On the whole, it is doubtful whether the old garment could be well mended with these new patches.

Two bills are now before Congress which deal with the whole subject comprehensively. The one is known as the Pendleton Bill, and it provides for the appointment of a civil service commission, whose duty it shall be to devise rules by which, "so far as practicable, all citizens duly qualified shall be allowed equal opportunities, on grounds of personal fitness, for securing appointments, employment, and promotion in the subordinate civil service of the United States." The bill further provides that the capacity of applicants for office shall be tested by open competitive examination; that the offices shall be graded, and that original entrance to the service shall be at the lowest grade; that there shall be a period of probation before the appointment shall be confirmed, and that promotions from one grade to another shall be won by competition. In short, the bill proposes simply to organize and apply to all the large offices in the country the methods of appointment which have been tested in the New York Custom-house and in the New York and Boston post-offices for several years, and the value of which in improving the service has been abundantly demonstrated.

The other bill mentioned is known as the Willis Bill. Its object is "to prevent extortion from persons in the public service, and bribery and coercion by such persons." It makes the levying of assessments for political purposes on Government clerks a misdemeanor, and provides heavy penalties for all persons, official or unofficial, who shall be caught in any such attempt. If all reports are true, the evils which this bill is designed to remedy are not all extirpated, even from the New York Post-office.

These two bills ought to be well studied and thoroughly debated. If they are not practicable, let us know why. It is to be hoped that the ambition to invent new methods of reform will not lead our lawmakers to remain in ignorance of methods which experience has justified.

Garfield on Civil Service Reform.

In the death of President Garfield, the cause of civil service reform lost one of its earliest friends and advocates. He was a supporter of the Jenckes Bill, in 1866—the first measure presented in Congress for the introduction of a system of competitive examinations for applicants for the lower grades of official positions. If we are not mistaken, he was the first member of Congress to establish such examinations to guide him in the appointment of West Point cadets

and midshipmen at the Naval Academy. These appointments had always been regarded as the political or personal patronage of a representative in Congress; as vacancies occurred to be filled from his district, General Garfield gave them to lads (selected from the best pupils in the high schools) who passed the most satisfactory examination before a committee of teachers and physicians. Early in his Congressional service, he introduced the custom, when there was a contest for a vacant postmastership, of asking the people who got their mail at the office in question to hold an election. He would then recommend the man having the most votes, on the ground that the neighbors of the candidates were the best judges of their qualifications. He never regarded the offices in his district as in any sense his property, and was always averse to deciding between the claims of aspirants.

As a Congressman, General Garfield occupied an exceptionally independent position. He never sought the office to which he was eight times elected. His first and all subsequent nominations grew out of the free and emphatic preference of an overwhelming majority of his party, and the preponderance of his party in his district was so great that his election was always the certain sequence of his nomination. He therefore had no political debts to pay, and was under no obligations to the politicians of his district which he had to discharge by putting them in office. Thus he never got entangled in the vicious system of patronage which has enervated and corrupted so many of the ablest men in public life. As soon as the great questions left to Congress and the people as the legacy of the Civil War began to be put in the way of settlement, his candid, investigating, and independent mind could not fail to be impressed with the need of improving the civil service. One of his earliest utterances in Congress upon this subject will be found in a speech delivered in the House in 1870, in which, referring to the evil of the existing system of Congressional dictation in the making of appointments, he said:

"We press appointments upon the departments; we crowd the doors; we fill the corridors; senators and representatives through the offices and the bureaus until the public business is obstructed, the patience of the officers worn out, and sometimes, for fear of losing their places through our influence, they at last give way and appoint men, not because they are fit for the position, but because we ask it."

Two years later, in April, 1872, he spoke with great earnestness and force against the pernicious patronage system. We have space for only two brief quotations from his remarks, but they will suffice to show how strongly he was impressed with the magnitude of the evil, and how he saw at that early day that the only way of escape from it was in the direction of a permanent service, with appointments for fitness, promotion for merit, and removal only for cause.

"This state of things has grown up gradually and by almost imperceptible degrees, until the old adjustment of the different departments of the Government is wholly changed. I affirm that this present custom is an apostasy from the original policy of the Government,—an apostasy alarming in its character,—and that the chief reason why a reform in the civil service is required is that the three powers, or particularly the

two powers of the Government, the legislative and the executive, may be restored to their independence, may be left unawed and uninfluenced by the pressure of personal dictation and control.

"There is no great and eminently successful department of this Government which has not been made so by being taken out of the ordinary channels of political management. Is there a man here who would be willing to turn the Coast-Survey service over to the fate of our ordinary civil service? In that bureau we have a system of promotion by merit, which has given us those distinguished and noble men who in that service have crowned the nation with honor. So with the Light-house Board, and so with all the branches of our service which have really been an honor to human nature and a glory to the nation itself. It is because we want to lift other departments to a similarly high plane that we ask the power of Congress to some measure of civil service reform."

In his speeches upon the stump, between 1870 and 1880, General Garfield frequently urged the need of reform measures to elevate the civil service. Many extracts might be made from reports of these speeches in the public prints. A single one, however, will answer our purpose, which is to show how deep was his interest in the reform movement, and how entirely he was in accord with its main lines of thought and action. At Athens, Ohio, August 26th, 1879, in a political address, he said:

"Let it once be fully understood that continuance in office depends solely upon the faithful and efficient discharge of its duties, and that no man is to be removed merely to make place for another, and the reform will be half accomplished. Again, the appointing power must be liberated from Congressional control; this must be done both for the sake of the service and for the protection of the legislators. The Constitution shields members of Congress from arrest during their attendance upon the sessions of Congress, and while going to and from the same. This is done, not for their sake, but because the country has need of their unobstructed service."

In a thoughtful article entitled "A Century of Congress," which he contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" in the summer of 1877, General Garfield condemned the evils of the patronage system in language of unmistakable directness. After referring to President Jackson's course, in turning out all the office-holders who had not aided his election, he said:

"From that time forward the civil offices of the Government became the prizes for which political parties strive, and twenty-five years ago the corrupting doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils' was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. It was bad enough when the Federal offices numbered no more than eight or ten thousand; but now, when the growth of the country, and the great increase in the number of public offices occasioned by the late war, have swelled the civil list to more than eighty thousand, and to the ordinary motives of political strife this vast patronage is offered as a reward to the victorious party, the magnitude of the evil can hardly be measured. * * * From the President downward through all the grades of official authority, civil office becomes a vast corrupting power, to be used in running the machine of party politics."

In the same article, after showing how the power of appointment has been virtually usurped by the senators and representatives, and the just powers of the executive crippled, and pointing out the injurious influence upon the members of the legislative branch of the Government themselves of being made seekers for office for their constituents, General Garfield said:

"To sum up in a word: the present system invades the independence of the Executive and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involves him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself, by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public offices as the reward of mere party zeal."

So far, the record of General Garfield on this subject is clear and bright. No member of Congress had studied the matter so thoroughly, or had expressed himself about it so courageously. His later well-remembered utterances, in his letter accepting the nomination to the presidency and in his inaugural address, were, however, regarded as hesitating and uncertain. Doubtless the practical difficulties in the way of carrying this reform through Congress looked large to him; he knew the temper of the legislators in both houses, and he had not, we must remember, that aroused public sentiment behind him which has been evoked by his death. If his movements were somewhat cautious, we need not wonder.

His proposition to fix the tenure of the minor offices was, it must be owned, not much better than a make-shift. The suggestion that in making appointments, "the Executive should seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice," was hailed by the official dispensers of patronage as a concession to their claims, but it is not certain that they would have gained much by it. A very large number of the minor offices, including three-fourths of all the post-offices, may have to be filled, even under a reformed civil service, by some such method. The suggestion, it will be observed, does not apply to the Government offices at Washington. One remark, found both in the letter and in the inaugural, should be well remembered,—that the aid of legislation is required to render any reform of the service effective or permanent.

The settled beliefs of General Garfield appear in the passages quoted above; and although his later outgivings may have been somewhat dubious, it is reasonable to suppose that when he had found his feet, and had begun to wield a little more deliberately the great powers intrusted to him, he would have used his resources of leadership in making effective the principles to which he had so fully committed himself. Those who had good opportunities to know, assert that this measure was regarded by him as tentative. This is confirmed by the nature of the situation. Garfield was in no sense of the term a representative politician. As he himself said, he was interested in conflicts of minds, and not in conflicts of men. This indisposition

to the work of the trading politician, and the fact already mentioned that he had no political debts to pay, kept him, as a Congressman, singularly in ignorance of the partisan forces with which, after his election to the presidency, he had to contend. There is reason to think that he underestimated the opposition "limited tenure" would be likely to meet from the politicians, and that toward the last he saw how inadequate would be a measure which, while it might somewhat reduce the bulk of the partisan pressure for office, would not to any great extent remove its causes, and would chiefly alter the times at which such pressure would occur.

One service that he did render to this reform must not be overlooked. He slew that dragon named the Courtesy of the Senate. He had denounced it, years before, in his place in the House; upon the threshold of his administration he destroyed it. It was the deadliest foe of reform, and he attacked it in its lair. The weapons with which he struck were not the weapons of civil service reform; but they did the business. President Garfield regained, for the Executive, powers which had long been usurped by the Senate. It is to be hoped that none of his successors will surrender what he won at the cost of his life; and if the prerogatives of the Executive are vigorously maintained, the way will be clear for civil service reform.

Communism in the Book Trade.

WE Americans have always been prone to take comfort from the imperviousness of our society to socialistic, communistic, or agrarian ideas. Where property is so widely distributed, where the common people are land-owners, and often, in a small way, money-lenders—communistic theories make no deep impression. The New York beer-garden socialists may smoke their pipes and spend their breaths in saloon oratory, but Americans see, in all their yeasty talk, only a diverting farce. The agitation of such questions is foreign to our atmosphere. In this country it is a growth as strange as a well-developed *Victoria regia* would be. A communist in America is something to be put under glass, protected from chilling winds, and kept for observation and wonder. This is why the reporter, who sniffs the strange and abnormal as quickly as a hound does a fox, runs after every dying wave of European agitation that breaks into froth upon our shores. The local socialist leaders, with the help of the newspapers, make a sensation, without making an impression—such a sensation as that made by the two-headed girl and the Chinese giant.

But there is a many-sidedness, a plausibility, an insidiousness about anti-property notions, and we cannot be too sure that they will not make headway in some form among us. Such theories are harmless enough so long as they are heard only in the oratory of the beer-garden, but when in a modified way they make their appearance, as they have done of late years, in the thought and practice of a most respectable and important branch of trade, it is time for us to feel less secure in regard to the economic foundations of American civilization. Book-sellers and publishers constitute a guild that has always been remarkable for the intelligence of its members. If not a learned profession, book-publishing is at least a business in which

general knowledge is important. Perhaps we might call publishing a learned trade. It would be difficult for a man to hold relations with books so intimate as are those of a publisher without becoming a man of information. When, therefore, clear-headed publishers, in a matter pertaining to their own business, adopt a theory and use arguments whose only logical result is communism, there is occasion for inquiry into the soundness of our theories of property.

The tendency we are marking is but another illustration of the warping influence on the understanding of an injustice long practiced. Just as the confiscation of Irish estates, the plundering of monasteries, and the capture by privateering expeditions of richly laden Spanish caracks, tended to obscure the sense of property-right in the English of Elizabeth's time, so has the long-continued injustice of our copyright law warped the public conscience itself, until the simple principle of ownership of that which a man has produced—the groundwork of all property-holding and commercial civilization—can no longer be applied to the highest products of diligence and intelligence. We have been told that copyright is not a natural right; but that it is good public policy to remunerate an author, and that the most practicable way of paying him seems to be to give him a monopoly of the sale of his book for a limited term of years in his own country. Of course under this formula the author has no rights. We only pay him because we think it wise to encourage him. The foreign author is another affair; we may make all we can out of his works, since no public policy obliges us to "encourage" English writers by paying them for their labor. We have thus rigged a very nice and plausible bit of unadulterated communism, under which we can do as we please with the painfully wrought product of a scholar's life, and snap our fingers in the face and eyes of the ten commandments.

The phrase is ingeniously worded—the words "public policy" and "monopoly" are handled with skill—and, like other communistic utterances, the formula has, at first sight, a seeming fairness. But a homely old English proverb reminds us that goose and gander may be eaten with the same sauce. A principle which has so many possible applications as this should not be confined to men of letters. It is so big with blessings to mankind that it would be a sin to give authors a copyright "monopoly" of its inestimable benefits. It ought to work both ways, in school phrase. A. has written a book, after years of thought. It is the ripe fruit of his life. He has spent money in collecting a library preparatory to its production. He has traveled far and observed much. The book represents his time, his money, his intelligence. B., who is a publisher, says: "I do not grant you any ownership in this book. But it is probably good public policy to remunerate authors, and I propose to allow you a monopoly of the sales for a limited term of years and over a limited area of territory. In all other countries and beyond a certain period, the book-trade and the public will enrich themselves at your expense and drink to your health out of the profits derived from your toil." B., the publisher, at length builds a house, into which he puts, in differing proportions, just what A. put into his book, namely, time, money, and thought. It is now the turn of A. to speak philosophically: "I also

recognize the fact that it is good public policy to remunerate the man who uses his time, his money, and his intelligence. There seems no better way to recompense one who has built a house than by giving him a partial monopoly of it for a limited time. I propose that the parlor, the kitchen, and two sleeping chambers be granted to you for twenty-eight years. The remainder of the house belongs to whoever can first succeed in occupying it, and after your monopoly expires, you having been sufficiently remunerated, the house will belong to the public."

But we are told that copyright is not a natural right. If by that is meant that in a "state of nature" there was no such thing as copyright, one may grant it. There could be no need for copyright until the modern facility for multiplying copies made it possible for unscrupulous people to make unjust profits out of another man's toil. In a "state of nature," or barbarism, there are no well-defined rights of property. The Indian hunter must divide his newly killed deer, according to well-known rules, among those who arrive after it is killed; to each his portion, in the order of his coming. Barbarism is communism. Every lazy man in a village of wigwams can claim food from the store of any provident tribesman. Thus barbarism perpetuates itself by refusing to industry its natural recompense.

As civilization advances, the house comes to belong to the builder, the fish to him who caught and dried them, the corn to the household that planted betimes, and at length the intellectual offspring of intellect is also secured to the producer. The logic of civilization is inevitable—either the rule of property in what a man makes is universal, or it should be wholly abolished. Some of our intelligent and upright publishers made haste to recognize this fact, frankly and fully, before the vulgar and sweeping piracy of the lowest rank of book-venders partially shifted the interest of the reputable houses to the right side of the scale. If a book does not belong to him who wrote it, then a horse does not belong to him who bred him, or a ship to him who built it. The question is not between the author and publisher, but between civilization and barbarism, sound economy and communism. Either copyright is the author's honest and equitable right, or the beer-garden philosophers are the angels that proclaim the millennium of general division and redistribution.

The treaty now being agitated is the half loaf better than none, but until American publishers and English publishers—who have been as unwilling to see the whole truth as those upon this side—recognize the fact that a man's right to the work of his brain is something deeper than a question of trade and expediency, there will be no just and final settlement.

A Forgotten Obligation to the Ministry.

A LARGE obligation sometimes puts out of sight a smaller one. There is an incidental service rendered to society in this country by the Christian ministry, which is more likely to be forgotten than the obligation due to them for their own immediate work.

Emerson has somewhere said that quiet and studious lives are the chief corrective of a money-making

age. Now, the life of a minister can hardly be called a quiet one, and it is not always possible to the busy pastor to lead a studious life, in the general sense of that term. And yet, the kind of life usually led by ministers is, beyond question, the most efficient antidote to a money-making spirit that our society knows. The minister is often the one man in his circle who stands for something higher than mere getting. We know well enough that there are divers kinds of men in the ministry. There are those who go about seeking fat pastures for the shepherd, and those who speculate in something besides metaphysics, and there are clerical sponges. It is impossible that any profession should fail to get its share of men who fall below the standard of their calling. But, speaking generally, the Christian ministry sets up a light-house in each community, by giving to it a man whose life indicates that there are other ends of living than the gross one of getting and keeping. "Let us not for the sake of living lose what men should live for," was written in Latin on the banners of one of the regiments that fought under Cromwell. And this is what the life of a minister says to those about him: "Let us not, in our haste to accumulate, forget those things which make accumulations valuable."

For, while the ministry stands for religion and morals, it stands also for culture and knowledge. The man of business has no time, or thinks he has none (which comes to the same thing), to know what is going on in the world of thought. But his minister knows, and conversation with the minister reminds him that there is, even here below, a world above that world of things in which he is so busy. Historical and scientific knowledge, and the humanizing influence of literature, sift through the pulpit to the people. If the ministers in America had never mentioned Darwin's theory of the evolution of the human race, large bodies of people would have known no more about the storm of debate that raged in the upper air than they know of a cyclone going on in the sun. The pulpit is not an arena for free discussion, it is true,—the debate is generally one-sided,—but it is a never-closed channel for the diffusion of knowledge, and a continual reminder that above the sphere of things in human life, is a sphere of thought.

In the country village, the minister is not so exclusively an authority as he was in the old days, when he was usually the only liberally educated man in the town. But he is a source of intellectual enlightenment; his conversation or that which is dropped incidentally in his sermon, stirs the mind of some lad with curiosity. Books are mentioned of which the boy has never heard, and dim vistas of knowledge open up before his eyes. The hills that stand about the town seem too strait for him, the humdrum of life too narrow. He, too, will study, and will know of these things whereof the parson speaks. And so another is presently added to the ranks of educated men, by the contagion of culture. This is the history of the intellectual awakening of many of our great men. The minister touched them with admiration for his superior information, and they straightway got a Latin grammar and began to push at that narrow door of knowledge.

It is the fashion to accuse the ministry of a certain reluctance to receive new ideas—a reluctance that inheres, perhaps, in all professions with long-standing tra-

ditions. But after all reduction, who shall tell the debt we owe it for its educating influence? It is not a small matter that every Sunday thousands of discourses by educated men are given in all parts of the country. A profession that counts many of the finest minds, and has the attention of so large a proportion of the people, cannot help stimulating exceedingly the intellectual life of the nation. If we leave out of sight its religious work, and even its moral teaching, the debt we owe the ministry for its influence on the general education of the people is incalculable.

When Frederick Oberlin, in his half-barbarous parish in the Vosges, planted schools, taught the people to build bridges, and substituted good French for their miserable *patois*, he did a work that has rarely been accomplished in the life of an individual man. But it was typical of what, in a large and diffused manner, and partly by indirect methods, the clerical profession is doing for our social life. The minister is often the center of interest in education in a community, and he sometimes brings with him a higher standard and better methods than have before prevailed. The constant interchange of educated ministers from one part of the country to another, is one of the influences that has kept our language from splitting into widely divergent dialects. For, in how many towns is the minister's speech the standard.

To confess this obligation to the clerical profession, is to remind us of the additional responsibility which the possession of a minister's influence involves. The secular education of the minister, so influential on those about him, ought to be broadened, his historical knowledge should be full, his scientific information fresh, the culture of his literary taste considerable. A wider education for the ministry means a larger general culture for the people. It is even possible that the nasal quality of voice by which so many of our people bewray themselves, might be quite done away with in time, if we could have two generations of ministers trained to speak the mother-tongue with full and sonorous utterance. Not that ministers are worse offenders in this regard than the rest of us, but as a class they have more influence. Again, if ministers generally understood the principles which underlie approved educational methods, there would be a more rapid improvement in schools, for their public spirit and enlightened interest in education are beyond question. But in urging these additional responsibilities upon the clergy, we are only recognizing the force of the old French maxim, *noblesse oblige*. If nobility imposes extraordinary obligations, so does influence.

The Good-natured Man.

GOOD-NATURE, like the tongue in the anecdote of Æsop, is the best thing in the world, but also the worst thing in the world. In its own sphere it is as divine as the sunshine. If it does not drive the world forward, it saves much of the force that would otherwise be required. It is the great lubricant of human affairs. Oiling the machinery is as indispensable a work as lighting a fire under the boiler, and your true master of men, while he applies driving force, does not spare the good-nature that makes smooth work by decreasing the resistance. The genuine school-master, for example, knows that the best products of

intellectual culture grow in the sunlight, and that the storms which clear the air should be exceptional. We talk much, nowadays, of the cheering effect of decoration on the home, and of the blessing of open fires; but a little old-fashioned good-nature in parents and children is brighter than an artistic dado, and goes to the heart more immediately than a sentimental wood-fire, on brazen andirons of the style of Queen Anne or Ghengis Khan. Decorating a house that is never irradiated with hearty good-nature is like frescoing a cellar wall.

But a Hebrew philosopher long since discovered that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," and the greater part of all the evils in the world grow either from the root of untimeliness or that of out-of-place-ness. Inappropriateness curdles everything—even good-nature is an unmitigated evil when it gets out of place or season.

In one of our large cities, in the worst days of ring speculation, a citizen declared his intention to vote for the candidate for mayor nominated by the party opposed to his own. Both candidates, he said, were honest, but the one his own party had nominated was too good-natured. The other man was equally honest and far less obliging—a man for the times, who would not spare anybody's feelings. We have had many public officers whose honesty has been rendered unserviceable by their good-natured disinclination to put even a rogue to inconvenience.

There is a good-nature that is the genuine result of goodness of heart, and there is a good-nature born of laziness of spirit. Some men are unwilling to incommode others because they love their own ease. Good-nature that comes of spiritual discipline or an unselfish heart is stamped with the divine image; but the good-nature that seeks only to avoid trouble is a spurious coin. It is easier for a well-dressed lady to bestow a piece of money on a pitiable-looking wretch of a woman than it would be for her to stop and observe that the borrowed baby of the beggar is drugged, and further, to reflect that in supporting such mendicants the giver is only cherishing the human vermin that make the world loathsome.

This indolent good-nature is the bane of our political and commercial life. Men are selected for places of trust because they are "good fellows." Now, as a general rule, the good fellow is the worst fellow in the world to put in a place of trust. The good fellow means well, but nothing is so impotent as the good fellow's good intentions. Before the war, it used to be said that Northern politicians wanted backbone. But, indeed, the training of the office-seeker, like that of the acrobat, is directed to the producing of suppleness and elasticity in the spine. The good fellow is chosen on account of flexibility. He cannot well say no. It is not the art of good-fellowship to say no. He is honest enough in a lazy way—the good fellow does not steal. But he cannot say no when the rogue approaches him, and so, though he does not grow rich at public expense, the money leaks away all the same.

Impotent good-nature is not so villainous as direct theft, but the effect on the treasure-chest is much the same. Good-nature shuts its eyes and folds its hands while theft takes the safe-key from his pocket. Your good fellow can never quite believe that a rogue will steal.

It is not so wonderful, after all, that popular elections put this sort of good-natured men into responsible places. The marvel is that men of business training do the same thing in commercial affairs. They generally select the good fellow for a bank-cashier, for example. He is a good man to meet the public, he will bring business to the bank. But they do not reflect on the amount of distress it will give their good-natured cashier to say no, when some toffering business house or some speculating adventurer seeks an "accommodation." To accommodate is what the good-natured man likes to do—it is cruel to ask him to refuse the people who beat like waves against the walls of a moneyed institution. Sooner or later the obliging cashier grows tired of the everlasting no, and the unstable borrowers "effect an entrance," as the reporters say of burglars. When the bank fails, everybody is astonished—the cashier was always "the best fellow in the world." They do not reflect that his good-fellowship was actually his disqualification.

Directors in financial corporations, such as banks, savings-banks, life-insurance companies, seem to be generally remarkable for sunny good-nature. They are selected to watch the active officers, and their supposed watchfulness lends credit to the corporation. But millions of dollars are stolen every year without the knowledge of these prominent directors, who probably think it their main duty as gentlemen not to give offense to the executive officers of their institutions by overmuch watchfulness. It is notorious that the bank and insurance examiners of the State often find loans of the most improper kind on the books of life-insurance companies and savings-banks. The directors would not stoop to examine too closely into the administration of the institution to the support of whose credit they have freely lent their names. They are good-natured accessories to crimes which leave many a family penniless.

When a great journalist, now dead, was asked the secret of success in his profession, he said: "Industry and ugliness." There are other professions besides that of the journalist in which ugliness is a valuable quality. Public teachers generally need a fair allowance of it. We once heard an old Kentuckian describe a fashionable preacher: "He's a beautiful speaker, but a horse-thief could sit under his preaching without being disturbed."

Inestimable as is good-nature, it is a dangerous quality in men who are the appointed guardians of other men's morals or money. Unruffled good temper is not the best recommendation one can give in all cases—it is not the highest virtue of a watch-dog, for example.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMESBURY, 24th 10th mo. 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The literary circles of your city have sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Holland. The sudden and unexpected event was a painful surprise to friends in this section. We had hoped that many more years of literary labor and achievement were before him. But his work has been well done; his life has been well rounded. Poet, novelist, historian, and last, not least, the most successful of editors, he has left an honorable name among American authors. From his earliest publications, the New England historic romance of "The Bay Path" and the fine poem "Bitter-Sweet," he has had the ear of the public as a beloved and popular author. The common heart of the people always kept time to his music. And his wide influence was on the right side. Practical wisdom, broad Christian charity, earnest patriotism, and crystal purity marked his writings. If his sudden departure left him no opportunity, he had at least no occasion to blot out a line. Peace, then, to the tired worker! "O man beloved, go thou in thy way, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days!"

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Parton's "Voltaire."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: You accuse me, in your notice of my "Life of Voltaire," of attempting to deceive the public with regard to the meaning of Voltaire's phrase, "*L'Infâme*." You say he meant "the founder of Christianity."

I do you more justice than you do me. I assume and believe that you are honestly mistaken. To set you right, I inclose a short passage from the most careful and elaborate of Voltaire's religious works, "*Dieu et Les Hommes*," in which he expressly exculpates Jesus from the crimes committed in his name, and declares that Christ was no Christian. If this does not suffice, I could send for a dozen others of similar purport, or you can easily find such for yourself by reference to the index of his works, vol. 96, p. 419, under the head of "Jesus."

Respectfully yours,

JAMES PARTON.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 24th, 1881.

"L'INFÂME"—WHAT WAS IT?

"I dare assert, with the best-informed and wisest men, that Jesus never thought of founding that sect (Christianity). Christianity, such as it was as early as the time of Constantine, was more remote from Jesus than from Zoroaster or from Brahma. Jesus has become the pretext of our fantastic doctrines, of our persecutions, of our religious crimes; but he was not the author of them. Many have regarded Jesus as a Jewish physician whom foreign charlatans adopted as the chief of their pharmacy. Those charlatans wished

to make men believe that they obtained their poisons from him. I flatter myself with having demonstrated that Jesus was not a Christian, and that, on the contrary, he would have condemned with horror our Christianity, such as Rome has made it; a Christianity absurd and barbarous, which debases the soul and starves the body, lest both should be burned together during eternity; a Christianity which, in order to enrich monks and people no better than monks, has reduced whole communities to beggary, and thus to the necessity of crime; a Christianity which exposes Kings to the first devotee-assassin who wishes to immolate them to Holy Church; a Christianity which has despoiled Europe, in order to heap up in the house of the Madonna of Loretto, who came from Jerusalem through the air to the March of Ancona, more treasure than would be required to nourish the poor of twenty kingdoms; a Christianity which could console the earth, and which has covered it with blood, with carnage, and with innumerable evils of every kind."

From Voltaire's "*Dieu et Les Hommes*," chapter xxxiii., last paragraph. (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, vol. 45, page 398. 97-volume ed. Paris, 1834.)

The critique to which Mr. Parton excepts contains no accusation of attempting to deceive the public. It expresses the belief "that it is not mere carelessness" which leads the biographer to take a certain view of the meaning of Voltaire's famous phrase. It credits him with intention in presenting that view, not hinting the least doubt as to his sincerity in adopting it. It uses no phrase from which the inference can be drawn that the biographer is trying to impose on the public something in which he does not believe himself. But it does distinctly maintain that his interpretation, without any reference to its honesty, is not the correct one.

Mr. Parton begs the question by his very statement of it, "*L'Infâme*," what was it?" Whether Voltaire's war cry, "*Ecrasez l'Infâme*," referred to a person or to a system has been discussed ever since he uttered it, and probably will be a topic of contest during all the writing of books of which there is no end about him. We do not perceive that Mr. Parton's latest citations help to any decision of the dispute.

To go to the root of the matter, what was it that Voltaire denied? It was the fundamental dogma of Christianity, the divinity of Jesus. He struck at its heart, as directly as at its abuses. There were in Voltaire's mind two figures bearing that one name. One was the idea of the historical Jesus, the Judean type of mere human perfectibility, to which, in the cited passages and in numerous others, he gives his praise—and his patronage. The other was the idea of a divine Person, worshipped by the civilized world in Voltaire's day as the founder of the religious system that bears his name. Of course, Voltaire denied that such a Person ever existed, averring that he was a priestly invention. Suppose he was right? Then he assailed a phantom. Suppose he was wrong? Then he attacked a reality. At any rate, it was as a person that he chose him for his enemy. He reviled the alleged circumstances of his birth—he derided his

miraculous powers—he branded him as an impostor in the life and actions attributed to him. What else than a personal scorn inspired his other famous saying to the effect that with a dozen philosophers he could pull down the system that the Galilean with a dozen fishermen had built up? This was in quite another temper than that of hatred for superstition, and such a temper found natural expression in the phrase "Crush the wretch," launched at a person whom he denounced as imaginary, but whom he knew that the civilized world of his day, Protestant and Romanist, accepted and venerated as real. If there was no founder of Christianity, then the phrase was meant for its abuses—if there was any such founder, then it was meant for him.

Such a two-edged weapon was quite suited to Voltaire's grasp. Those who have a fancy for twisting ropes of sand may attempt to reconcile his inconsistencies. We yield all the admiration Mr. Parton can ask to his grand war upon the crimes and miseries cloaked by superstition—but we are not dazzled by it into blindness to the passionate scurrilities of his onslaught on those who would not accept his conception of pure Deism as their religion.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

The Spot where Pocahontas Rescued Captain Smith.

BALTIMORE, 19th October, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Having read Mr. Page's paper on Yorktown and Rosewell, I beg leave to say that, in my opinion, "Shelly" is not the place (as stated by him) where Pocahontas rescued John Smith.

While on a visit at Rosewell, I found among the old books in the library a copy of Smith's "Generall Historie," published in London, in 1627. Smith says: "Fourteene myles northward from the river Powhatan [now James] is the river Pamaunkee [now York]. * * * At the ordinary flow of the salt water it divideth itself into two gallant branches. * * * Where this river is divided, the country is called Pamaunkee [now West Point]. * * * About 25 myles lower on the north side of this river is Werowocomoco, where their great King inhabited when I was delivered him prisoner." In another place he says that Werowocomoco was "some fourteene myles from Jamestowne." Stith, the first native Virginian historian, locates Werowocomoco "on the north side of York River nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's Creek, and about 25 miles below the fork of the river." Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes," praises Smith for his accuracy, and says that Werowocomoco was situate "about Rosewell."

Rosewell farm extends along the York River nearly opposite Queen's Creek, which is on the south side of that river, and on this farm Werowocomoco was, without doubt, situate. The spot said to be the site of the Indian village corresponds exactly to Smith's and Stith's location. It was about twelve miles from Jamestown

to the point on the south bank of the York, where Smith says he crossed the river to Werowocomoco in a "salvage canow"; and as the river is here about two and a half miles wide, it makes the site "some fourteene myles from Jamestowne." "Shelly" is at the mouth of Carter's Creek on its east bank, opposite King's Creek, and is some two miles farther down the York than the spot indicated by Smith. In short, if "Shelly" had been the place, Smith and Stith would have naturally located it at the mouth of a creek. There being, however, no creek on the north side near the site, they have properly fixed the location by the number of miles from the fork of the river, and nearly opposite the creek on the south side of the river.

The site of the village where Smith was saved by the King's daughter is a plain running about half a mile along the bank of the river, elevated above the beach about five or six feet, and extending on an unbroken level a mile or so inland. Any bare-legged urchin, burnished by the sun, will point out the spot to the inquiring antiquary. Enormous beds of oyster-shells are found here some feet below the rich loamy soil; and this, and the quantity of Indian earthenware, stone hatchets, and arrow-heads occasionally picked up, indicate a dwelling-place of the natives, and fix the locality. The plain has lain fallow for many years, and is now covered with pines, cedars, oaks, sweet-smelling myrtle, and prickly cactus.

LEWIS MAYER.

The Prince Imperial.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: On page 147, in an article entitled "Hints to Horseback Riders," the author, "Midy Morgan," says: "Standing on the near side of his horse, he will take a lock of the mane in his left hand, wind it around his two middle fingers, then, holding the reins quite loosely in the same hand, place his right hand on the cantle of the saddle, his left foot in the stirrup, and rise easily and quickly to his seat. Want of practice in this mode of mounting cost the life of his Royal Highness, the late Prince Imperial."

It seems a pity to blame the Prince Imperial for lack of knowledge in mounting, when he was one of the finest riders in the army, and certainly his teacher, M. de Bussigny, would have taught him all the methods of mounting; and if his life had depended on his riding or mounting he would not have lost it at the time he did. The true cause of his failure to mount was the extreme restiveness of the horse he then had. It always required one or two men to hold this horse while the Prince mounted, and at the time of the attack he was, presumably, more restive and unmanageable than usual, owing to his fright.

My information on the subject comes from my brother, who was in the British Army in South Africa, and in the camp when the body of the Prince was brought in. He knew the brave Prince well, and admired him much.

F. B. J.

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LITERATURE.

American History.*

If the rising generation shall be wanting in familiarity with the history of their own country, it will not be for lack of teachers. The more steps up the mountain of knowledge the easier, of course, the ascent—if it be taken for granted that all steps lead to the top. It is their very number, however, that makes discrimination the more necessary, lest some of them should lead into devious ways, to escape from which only adds to the labor of upward progress.

A book so full of anecdote as the "Young Folk's History," so full of the romantic incidents of war, so spirited in its descriptions of battles, and so clear, without tediousness, in its narrative of military movements, cannot fail to be attractive to young readers. These qualities will commend it to even older persons than those for whom it was specially written; and these will, perhaps, be more patient than young persons themselves with the frequent slip into that style which is thought to be peculiarly adapted to the youthful mind. Most boys and girls, we are inclined to think, who are old enough to read and understand a narrative of the causes and consequences of historical events, rather resent being written at as if they were not yet beyond words in two syllables.

The author of this volume, however, says in his preface, that "he who would write a truthful history of those times [the years of the Rebellion] must necessarily divest himself of partisanship and lift himself above the plane of local prejudice." It is a most proper and excellent sentiment, but it is quite likely that it will be a good many years yet before any historian of that period will find readers in so catholic a state of mind that they will believe him to have lifted himself upon any such higher plane. He is pretty certain to be weighed and measured by their standard, and not his own; if he has a bias they will be quick to detect it; and they will be disposed to believe he has one if he does not agree with them. Most persons of mature minds in this country have very positive opinions of events which occurred since their children, who are not yet grown up, were born, and it is a difficult matter to persuade them that such opinions can bear a reconsideration. Everybody, North and South, was very much in earnest from fifteen to twenty years ago, and everybody, on both sides, was sure he was right. A statement of the attitude of both sides in any given case—say, for example, the question of the treatment of Northern and Southern prisoners of war—does not seem to either side to be a candid statement, without the evidence which each relies upon to sustain its position. Mere assertion and mere denial are not argument, and where argument and proof are needed to comprehend

an event or a series of events, a statement that is only assertion or denial is a mere pretense of impartiality. History surely has a higher purpose than to record that he says he did, and he says he didn't.

Neither the Northern unionist nor the Southern disunionist of the war period will accept Mr. Champ-
lin's assumption of impartiality. Only those will applaud him who the South believed beguiled her, twenty years ago, into armed resistance by the implied promise of help, and who the North believed were traitors at heart to a Union they wanted the courage to take up arms against. This treatment of the subject is simply to re-open the old wounds, to revive the old controversies which the time has not yet come to discuss dispassionately. A history cannot be satisfactory to those who were in dead earnest that, under a pretense of impartiality, condemns one party for beginning the war, and the other for the way in which it was carried on. Partisanship and prejudice are very much to be deprecated, but they are never so mischievous as when they creep about under the guise of frankness.

Nobody, probably, will dispute the assertion that a primer is nothing if not accurate. Indeed, it is rather worse than nothing if not accurate, for, professing only to be a bare statement of facts, it is misleading if the facts are misstated. In the one before us, we observe, without any very critical examination, a good many errors. They are sometimes absolute mistakes; sometimes carelessness of statement; sometimes a want of accuracy which will leave upon the youthful mind an erroneous impression which may not be easily eradicated. They are not, indeed, difficult to correct, but there is, therefore, the less excuse for their being committed. As no authority of authorship, however, is given, it was, perhaps, expected that the book would be subjected to the more critical examination of school-committees, and taken, if at all, on their own responsibility. Its general plan is a good one, and with so much in it that is excellent, it is a pity that it should be marred by errors that could have been easily avoided. But their number is, for a primer, serious. The name it bears is that of so experienced a publisher that we are quite sure he will be surprised to hear that it is open to the criticism of having been too carelessly or too hastily written.

Books for Children.

In the elder days, books for young folks and children were almost unknown. The few books really fit for the reading of the young, forty years ago, were not written for them, but were works of real genius, like "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels." The managers of Sunday-schools were among the first to demand reading adapted to the understanding of readers of tender years. This produced a literature of a novel and peculiar class. For the most part, Sunday-school libraries were made up of the biographies of preternaturally good children. These, with a few modernized versions of Scripture stories, artfully disguised

* Young Folk's History of the War for the Union. By John D. Champlin, Jr. Copiously illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Armstrong's Primer of United States History; for School and Family use. With maps. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

with familiar dialogue, long constituted the intellectual pabulum of the infant American. In due time came Jacob Abbott, with his admirable Rollo and Lucy series of juvenile books, and these were in turn followed by the well-known brief biographical sketches of eminent historical personages, prepared for young people by the same author. Still, though knowledge came, wisdom in children's books lingered. It were invidious now to mention any of the names of the men and women who followed in the track marked out by Mr. Abbott. But it is sufficient to say that they were neither few, nor laggard in the race for distinction as successful writers for children. All at once, as it seemed, everybody began to write books for children. The boys received the first attention. Then, women, jealous for the amusement of the girls, provided suitable stories for the coming mothers of the republic. The new era had fairly begun.

Leaving out of account the pernicious literature which thoughtless men have invented for young people, it must be said that too many books are written for the young. There is a plethora of reading matter which cannot fail, by and by, to pall on the tastes of the very class that it was intended to amuse, divert, and instruct. A bright girl or boy, turned loose in a book-store, would be dazed by the embarrassment of riches spread over the ample counters. He would be in a fair way to starve in the midst of profusion. It would be impossible to fix the attention on any one feature of the display. As a rule, parents do not allow their children to make their own choices of books in this reckless manner. But the illustration which we have used is a fair one for the present purpose. In one way and another, children get at the vastness of the volume of reading matter provided for them. The spectacle of a child of tender years devouring one book while holding fast by feet, knees, and hands to two or three others yet to be opened, is not by any means phenomenal.

But, since books are written for the young folks, and as they will have the books, we have only now to choose wisely and well for them. Art exhausts its resources on bindings and engravings. The cunning publisher knows very well that the eye of the child is educated before the intellect begins to make known its wants. Each season brings new combinations of color, new devices to arrest the alert attention, and new works of the imagination to engross the awakened mind. This year the holiday books are more beautiful than ever, although we were ready to say last year that nothing could surpass the wonderful things then brought forth for the delight of the children. Frank R. Stockton, that prince of story-tellers, has produced new editions of his "Roundabout Rambles"¹ and "Tales Out of School,"² both of which conform to the prevailing fashion for gay covers and illuminated title-pages. Rossiter Johnson's capital story for boys, "Phaeton Rogers,"³ originally published in "St. Nicholas," makes its appearance in all the bravery of permanent book form, and a permanent boy classic it

long will be. Mr. Edward Everett Hale continues his tales told by those who acted in their own veracious histories. His latest venture is "Stories of Adventure Told by Adventurers,"⁴ in which he introduces Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and a goodly company of voyagers and travelers. Boston and its ancient worthies and traditions is fitly celebrated in "Boston Town,"⁵ a well-made book by Horace Scudder, who marshals a troop of boys and girls and leads them all over old Boston, guided by a knowing old grandfather, and illustrates their journey with multitudinous pictures, most of which are old friends. More in the "sensational" vein is an English translation of Louis Rousselot's "Two Cabin Boys,"⁶ a tale of wild life and startling adventure. For the younger folk, we find Susan Coolidge's collection⁷ of deftly-told tales, whose titles are borrowed from Mother Goose, and in "Mammy Tittleback and her Family,"⁸ by H. H., the same younger brood of readers will light on a wonderfully real and jolly tale of a cat and her family.

Special mention should also be made of Mr. Horace Scudder's admirable compilation⁹ of stories, new and old, entitled, "The Children's Book." This volume is a monument of industry, a library of juvenile literature in itself. Mr. Scudder's plan includes selections from stories, ballads, and verses for young folks, that have stood the test of time and criticism. Grouped under their appropriate heads, are fables of Æsop, Gay, and Fontaine, the fairy tales of our childhood, some of the best things from "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Gulliver's travels, and Baron Munchausen. Among the ballads we find "The Children in the Wood," "Chevy Chase," "Robin Hood," etc., and in the section devoted to tales in verse, the delighted children will find "Mary's Lamb," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and other prime favorites. The editor of this collection of juvenile classics has earned the everlasting gratitude of all young people. The book is the most complete work of its kind ever printed. Something more than a passing notice, too, is due to the book about Boston¹⁰ which Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, who writes *con amore* of "The Hub," has written for young people. In these fair pages is condensed all the history of Boston which is worth while to put into a boy's hands. It is the story of Boston from the time when the Puritans first hung up their hats there until the British evacuated the place and sailed away. And the story is told so entertainingly, and with so much anecdote, that he must be a dull child who does not read, and remember what he

4. *Stories of Adventure Told by Adventurers.* By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

5. *Boston Town.* By Horace E. Scudder, author of the *Bodley Books*, etc. With many illustrations on wood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

6. *The Two Cabin Boys.* By Louis Rousselot, author of "The Constable's Son." With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

7. *Cross-Patch and Other Stories.* Adapted from the myths of Mother Goose. By Susan Coolidge. With forty-four illustrations by Ellen Oakford. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

8. *Mammy Tittleback and her Family.* By H. H. With illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

9. *The Children's Book: A collection of the best and most famous stories and poems in the English language; chosen by Horace E. Scudder.* With a colored frontispiece by Rosina Emmet, and many illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

10. *Around the Hub. A Boy's Book about Boston.* By Samuel Adams Drake, author of "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

1. *Roundabout Rambles in Lands of Fact and Fancy.* By Frank R. Stockton. New edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. *Tales Out of School.* By Frank R. Stockton. New edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

3. *Phaeton Rogers; a novel of boy life.* By Rossiter Johnson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

reads. Another benefactor to the coming generation is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has collected several of her stories for children, issued at intervals during the past ten years, and who has presented the little folks with three ¹¹ dainty volumes, bearing the titles of "Pussy Willow," "A Dog's Mission," and "Queer Little People." These charming tales are good for the young ones, and some of the children of larger growth will renew pleasant and half-forgotten sensations when they re-read their old favorites in the new dress given them by the publishers.

Finally, no buyer of books should overlook Sidney Lanier's version ¹² of the old Welsh tales of King Arthur, first introduced to English readers by Lady Guest. In this attractively illustrated volume we have the foundation, so to speak, of the wonderful Arthurian romance, celebrated alike in song and story. It is a book for boys, to be sure, but "The Mabinogion" contains a charm to bind the attention of all who have a liking for ancient romance, martial prowess, and tales of heroes. And if modern witchery in storytelling seems more subtle a magic with the young, there will be found in Frank Stockton's latest fairy book ¹³ one of the most delightful collections of improbable tales ever invented. We have known gray-headed grandsires to read with delight and laughter some of these delicious stories. There is about them a certain mock gravity and unconsciousness of humor that commends all of Mr. Stockton's stories to the favorable judgment and the applause of critics and readers. It is difficult to say which has done his work better—the artist who writes these stories, or the artist who has illustrated them so pleasantly.

¹¹ A Dog's Mission; or a Tale of the old Avery house, and Other Stories. Little Pussy Willow. Also the Minister's Water-moons. Queer Little People. Illustrated. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

¹² The Boy's Mabinogion. Edited for boys, with an introduction, by Sidney Lanier, Editor of "The Boy's Froissart," and "The Boy's King Arthur." Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. pp. 361.

¹³ The Floating Prince, and Other Fairy Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. pp. 199.

The Wesley Memorial.*

If the reader of this paragraph should ever find himself walking through that part of the city road in London where stands the famous Wesleyan Chapel of that name, let him turn in and look at the tomb in which rests the man aptly called by Mr. Lecky "the greatest figure who has appeared in the religious world since the Reformation." Though the reader may chance to differ a whole sky's-breadth from Wesley's creed, he cannot but feel a profound veneration for the earnest and indefatigable genius who succeeded in lifting English and American life to a higher plane than that on which he found it. The obloquy which John Wesley endured in his life has given place to a general admiration equally unfavorable to a critical estimate of the man and his work. His followers compose more than a dozen powerful religious bodies in Europe and America, historians write his name with enthusiasm, high-churchmen build the tomb of the prophet stoned by their fathers, broad-churchmen like Stanley erect memorials to him in Westminster Abbey, and the world at large pays to Wesley every honor except that of imitating his self-denial and conforming to his precepts. The contributors to the "Memorial Volume" are representatives of all, or almost all, of the Methodist sects, great and small, English, American, Canadian, and Continental European, and there are articles from three or four non-Methodists—notably from Dean Stanley and Edmond de Pressensé. There are also interesting letters from others—Lecky, Gladstone, and Spurgeon, for example. The several articles in the book are pitched in a key of eulogy too high for critical judgment, but, since they are for the most part from very eminent Methodists, they are in themselves proofs of the tremendous and persistent influence of John Wesley in our own time. The Rev. Dr. J. O. A. Clark, of Macon, Georgia, is the editor of the volume.

* The Wesley Memorial Volume; or, Wesley and the Methodist Movement, Judged by Nearly One Hundred and Fifty Writers, Living or Dead. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

THE ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION.

THE Exhibition of raw materials and machinery connected with the production of cotton and its manufacture into threads and fabrics, recently held at Atlanta, Georgia, was, in many respects, the most interesting exhibition ever held in this country. It was of value, first, to the planter and the maker of tools and fabrics; and secondly, in a more general way, to all the people. It showed, on the one hand, the sources of raw materials, and on the other, the wants and limitations of those who use these materials. In cotton spinning and weaving, invention has been active for years, and the business is in a measure fixed and settled. Cotton raising and shipping has, on the other hand, been for generations conducted in a simple and rather inefficient manner, and by the aid of tools that were badly designed or built upon unbusiness-like principles. It is

best, therefore, to consider here only those new tools and methods, shown at the Exhibition, that appeared to be of most promise to the cotton producer.

The Exhibition was practically divided into two parts. There was a display of appliances used in the production of cotton, from the actual plants growing in the fields to the finished bale ready for market, and a display of textile machinery used in all the processes, from the opening of the bale up to the finished cloth. It has been supposed that these two classes of men, the planter and the manufacturer, were sharply divided, and that the bale was the dividing mark between them. The Atlanta Exhibition plainly showed that this is not so. The planter's field of work extends far beyond the bale. He is grower and manufacturer, too, and has as much interest in machinery as the mill-

owner. Moreover, the dealer who buys the bales of the planter to sell to the mill has much to learn. His ways are unbusiness-like and wasteful, and his machinery imperfect. If the planter is wise, he will consider also the new ways and tools that may help him to save something of the ruinous loss that follows his beautiful product while it is in the hands of the factor and shipper.

Improved Cotton Planter.

COTTON is commonly planted by hand or horse-power machines in drills, and when the plants are up, a portion in each row is destroyed, leaving the rest to stand at regular distances apart from each other. This system involves a loss of seeds, young plants, and much labor. A horse-power planter, first used in planting corn in the hill, was shown at the Exhibition as adapted to planting cotton-seed at certain fixed distances in a row, thus saving the labor of removing the plants not needed. The machine consists essentially of a box or hopper for holding the seed, a simple device for opening the ground, and a simple mechanism for counting the seeds and dropping one or more at fixed distances in the furrow. In the hopper containing the seed is a small wheel, intended to revolve on a horizontal axis in such a position that it will be about half-buried in the loose seeds. On the rim of the wheel are a number of buckets or cups, each intended to hold one seed. In connection with each cup is a grip, or pawl, that by its weight drops over the cup and keeps the seed in place. As this wheel is turned, by suitable connections with the wheels of the machine as it moves over the ground, each seed is carried over the top and dropped into a spout. The grip lets go its hold at the right instant, and thus the seeds are dropped one at a time, each revolution of the wheel delivering a fixed number of seeds over a known space of ground.

The spout delivers the seed to the drill just behind the cutter that opens the ground, and it is then covered by the broad tread of one of the wheels of the machine. In this spout there is also a valve, that may be controlled by a boy riding on the machine, or by a simple mechanical device that opens and closes the valve at regular intervals. It is easy to see that in such a machine it is possible to both count the seeds and to place one or any number in a hill, at any desired distance. A change in the gearing alters the spacing in the drill, and once fixed, it drops the seeds at regular distances apart, whatever the pace of the horse. Two styles of this machine were shown—one intended to be guided like a plow, and a larger machine, that plants two rows of seeds at the same time, on which the boy who tends the dropping device and the driver may ride. We would suggest that the machine should be automatic, to get rid of the work of the boy. The measuring device sometimes used should not be separate. In other words, the planter should be automatic and self-contained.

Insect-destroying Apparatus.

THE cotton-worm, Colorado beetle, and other insects injurious to the cotton-plant, may be destroyed either by sprinkling solutions of various chemicals, such as London purple, over the plant, or by dusting the foliage with various poisons in the form of dry powders. A

number of appliances for showering the plants with the solutions or powders have been introduced, but none have been constructed upon so large and complete a scale as some new machines, shown at Atlanta for the first time. The largest of these sprinklers is automatic in action, may be easily moved by one horse or mule, and will thoroughly drench every plant in twenty rows at the same time. It consists of a horizontal triangular frame of wood and iron, supported on three wheels,—one guiding-wheel in front and two trailing-wheels behind,—a tank for the liquid, and a sprinkling device of novel form. On top of the frame is erected a wooden tripod, or derrick, and from the center is suspended, near the top, a barrel for holding the solution. A rope, pulley, and small windlass are also provided for lifting the barrel to its place. A rubber pipe extends from the bottom of the barrel to the rear of the machine, where it divides into branches—each branch hanging down behind the machine and between every second row of plants. Thus, if there are twenty rows of plants to be sprinkled, there are ten branch pipes. The elevated position of the barrel gives a good head to the streams, and the motion of the apparatus over the ground keeps the solution agitated and prevents the mixture from clogging the pipes.

The delivery-pipes that hang between the rows of plants at the back of the apparatus divide just above the ground into two branches. Inside the two branches are coiled springs that tend to keep the pipes spread apart, and at the end of each is a brass nozzle, designed to trail along the ground as the machine moves forward. The distance between the rows of plants is greater than the spread of these branch pipes, and as they are dragged over the ground, they strike the stems of the plants on each side. The spring allows them to pass and then spreads them out again, so that each nozzle must pass close under every plant in its row. It has been found that, to destroy the insects, the spray must be driven upward from below the plant. This arrangement of the delivery-pipes, and the fact that the jets are all delivered upward, accomplishes the purpose admirably, and is a most ingenious application of means to ends. The jarring of the elastic pipes against the plants also tends to scatter the shower of spray in every direction, and every plant and leaf is reached by the liquid poison. The nozzles used in this apparatus are of a new form, that may prove of value in other hydraulic machines. They consist of brass cups fitted with tight covers, having a small hole at the center. The delivery-pipe enters this cup at the side next the bottom, and the water is carried round and round the inside of the cup till it is filled, when the excess escapes upward in spiral or rifled jet. The machine examined was in operation, and of a small size, and thoroughly drenched every plant in twelve rows at one time. In practice, the barrels, filled with the poison in solution, are placed at convenient distances in the field, and when one is empty it is lowered from the machine, and either refilled and hung on the machine, or a fresh barrel is taken. In moving the machine on roads, the horizontal frame is shut up by sliding the parts of the frame one over the other and clamping them in this position. The wheels and the upright tripod remain fixed, but the wheels are sufficiently near together to enable the apparatus to

pass through any ordinary farm-gate. All the materials are of the cheapest and most common character consistent with strength, and the apparatus can be readily made in any wagon-shop for a moderate sum of money.

The apparatus for blowing dry powders over cotton-plants consists of a horizontal triangle of wood, mounted on three wheels and intended to be drawn by one horse. Over the forward wheel is a hopper for holding the dry powder, and closed by a tight-fitting cover. Under the hopper is a small fan-blower, that may be connected by a crossed belt with the axle of the leading wheel. At the top of this blower is an opening into the hopper, with a second opening on the opposite side, so that the blast of the blower enters the hopper at the bottom on one side and passes out at the other. The motion of the machine over the ground drives the blower, and the blast of air it sends through the hopper takes up a portion of the powder and carries it to the discharge-pipes at the rear of the machine. These pipes are of sheet-iron, and hang down between the rows of plants, so that three pipes cover six rows of plants. When the machine is driven over the field, the pipes discharge clouds of the dry powder that completely cover every plant in reach. In a strong wind, when the machine is moved side to the wind, the number of rows covered may be much larger, as the wind blows the powder over the plants for some distance. Another and cheaper form of the same machine, and designed to discharge only one jet of powder, employs a common hand-bellows attached to the hopper. In this case, the machine is fastened to the handle of a plow or cultivator, and the bellows is operated by the foot of the plowman as he walks behind. These two machines—the automatic sprinkler and the rotary dust-blower—are the largest and most complete tools of their class yet brought out. They are admirably designed and, at the same time, cheap and easily managed—rather unusual merits in large agricultural implements.

Gins and Seed-Cotton Cleaners.

MANY attempts have been made to construct a machine that would pick the cotton from the plants in the field. As far as can be learned, none of these experiments have been successful upon a commercial scale. The entire crop must be gathered by hand, and thus the supply of labor at the harvest limits the size of the crop. The picking is performed in haste, and the crop is always liable to injury by storms, contact with dust and dirt, and general ill-usage from the field to the gin-house. The first mechanical step beyond the field is, therefore, to clean the seed-cotton. Several machines for this purpose are already in the market. A comparatively new machine, inspected while in operation, seemed to do its work thoroughly and quickly. It consists of a suction-fan, a "whipper-wheel," or light paddle, for stirring up the cotton while exposed to the blast of air set up by the fan, and a suitable feed-box or hopper. The seed-cotton is placed in the hopper at the side of the circular chamber containing the whipper-wheel, and enters this chamber through an opening at the side near the bottom of the hopper. At the top of the chamber is an opening covered with wire netting, and through which the fan draws its blast. There is also an opening below, where

the cleaned cotton is thrown out. The fan and the whipper-wheel turn at a high speed upon the same shaft, and the action of the machine is to create a powerful blast of air through the chamber into the fan. The cotton is drawn in by the air-current or is fed to the machine by its own weight, and on entering the chamber, is driven and dashed around the chamber by the whipper-wheel in a direction opposite to the blast. All the dust and "trash" is shaken out and swept away by the blast, but the tufts of cotton carrying the seeds cannot pass the netting, and fall out below after one or more revolutions around the chamber. The blast carrying the dust and small leaves passes through the fan, and is thrown outside through a pipe leading out-of-doors. The apparatus is self-contained, and is designed to clean from ten to twenty-five bales of seed-cotton in ten hours, according to the size of the machine.

The display of gins was very large, but, with one exception, there was apparently no radical improvements over the many excellent tools of this class already in use. There were, however, several minor modifications of the saw-gin which seem to have merits. In one gin a new style of saw was exhibited. It consists of a sectional saw divided into small segments intended to be locked into the rim of the saw, each segment containing about eighteen needle-pointed and curved teeth. These sections of teeth can be easily removed for repairs or sharpening, and save the time and trouble of removing the whole saw when only a few teeth are injured. The device is simple and convenient.

Another new appliance consists of a series of wooden friction-rollers placed around the brush that feeds the cotton to the saws. The object sought is to preserve the cotton from injury by friction against the sides of the gin. It appeared to work to advantage.

The seeds of the long staple cotton may be taken out of the cotton by the roller-gin. Here the smooth seeds are pressed out as the cotton meets the leather-covered rollers. The short staple cotton, which forms the larger part of the entire crop, has seeds that retain a part of the lint, and they must be violently torn away by the sharp teeth of the saws. This injures the cotton to a greater or less degree, and it would seem that, if the roller-gin could be adapted to the short staple cotton, there would be a great gain in the quality of the finished lint. One new gin was shown in operation that appeared to do this work effectually and at a very fair speed. The gin consists of two rollers covered with rough leather, and a novel attachment for holding the seeds against the rollers while the lint is pulled off. Between the pair of rollers is a set of steel combs, designed to move one within the other at each revolution of the rollers. The seeds are caught and held by the teeth of these combs during a part or the whole of one revolution of the rollers, when they open and allow the seed to fall between the rolls. This intermittent action is controlled by suitable mechanism, and requires no attention from the operator. Tufts of cotton only partly cleaned cannot fall between the combs, and the slight nap that clings to the seed does not prevent its escape when the lint is removed. This gin is regarded by those competent to form an opinion as the most valuable machine of its class yet introduced. Its future success must, how-

ever, depend on the speed at which it will do the work. It certainly delivers the cotton in a better condition than the saw-gins, the staple being longer and less torn and shredded. It does not throw the lint out in a loose and feathery cloud that must be caught in a close and dusty "lint-room," but lets it fall in small, coherent masses, that are evidently in a good shape for spinning. On the other hand, the amount of cotton cleaned in a given time appeared to be less than with the saws. The preparation of cotton for market is almost universally too rough and hasty for the best results. The better the quality the higher the price, and the matter turns upon the question whether the improved quality of the lint delivered by this machine may not more than compensate for the loss of time.

Gin-saw Sharpener.

A SMALL self-feeding gin-saw sharpener, intended to be held in one hand, was examined, that seemed to have the merit of cheapness and simplicity. It is held on the edge of the gin-saw by the left hand, and in this position a small steel disk-shaped file cuts the front edge of one tooth, while two long, triangular-shaped files cut the sides of a tooth in the rear. The machine is operated by turning a handle, and at each revolution of the circular file a dent in the file catches in the next saw-tooth and moves the machine forward. The machine thus feeds itself to the work, and the operator has only to hold it upright and turn the crank. The two files at the rear have an alternating up and down motion, and finish off the points of the saw-teeth. The tool appeared to be compact and convenient, and to work fairly well.

New Cotton-baling Press.

If there is any one point at which every one who has to do with cotton, from planter to mill-owner, is losing money, it is at the cotton-press. The manner in which this light and delicate material is prepared and sent to market is something that should be entirely reformed. Here is a material depending wholly for its commercial value upon its purity, cleanliness, and quality, that is thrown, like so much straw, into a press and squeezed into a heavy and unwieldy mass, half-clothed with a cheap and worthless fabric, and called a cotton bale. The loss by exposure to the weather, rough usage in transportation, frequent and wholly unnecessary samplings and resamplings, by theft, and the cost of handling so bulky a package,—all these losses fall on the planter, and amount annually to an enormous sum of money. There appears to be no uniform standard of weight, size, or shape of bale, and any process or machine that makes it possible to deliver this great crop in a safer and better package must be regarded as a very valuable invention.

The machine is a self-packing press, that works continuously, the cotton being fed at the top from a hopper, and shot out below in the form of a small, neat package, safely inclosed in a strong canvas bag. The press exhibited was arranged horizontally, the hopper being placed on top, and the pressure being applied to the mass of cotton in the machine by means of a follower moving horizontally; but this arrangement can be easily reversed, so that the press may stand upright

and occupy two floors of a gin-house. The underlying idea of this press is to pack the cotton in a compact package by placing a small portion of the bundle, say one-sixteenth, in the press, and submitting it to the whole power of the machine. Then another portion is added and pressed. More and more is added and pressed, till the right quantity is obtained for a convenient package, when a wooden shield is put in the press to separate this bale from the next. The bale is then bound with wires (not bands), and slips out of the press a small bundle, with square, sharp edges, and of a size convenient for handling. As it slides out, under the pressure of the bale that follows, it slips into a canvas bag ready to receive it. The machinery by which this is accomplished is well designed and efficient, and the power needed to operate it is moderate. The pressure is obtained by simple gearing, arranged to give a heavy horizontal thrust and a quick and light return. The pressure is made effective by placing the plunger that presses the cotton in a square tube, having a taper toward the open end. To measure off the small portions pressed at one time is a second plunger, working in a perpendicular well over the main chamber where the bale is formed. This plunger moves first, thrusting a portion of the cotton down into the press and then moving upward out of the way, while the lower horizontal plunger drives the mass along the chamber toward the narrower end. This plunger retreats and the other sends down another lot, and this in turn is pressed up against the first. When enough has been pressed to make a bale, the wooden guard is dropped into the well from the hopper and is pressed against the end of the bale. The next stroke delivers the first portion of the following bale, and this, as it is built up, drives the other forward and out of the press. Iron fingers are arranged around the discharging end, and over these is spread the bag intended to hold the bale. It will be seen the process is continuous. Two bales are always in the machine, one being formed and pressed, the other being wired and thrust into the bag. The press requires two men to operate it—one to feed the cotton to the hopper and another to wire the bales and prepare the bags. Other help will also be required, to attend to the engine and to remove the bales as they are thrown out of the press. This press must be regarded as the most promising machine connected with the preparation of cotton shown at Atlanta. It will be observed that the bale is wired inside the bag, and not outside, as in the present wasteful and almost ruinous system of packing cotton. The bag is laced up at the top and may be easily opened for examination, and at the same time it keeps the cotton safe from moisture, dirt, and theft. The bales have square corners and ends, and pack snugly in boat or car. The bags are strong and durable, and may be returned and used over again many times, at a great saving over the present system, for the cost of returning the bags would be no more than the cost of sending the bagging, which is now used once only, to the planter. The wire would also cost less than the bands and buckles used in the present system. This press is more expensive and requires more skill to handle it than the presses now used on cotton plantations, but its advantages over these presses are so obvious that it appears to be only a question of time when the entire crop will be sent to market packed in small, square-cornered, and

easily handled packages, prepared by this press or some other operating upon the same plan. It can be safely recommended to the planter and shipper, as it saves all the loss by exposure and theft to which the bales now used are subject, and all the expense of handling an unwieldy and heavy package, and the cost and injury to the lint that springs from its rough usage in the compresses at the shipping ports. It will also benefit the mill-owner, by delivering the lint in a light, clean, and healthy condition.

Direct Process for Yarns.

THE tendency of manufactures is always toward directness and simplicity. In tracing cotton from the field to the mill where it is spun into yarns for the loom, there is a long series of operations, all of them injurious to the cotton and many of them wholly unnecessary. The seed-cotton is ginned, pressed, baled, compressed, and delivered at the mill. Here it must be opened and prepared for the cards by the use of complicated machinery. It is now proposed to place the gin on the card machinery, and to feed seed-cotton directly to the card through the gin, and to do away with the baling (except in a modified form), the compress, and all the machinery needed to restore the cotton from its tangled condition in the compressed bale, and make it fit for the card. This is the sum and substance of an invention that has attracted a great deal of attention throughout the entire South. The idea must be regarded

as only second to the invention of the gin. There is in reality no new machinery, for it is only the placing of a common saw-gin on the frame of a carding machine in the place of the usual feeding apparatus. Then, in place of feeding the lint from the bale to the card, the seed-cotton is fed to the gin, and the lint passes instantly to the card. The lint is used in its best and most natural condition, directly from the seed. There is no lint-room, no baling, no compress, no transportation in a tight package, no loss from drying after the lint is separated from its seed, and no loss and injury by the machinery that must be used to repair the injury caused by the compress. This union of the gin and the card has been tried, with both failure and success. The failure, it must be observed, appears to be the result of a misunderstanding of the idea. The union of the gin and card should be in a mill and not on the plantation. The mill may be in the same town, but it cannot be expected that the planter should set up a yarn-mill, and make it a financial success. The yarn-mill must be a separate concern, owned by the planters perhaps, and certainly in their neighborhood. The planter can hardly expect to be spinner and planter too. This does not in any way lower the value of this idea. The gin and the card may be united, and in their union must flow to both the North and South substantial benefits to the mill and farm. The machine examined was not in operation, but from an inspection of its parts, all that has been claimed for this device seemed to be just and correct.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Was it Chance?

WAS it chance that we should meet?
Was it chance that I should find
All you did so perfect, Sweet?
Is chance so very kind?

Was it chance that we should meet?
Ah! wanton fate, too weak to bind!
Yet still the coming years are sweet
For such a chance behind.

The Midnight Chime.

(MERMAID TAVERN, 13—.)

WHEN soberhead is in his cowl,
And watchmen first begin to snore,
And o'er the moonlight flits the owl,
And star-winds blow beneath the door;
And fairies 'gin their nightly dance
That moves till morning's prime
Beneath the broad moon's countenance,—
You hear the midnight chime.

To duller ears, upon the hearth,
Rings nothing but the cricket's song;
But ears anointed hear the mirth
Of fairy throats the whole night long.
A toast once more!—We'll never hail
As fellows meaner fowl!—
There's music in the nightingale
And wisdom in the owl.

Politeness.

AT first they played Bizet's "Toreador,"
While I at my high window blandly smiled,
Then they ground "William Tell" for an encore,
And with some strains from "Faust" an hour
beguiled.

All these were followed by some gems of Strauss,
While I stood listening to each charming air,
Then came a German ballad, "Nix Kommt 'raus,"
And still I lingered nonchalantly there.

I had not one red cent upon me then
Wherewith to revel in the flowing cup,
But they knew not this odious fact, poor men,
And so they sent their starving monkey up.

His frame was clad in robes of deepest red,
A great blue bang was tied upon his tail,
Plumes, once light yellow, dangled on his head,
And his lean legs were sheathed in rusty mail.

He climbed with startling ease the granite stoop
(Ah! such, indeed, is the great power of will!)
And, with a grunt, like some one low with croup,
He doffed his feathery hat upon the sill.

He grinned and pirouetted in the sun;
Of many courteous bows there was no lack,
While I, in pure politeness ne'er outdone,
With a sweet smile, like Talleyrand, bowed back!

A Twilight Pastoral.

KATIE takes the milking-pail,
And to the meadow trips along;
The sunbeams slant along the vale,
And sweetly rings her milking-song:

"Heigho! heigho!

A milking I go.

Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindle, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."

The meadows in the gold rain glisten,
The cricket stops his chirp to listen.
As o'er the grass the sweet voice rings,
Lo! high upon the topmost spray,
A robin gayly sings.

Colin hears the sweet voice call,
And sees the kine go lowing to her;
No call for him, and yet he goes,
Ah! twilight is the time to woo her:

"Heigho! heigho!

A milking I go.

Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindle, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."

So Colin leans upon the bars,
And woeth Katie, till the stars
Shine through the haze the twilight brings,
And still, upon the topmost spray,
The robin gayly sings.

The years they roll, the summers go,
The grass springs green, the waters flow,
And Katie gray, with Colin sitting,
He with his pipe, she with her knitting,
As twilight shadows trooping throng,
Hears another Katie's song:

"Heigho! heigho!

A milking I go.

Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindle, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."
And sees, within the meadow fair,
Another Colin wooing there;
While from the vale the sweet voice rings,
Lo! high upon the topmost spray,
A robin gayly sings.

Quel Dommage?

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm;
We spoke very softly, and—as to his arm,

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

The scent of the hay-fields crept up from the farm,
We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies' swarm

(It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?)
A bird, from the hedge whirring up, broke the charm;

He bent, as I started in foolish alarm,
And—'twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

Theology in the Quarters.

Now, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,

An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax

When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,

An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!

Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber dome befo',

When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat happened long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribbin' at, an' hearin' what you say;

No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,

Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;

An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,

Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-graph;

Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,

An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;

'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',

An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';

Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,

Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

A Study from Nature.

THE robin plucks the berry red,
And tastes its spicy flavor;
The dainty bee, the floweret woocs,
And sips its honied favor.

'Tis Nature's universal law
Her sweets should not be wasted.
If fruit and flower a lover find,
Should ripe lips pout untasted?

"Behind Her Fan."

BEHIND her fan of downy fluff,
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed,
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a puff.

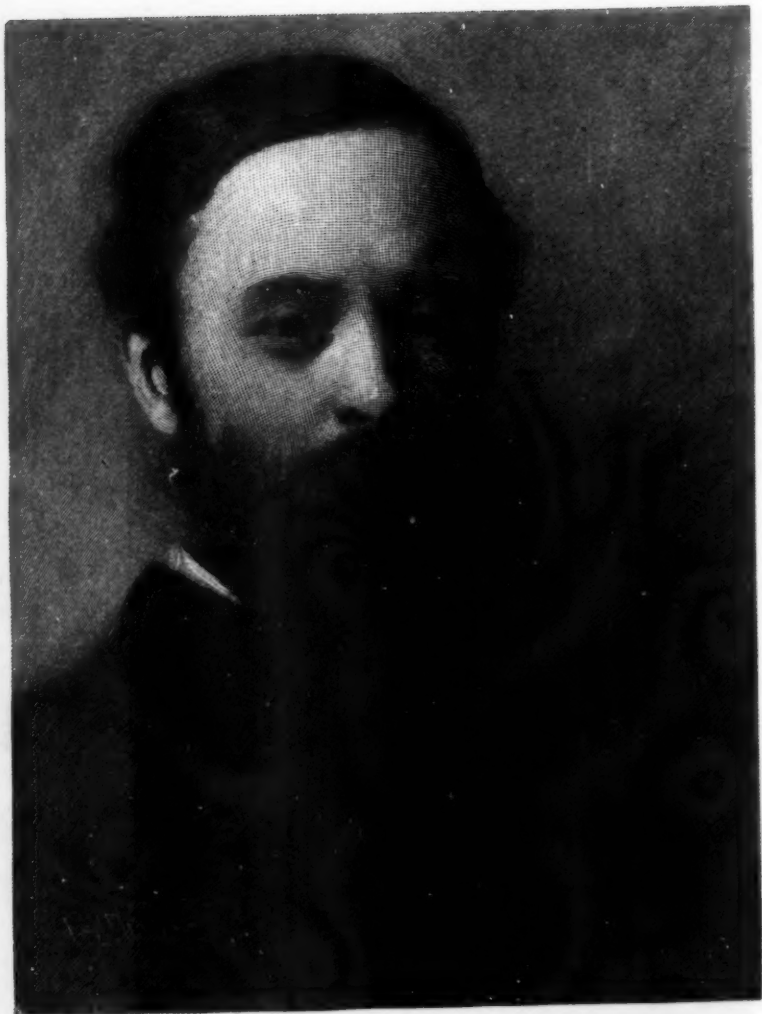
Two blue eyes peep above the buff:
Two pinky pouting lips, . . . enough!
That cough means surely come and hide
Behind her fan.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncertain sea of girlish pride.

A breeze! I tack against the tide,—
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff,—
Behind her fan.

ou come
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angel's
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Yours truly
J. A. Cable



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